Heath sculp.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

GEOFF. CHAUCER.

IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES.

THE MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

From *Urry's* Edition 1721,

THE CANTERBURY TALES

From *Tyrwhitt's* Edition 1775.

Grete well CHAUCER whan ye mete----
Of ditees and of songes glade,
The which he---made,
The londe fullfilled is over all. GOWER.

My maister CHAUCER---chiefe poete of Bretayne----
Whom all this londe schulde of ryght preferre,
Sith of our langage he was the lode-sterre----
That made first to dystylle and rayne
The gold dewe dropys of speche and eloquence
Into our tunge thurgh his excellence. LYDGATE.

The honour of English tong is dede----
My mayster CHAUCER, floure of eloquence,
Mirrour of fructuous entendement,
Universel fadir in science----
This londis verray tresour and richesse----
The firste fynder of our fayre langage. OCCLEVE.

Venerabill CHAUCER, principall poete but pere,
Hevinly trumpet, orlege and regulere,
In eloquence balme, condict and diall,
Mylky fountane, clere strand, and rois riall,
Of fresche endite throw Albioun iland braid. DOUGLAS.

O reverend CHAUCER! rose of rethouris all,
As in oure toung flour imperial
That raise in Brittane evir, quha reidis right
Thou beiris of Makers the triumphs royall,
The fresche enamilt termes celestiall:
This mater couth haif illuminit full bricht,
Was thou nocht, of our Inglis all the light,
Surmounting every toung terrestriall
As far as Mayi's morrow dois midnight DUNBAR.

VOL. V.

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EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1782.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

VOL. V.

CONTAINING HIS

CANTERBURY TALES, *viz.*

THE NONNES PREESTES TALE, | THE MANCIPLES TALE,
THE SECOND NONNES TALE, | THE PERSONES TALE,
THE CHANONS YEMANNES TALE,

&c. &c. &c.

But natheles certain
I can right now no thrifty Tale ſain,
But CHAUCER, (though he can but lewedly
On metres and on riming craftily)
Hath ſayd hem in ſwiche Engliſh as he can
Of olde time, as knoweth many a man;
And if he have not ſayd hem, leve brother,
In o book, he hath ſayd hem in another----
Who ſo that wol his large Volume ſeke. TALES, *ver.* 4465.

Dan CHAUCER, well of Engliſh undefil'd,
On Fame's eternal head-roll worthy to be fil'd----
Old Dan Geffrey, in whoſe gentle ſpright
The pure well-head of poetry did dwell----
He whilſt he lived was the ſoveraigne head
Of ſhepherds all------- SPENSER.

Old CHAUCER, like the morning ſtar,
To us diſcovers day from far;
His light thoſe miſts and clouds diſſolv'd
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But he deſcending to the ſhades
Darkneſs again the age invades. DENHAM.

CHAUCER, him who firſt with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers---His legends blithe
He ſang of love or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life, thro' each eſtate and age
The faſhions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying-----
Him who in times------
Dark and untaught began with charming verſe
To tame the rudeneſs of his native land. AKENSIDE.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1782.

THE NONNES PREESTES PROL.

Ho! quod the Knight, good Sire, no more of this;
That ye han ſaid is right ynough ywis,
And mochel more; for litel hevineſſe
Is right ynough to mochel folk I geſſe.
I ſay for me it is a gret diſeſe
Wher as men have ben in gret welth and eſe
To heren of hir ſoden fall, alas!
And the contrary is joye and gret ſolas,
As whan a man hath ben in poure eſtat,
And climbeth up and wexeth fortunat,
And ther abideth in proſperitee:
Swich thing is gladſom as it thinketh me,
And of ſwiche thing were goodly for to telle.
  Ye, quod our Hoſte, by Seint Poules belle
Ye ſay right ſoth: this Monk hath clapped loude;
He ſpake how Fortune covered with a cloude
I wote not what, and als of a tragedie
Right now ye herd; and parde no remedie
It is for to bewailen ne complaine
That that is don, and als it is a paine,
As ye han ſaid, to here of hevineſſe.
Sire Monk, no more of this, ſo God you bleſſe;
Your Tale anoyeth all this compagnie;
Swiche talking is not worth a boterflie,

For therin is ther no diſport ne game;
Therfore Sire Monk, Dan Piers by your name,
I pray you hertely tell us ſomwhat elles,
For ſikerly n'ere clinking of your belles
That on your bridel hange on every ſide,
By heven king, that for us alle dide,
I ſhuld er this have fallen doun for ſlepe,
Although the ſlough had ben never ſo depe,
Than hadde your Tale all ben tolde in vain:
For certainly, as that thiſe clerkes ſain,
Wher as a man may have non audience
Nought helpeth it to tellen his ſentence;
And wel I wote the ſubſtance is in me
If any thing ſhal wel reported be.
Sire, ſay ſomwhat of hunting I you pray.
  Nay, quod this Monk, I have not luſt to play:
Now lette another telle as I have told.
  Than ſpake oure Hoſte with rude ſpeche and bold,
And ſayd unto the Nonnes Preeſt anon,
Come nere, thou Preeſt, come hither, thou Sire John;

℣. 14811. *ſay ſomwhat of hunting*] For the propriety of this requeſt ſee the note on ver. 166 of the Monkes character.

℣. 14816. *thou Sire John*] I know not how it has happened that in the principal modern languages John (or its equivalent) is a name of contempt, or at leaſt of ſlight. So the Italians uſe *Gianni*, from whence *Zani*, the Spaniards *Juan*, as *Bobo Juan*, a fooliſh John, the French *Jean*, with various additions, and in Engliſh when we call a man *a John* we do not mean it as a title of honour. Chaucer, in ver. 3708, uſes *Jacke Fool* as the Spaniards do *Bobo Juan*, and I ſuppoſe *Jack Aſs* has the ſame etymology.—The title of *Sire* was uſually given, by courteſy, to prieſts both ſecular and regular.

Telle us fwiche thing as may our hertes glade:
Be blithe although thou ride upon a jade.
What though thin horfe be bothe foule and lene?
If he wol ferve thee recke thee not a bene:
Loke that thyn herte be mery evermo.
  Yes, Hofte, quod he, fo mote I ride or go
But I be mery ywis I wol be blamed.
And right anon his Tale he hath attamed;
And thus he faid unto us everich on,
This fwete Preeft, this goodly man, Sire John.

THE NONNES PREESTES TALE.

A Poure widewe, fomdel ftoupen in age,
Was whilom dwelling in a narwe cotage
Befide a grove ftonding in a dale.
This widewe, which I tell you of my Tale,
Sin thilke day that fhe was laft a wif
In patience led a ful fimple lif,
For litel was hire catel and hire rente;
By hufbondry of fwiche as God hire fente
She found hirefelf and eke hire doughtren two.
Three large fowes had fhe, and no mo,
Three kine, and eke a fheep that highte Malle:
Ful footy was hire boure and eke hire halle,
In which fhe ete many a flender mele;
Of poinant fauce ne knew fhe never a dele:

The Nonnes Preeftes Tale] Of a cock and a hen; the morall whereof is to embrace true friends, and to beware of flatterers. *Urry*.

No deintee morſel paſſed thurgh hire throte;
Hire diete was accordant to hire cote:
Repletion ne made hire never ſike;
Attempre diete was all hire phyſike,
And exerciſe, and hertes ſuffiſance:
The goute let hire nothing for to dance,
Ne apoplexie ſhente not hire hed:
No win ne dranke ſhe nyther white ne red:
Hire bord was ſerved moſt with white and black,
Milk and broun bred, in which ſhe fond no lack,
Seinde bacon, and ſomtime an ey or twey,
For ſhe was as it were a maner dey.
  A yerd ſhe had encloſed all about
With ſtickes, and a drie diche without,
In which ſhe had a cok highte Chaunteclere,
In all the land of crowing n'as his pere:
His vois was merier than the mery orgon
On maſſe daies that in the chirches gon:

℣. 14852. *a maner dey*] A kind of *dey*; but what *a dey* was it is not eaſy to determine preciſely: it is mentioned as the laſt ſpecies of labourers in huſbandry in the ſtat. 25 Edw. III. ſt. i. c. 1.; "Qe cheſcun charetter, caruer, chaceour des carues, "bercher, porcher, *deye*, et tous autres ſervantz."—And again in the ſtat. 37 Edw. III. c. 14.; "Item, qe charetters, charuers, "chaceours des carues, bovers, vachers, berchers, porchers, "*deyes*, et tous autres gardeins des beſtes, bateurs des bleez, "et toutes maneres des genz *d'eſtate de garſon* entendantz a "huſbandrie."—It probably meant originally a day-labourer in general, though it may ſince have been uſed to denote particularly the ſuperintendant of a *dayerie*. See *Du Cange*, in v. *Daeria*, *Dayeria*, *Dagaſcalci*.

℣. 14857. *the mery orgon*] This is put licentiouſly for orgons or organs. It is plain from *gon* in the next line that Chau-

Wel ſikerer was his crowing in his loge
Than is a clok or any abbey orloge:
By nature he knew eche aſcentioun
Of the equinoctial in thilke toun,
For whan degrees fiftene were aſcended
Than crew he that it might not ben amended.
His combe was redder than the fin corall,
Enbattelled as it were a caſtel wall;
His bill was black, and as the jet it ſhone,
Like aſure were his legges and his tone,
His nailes whiter than the lily flour,
And like the burned gold was his colour.
This gentil cok had in his governance
Seven hennes for to don all his pleſance,
Which were his ſuſters and his paramoures,
And wonder like to him as of coloures,
Of which the faireſt, hewed in the throte,
Was cleped faire Damoſelle Pertelote.

cer meant to uſe this word as a plural, from the Lat. Gr. *organa*; he uſes it ſo in ver. 15602.;

And while that the *organs* maden melodie.——

ỳ. 14876. *Was cleped faire Damoſelle Pertelote*] I ſuſpect that *faire* has been added by ſome one who was unneceſſarily alarmed for the metre.—After this verſe the editt. (except *Ca.* 1,) have the two following;

He fethered her a hundred times a day,
And ſhe him pleaſeth all that ever ſhe may——

but as I found them in only two mſſ. *HA.* and *D*, I was glad to leave them out as an injudicious interpolation. See below, ver. 15183.—Whoever wiſhes to ſee a great deal of uncertain etymology concerning the name *Pertelote* may conſult Gl. *V.* in v. *Partelot*.

Curteis ſhe was, diſcrete, and debonaire,
And compenable, and bare hireſelf ſo faire,
Sithen the day that ſhe was ſevennight old,
That trewelich ſhe hath the herte in hold
Of Chaunteclere, loken in every lith;
He loved hire ſo that wel was him therwith:
But ſwiche a joye it was to here hem ſing,
Whan that the brighte ſonne gan to ſpring,
In ſwete accord, My leſe is fare in lond.
  For thilke time, as I have underſtond,
Beſtes and briddes couden ſpeke and ſing.
  And ſo befell that in a dawening
As Chaunteclere among his wives alle
Sate on his perche that was in the halle,
And next him ſate his faire Pertelote,
This Chaunteclere gan gronen in his throte
As man that in his dreme is dretched ſore;
And whan that Pretelote thus herd him rore
She was agaſt, and ſaide, Herte dere!
What aileth you to grone in this manere?
Ye ben a veray ſleper, fy for ſhame!
  And he anſwered and ſayde thus; Madame,

℣. 14881. *loken in every lith*] Locked in every limb. The editt. read *loking*.—*Loken* is uſed by Occleve in the firſt of his poems mentioned in n. on ver. 5002.;

Leſte was the erles chamber dore unſtoken,
To which he came, and fonde it was not *loken*.

℣. 14885. *My leſe is fare in lond*] *Fare* or *faren*, gone. So the beſt mſſ. Ed. *Ca.* 2, reads—*fer*. It is not eaſy to determine which of theſe is the true reading, unleſs we ſhould recover the old ſong from which this paſſage ſeems to be quoted.

I pray you that ye take it not agreſe;
By God me mette I was in ſwiche miſchefe
Right now, that yet min herte is ſore afright.
Now God (quod he) my ſweven recche aright,
And kepe my body out of foule priſoun.
  Me mette how that I romed up and doun
Within our yerde, wher as I ſaw a beſte
Was like an hound, and wold han made areſte
Upon my body, and han had me ded:
His colour was betwix yelwe and red,
And tipped was his tail and both his eres
With black, unlike the remenant of his heres:
His ſnout was ſmal, with glowing eyen twey;
Yet for his loke almoſt for fere I dey:
This cauſed me my groning douteles.
  Away, quod ſhe; fy on you herteles!
Alas! quod ſhe, for by that God above
Now han ye loſt myn herte and all my love:
I cannot love a coward by my faith;
For certes, what ſo any woman ſaith,

v. 14914. *Away, quod ſhe*] I have here inadvertently followed the printed copies; but inſtead of *Away* the beſt mſſ. read *Avoy*, which is more likely to have been uſed by Chaucer. The word occurs frequently in the French *Fabliaux*, &c. See t. ii. p. 243, 5. The vocabulary at the end of that volume renders *Avoi helas*; but it ſeems to ſignify no more than our *Away!* The Italians uſe *Via!* in the ſame manner. *Roman de Troye*, mſ.;

Lors dit Thoas, *Avoi, avoi!*
Sire Achilles, vous dites mal.

We all deſiren, if it mighte be,
To have an huſbond hardy, wiſe, and free,
And ſecree, and non niggard ne no fool,
Ne him that is agaſt of every tool,
Ne non avantour by that God above.
How dorſten ye for ſhame ſay to your love
That any thing might maken you aferde?
Han ye no mannes herte and han a berde?
Alas! and con ye ben agaſt of ſwevenis?
Nothing but vanitee, God wote, in ſweven is.
  Swevenes engendren of repletions,
And oft of fume, and of complexions,
Whan humours ben to habundant in a wight.
Certes this dreme which ye han met to-night
Cometh of the grete ſuperfluitee
Of youre rede *colera* parde,
Which cauſeth folk to dreden in hir dremes
Of arwes, and of fire with rede lemes,
Of rede beſtes that they wol hem bite,
Of conteke, and of waſpes gret and lite,
Right as the humour of melancolie
Cauſeth ful many a man in ſlepe to crie
For fere of bolles and of beres blake,
Or elles that blake devils wol hem take.
  Of other humours coud I telle alſo,
That werken many a man in ſlepe moch wo;
But I wol paſſe as lightly as I can.
  Lo Caton, which that was ſo wiſe a man,

℣. 14946. *Lo Caton*] L. ii. diſt. 32.; *Somnia ne cures.* I ob-

Said he not thus? Ne do no force of dremes.
  Now, Sire, quod ſhe, whan we flee fro the bemes
For Goddes love as take ſom laxatif:
Up peril of my ſoul and of my lif
I conſeil you the beſt, I wol not lie,
That both of coler and of melancolie
Ye purge you; and for ye ſhul not tarie,
Though in this toun be non apotecarie,
I ſhal myſelf two herbes techen you
That ſhal be for your hele and for your prow,
And in our yerde the herbes ſhall I finde,
The which han of hir propretee by kinde
To purgen you benethe and eke above.
Sire, forgete not this for Goddes love;
Ye ben ful colerike of complexion;
Ware that the ſonne in his aſcention
Ne finde you not replete of humours hote;
And if it do I dare wel lay a grote
That ye ſhul han a fever tertiane,
Or elles an ague, that may be your bane.
A day or two ye ſhul han digeſtives
Of wormes or ye take your laxatives,
Of laureole, centaurie, and fumetere,
Or elles of ellebor that groweth there,

ſerve, by the way, that this diſtich is quoted by John of Saliſbury, *Polycrat.* l. ii. c. 16, as a precept *viri ſapientis*. In another place, l. vii. c. 9, he introduces his quotation of the firſt verſe of diſt. 20, l. iii, in this manner; "Ait *vel Cato, vel alius*, "nam autor incertus eſt."——

Of catapuce or of gaitre beries,
Or herbe ive growing in our yerd that mery is;
Picke hem right as they grow, and ete hem in.
Beth mery, huſbond; for your fader kin
Dredeth no dreme: I can ſay you no more.
  Madame, quod he, *grand mercy* of your lore;
But natheles as touching Dan Caton,
That hath of wiſdome ſwiche a gret renoun,
Though that he bade no dremes for to drede,
By God men moun in olde bookes rede
Of many a man more of auctoritee
Than ever Caton was, ſo mote I the,
That all the revers ſayn of his ſentence,
And han wel founden by experience
That dremes ben ſignifications
As wel of joye as tribulations
That folk enduren in this lif preſent:
Ther nedeth make of this non argument;
The veray preve ſheweth it indede.
  On of the greteſt auctours that men rede
Saith thus, that whilom twey felawes wente
On pilgrimage in a ful good entente,

ỽ. 14971. *catapuce*] *Catapuzza*, Ital. *catapuce*, Fr. a kind of ſpurge.

ỽ. 14990. *On of the greteſt auctours*] Cicero [*de Divin*. l. i. c. 27,] relates this and the following ſtory, but in a contrary order, and with ſo many other differences that one might be led to ſuſpect that he was here quoted at ſecond hand, if it were not uſual with Chaucer in theſe ſtories of familiar life to throw in a number of natural circumſtances not to be found in his original authors.

And happed ſo they came into a toun
Wher ther was ſwiche a congregatioun
Of peple, and eke ſo ſtreit of herbergage,
That they ne founde as moche as a cotage
In which they bothe might ylogged be,
Wherfore they muſten of neceſſitee,
As for that night, departen compagnie,
And eche of hem goth to his hoſtelrie,
And toke his logging as it wolde falle.
  That on of hem was logged in a ſtalle,
Fer in a yerd, with oxen of the plough,
That other man was logged wel ynough,
As was his aventure or his fortune,
That us governeth all, as in commune.
  And ſo befell that long or it were day
This man met in his bed ther as he lay
How that his felaw gan upon him calle,
And ſaid, Alas! for in an oxes ſtalle
This night ſhal I be mordred ther I lie;
Now help me, dere brother! or I die:
In alle haſte come to me, he ſaide.
  This man out of his ſlepe for fere abraide;
But whan that he was waked of his ſlepe
He turned him, and toke of this no kepe;
Him thought his dreme was but a vanitee.
Thus twies in his ſleping dremed he.
  And at the thridde time yet his felaw
Came, as him thought, and ſaid, I now am ſlaw;

Behold my blody woundes depe and wide:
Ariſe up erly in the morwe tide,
And at the weſt gate of the toun (quod he)
A carte ful of donge ther ſhalt thou ſee,
In which my body is hid prively;
Do thilke carte arreſten boldely.
My gold cauſed my mordre, ſoth to ſain.
And told him every point how he was ſlain
With a ful pitous face, pale of hewe;
And truſteth wel his dreme he found ful trewe;
For on the morwe as ſone as it was day
To his felawes inne he toke his way,
And whan that he came to this oxes ſtalle
After his felaw he began to calle.
  The hoſteler anſwered him anon,
And ſaide, Sire, your felaw is agon;
As ſone as day he went out of the toun.
  This man gan fallen in ſuſpecioun,
Remembring on his dremes that he mette,
And forth he goth, no lenger wold he lette,
Unto the weſt gate of the toun, and fond
A dong carte as it went for to dong lond,
That was arraied in the ſame wiſe
As ye han herde the dede man deviſe,
And with an harde herte he gan to crie
Vengeance and juſtice of this felonie;
My felaw mordred is this ſame night,
And in this carte he lith gaping upright.

I crie out on the miniſtres, quod he,
That ſhulden kepe and reulen this citee:
Harow! alas! here lith my felaw ſlain.
What ſhuld I more unto this tale ſain?
The peple out ſtert and caſt the cart to ground,
And in the middel of the dong they found
The dede man that mordred was all newe.
O bliſful God! that art ſo good and trewe,
Lo, how that thou bewreyeſt mordre alway!
Mordre wol out, that ſee we day by day:
Mordre is ſo wlatſom and abhominable
To God, that is ſo juſt and reſonable,
That he ne wol not ſuffre it hylied be:
Though it abide a yere, or two or three,
Mordre wol out: this is my concluſioun.
And right anon the miniſtres of the toun
Han hent the carter, and ſo ſore him pined,
And eke the hoſteler ſo ſore engined,
That they beknew hir wickedneſſe anon,
And were anhanged by the necke bon.
Here moun ye ſee that dremes ben to drede.
And certes in the ſame book I rede,
Right in the nexte chapitre after this,
(I gabbe not, ſo have I joye and blis)
Two men that wold han paſſed over the ſee,
For certain cauſe, in to a fer contree,
If that the wind ne hadde ben contrarie,
That made hem in a citee for to tarie

That ſtood ful mery upon an haven ſide:
But on a day, agein the even tide,
The wind gan change, and blew right as hem leſt:
Jolif and glad they wenten to hir reſt,
And caſten hem ful erly for to faile;
But to that o man fel a gret mervaile.
That on of hem in ſleping as he lay
He mette a wonder dreme again the day:
Him thought a man ſtood by his beddes ſide,
And him commanded that he ſhuld abide,
And ſaid him thus; If thou to-morwe wende
Thou ſhalt be dreint; my tale is at an ende.
He woke, and told his felaw what he met,
And praied him his viage for to let;
As for that day he prayd him for to abide.
His felaw, that lay by his beddes ſide,
Gan for to laugh, and ſcorned him ful faſte:
No dreme, quod he, may ſo my herte agaſte
That I wol leten for to do my thinges:
I ſette not a ſtraw by thy dreminges,
For ſwevens ben but vanitees and japes:
Men dreme al day of oules and of apes,
And eke of many a maſe therwithal;
Men dreme of thing that never was ne ſhal.
But ſith I ſee that thou wolt here abide,
And thus forſlouthen wilfully thy tide,
God wot it reweth me; and have good day:
And thus he tooк his leve, and went his way.

But or that he had half his cours yſailed,
N'ot I not why ne what meſchance it ailed,
But caſuelly the ſhippes bottom rente,
And ſhip and man under the water wente
In ſight of other ſhippes ther beſide
That with him ſailed at the ſame tide.
And therfore, faire Pertelote ſo dere,
By ſwiche enſamples olde maiſt thou lere
That no man ſhulde be to reccheles
Of dremes, for I ſay thee douteles
That many a dreme ful ſore is for to drede.
Lo, in the lif of Seint Kenelme I rede,
That was Kenulphus ſone, the noble King
Of Mercenrike, how Kenelm mette a thing.
A litel or he were mordred on a day
His mordre in his aviſion he ſay;
His norice him expouned every del
His ſweven, and bade him for to kepe him wel
Fro treſon; but he n'as but ſeven yere old,
And therfore litel tale hath he told
Of any dreme, ſo holy was his herte.
By God I hadde lever than my ſherte
That ye had red his legend as have I.
Dame Pertelote, I ſay you trewely,
Macrobius, that writ the aviſion
In Affrike of the worthy Scipion,

ỽ. 15116. *Seint Kenelme*] See his life in all the editt. of the Engliſh Golden Legende.

Affirmeth dremes, and ſayth that they ben
Warning of thinges that men after ſeen.
  And forthermore, I pray you loketh wel
In The Olde Teſtament of Daniel,
If he held dremes any vanitee.
  Rede eke of Joſeph, and ther ſhuln ye ſee
Wher dremes ben ſomtime (I ſay not alle)
Warning of thinges that ſhuln after falle.
  Loke of Egipt the king, Dan Pharao,
His baker and his boteler alſo,
Wheder they ne felten non effect in dremes.
Who ſo wol ſeken actes of ſondry remes
May rede of dremes many a wonder thing.
  Lo Creſus, which that was of Lydie king,
Mette he not that he ſat upon a tree?
Which ſignified he ſhuld anhanged be.
  Lo hire Andromacha, Hectores wif,
That day that Hector ſhulde leſe his lif,

℣. 15147. *Lo hire Andromacha*] We muſt not look for this dream of Andromache in Homer: the firſt author who relates it is the fictitious *Dares*, c. xxiv, and Chaucer very probably took it from him, or from Guido de Columnis, or perhaps from Benoit de Sainte More, whoſe *Roman de Troye* I believe to have been that hiſtory of Dares which Guido profeſſes to follow, and has indeed almoſt entirely tranſlated. A full diſcuſſion of this point, by a compariſon of Guido's work with the *Rom. de Troye*, would require more time and pains than I am inclined to beſtow upon it. I will juſt mention a circumſtance which, if it can be verified, will bring the queſtion to a much ſhorter deciſion. The *Verſio Daretis Phrygii Gallico metro*, in the Ambroſian library, of which Montfaucon ſpeaks, *Diar. Ital.* p. 19, is un-

She dremed on the ſame night beforne
How that the lif of Hector ſhuld be lorne
If thilke day he went into bataille;
She warned him, but it might not availle;
He went forth for to fighten natheles,
And was yſlain anon of Achilles.
But thilke tale is al to long to telle,
And eke it is nigh day, I may not dwelle.
Shortly I ſay, as for concluſion,
That I ſhal han of this aviſion
Adverſitee; and I ſay forthermore,
That I ne tell of laxatives no ſtore,
For they ben venimous, I wot it wel:
I hem deffie; I love hem never a del.
But let us ſpeke of mirthe, and ſtinte all this.
Madame Pertelote, ſo have I blis,
Of o thing God hath ſent me large grace,
For whan I ſee the beautee of your face,
Ye ben ſo ſcarlet red about your eyen,
It maketh all my drede for to dien;

doubtedly the *Roman de Troye* by Benoit de Sainte More. The verſes which are there quoted differ no otherwiſe from the beginning of Benoit's poem in mſ. *Harl.* 4482, than as an old copy uſually does from a more modern one. If therefore we can depend upon Montfaucon's judgment, that the mſ. which he ſaw was written in the 12th century, it will follow that Benoit wrote near a hundred years before Guido, whoſe work in all the mſſ. that I have ſeen or heard of is uniformly ſaid to have been finiſhed in the year 1287. There can be no doubt that the latter of theſe two writers copied from the former.

For al ſo ſiker as *In principio*
Mulier eſt hominis confuſio,
(Madame, the ſentence of this Latine is,
Woman is mannes joye and mannes blis;)
For whan I fele a-night your ſofte ſide,
Al be it that I may not on you ride,
For that our perche is made ſo narwe, alas!
I am ſo ful of joye and of ſolas
That I deffie bothe ſweven and dreme.
And with that word he flew doun fro the beme,
For it was day, and eke his hennes alle,
And with a chuk he gan hem for to calle,
For he had found a corn lay in the yerd.
Real he was, he was no more aferd;
He fethered Pertelote twenty time,
And trade hire eke as oft, er it was prime:
He loketh as it were a grim leoun,
And on his toos he rometh up and doun;
Him deigned not to ſet his feet to ground:
He chukketh whan he hath a corn yfound,
And to him rennen than his wives alle.
Thus real as a prince is in his halle
Leve I this Chaunteclere in his paſture,
And after wol I tell his aventure.

ṽ. 15169. *ſo ſiker as In principio*] See the note on ver. 256. ——The next line is taken from the fabulous conference between the Emperour Adrian and Secundus the philoſopher, of which ſome account has been given in n. on ver. 6777; "*Quid eſt mulier?* Hominis confuſio, inſaturabilis beſtia," &c.

Whan that the month in which the world began,
That highte March, whan God firſt maked man,
Was complete, and ypaſſed were alſo
Sithen March ended thritty dayes and two,
Befell that Chaunteclere in all his pride,
His ſeven wives walking him beſide,
Caſt up his eyen to the brighte ſonne,
That in the ſigne of Taurus hadde yronne
Twenty degrees and on, and ſomwhat more:
He knew by kind, and by non other lore,
That it was prime, and crew with blisful ſteven.
The ſonne, he ſaid, is clomben up on heven
Twenty degrees and on, and more ywis;
Madame Pertelote, my worldes blis,

℣. 15196. *Sithen March ended*] I have ventured to depart from the mſſ. and editt. in this paſſage; they all read *began* inſtead of *ended*. At the ſame time mſ. *C.* 1. has this note in the margin; "i. 2° die Maii," which plainly ſuppoſes that the 32 days are to be reckoned from the end of March. As the vernal equinox (according to our Author's hypotheſis, *Diſcourſe, &c.* vol. I. § 5. p. 176,) happened on the 12th of March, the place of the ſun (as deſcribed in ver. 15200, 1) in 22° of Taurus, agrees very nearly with his true place on the 2d of May, the 53d day incl. from the equinox. Mſ. *C.* reads thus;

Syn March began tway monthes and dayes two——

which brings us to the ſame day, but I think by a leſs probable correction of the faulty copies.

℣. 15205. *Twenty degrees*] The reading of the greateſt part of the mſſ. is *Fourty degrees*; but that is evidently wrong, for Chaucer is ſpeaking of the altitude of the ſun at or about prime, *i. e.* ſix o'clock A. M. See ver. 15203. When the ſun is in 22° of Taurus he is 21° high about $\frac{3}{4}$ after ſix A. M.

Herkeneth thise blisful briddes how they sing,
And see the freshe floures how they spring;
Ful is min herte of revel and solas.
But sodenly him fell a sorweful cas,
For ever the latter ende of joye is wo;
God wote that wordly joye is sone ago;
And if a rethor coude faire endite
He in a chronicle might it saufly write
As for a soveraine notabilitee.
Now every wise man let him herken me:
This story is al so trewe, I undertake,
As is the book of Launcelot du Lake,
That women holde in ful gret reverence.
Now wol I turne agen to my sentence.
A col fox, ful of sleigh iniquitee,
That in the grove had wonned yeres three,

ṽ. 15215.] At the side of this verse is written in the margin of ms. C. *Petrus Comestor*, to intimate, I suppose, that this maxim is to be found in the *Historia Scholastica* of that author, who was a celebrated commentator on the Bible in the 12th century. See *Fabricius*, *Bib. Med. Ætat.* in v.

ṽ. 15221. *A col fox*] Skinner interprets this a blackish fox, as if it were *a cole fox*, Gl. *Urr.* It is much easier to refute this interpretation than to assign the true one. *Coll* appears from ver. 15389 to have been a common name for a dog: in composition it is to be taken *in malam partem*, but in what precise sense I cannot say. See Chaucer's *H.* of *F.* b. iii. 187, *Coll-tragetour*—and in the *Mirr. for Mag. Leg. of Glendour*, fol. 127, b. *colprophet* is plainly put for a false lying prophet. *Heywood* has an epigram *Of Coleprophet*, *Cent.* vi. ep. 89.;

Thy prophesy poysonly to the pricke goth;
Coleprophet and *colepoyson* thou art both.

By high imagination forecaſt,
The ſame night thurghout the hegges braſt
Into the yerd ther Chaunteclere the faire
Was wont, and eke his wives, to repaire,
And in a bedde of wortes ſtille he lay
Till it was paſſed undern of the day,
Waiting his time on Chaunteclere to falle,
As gladly don thiſe homicides alle
That in await liggen to mordre men.
  O falſe morderour! rucking in thy den,
O newe Scariot, newe Genelon!
O falſe diſſimulour, o Greek Sinon!
That broughteſt Troye al utterly to ſorwe,
O Chaunteclere! accurſed be the morwe
That thou into thy yerd flew fro the bemes;
Thou were ful wel ywarned by thy dremes
That thilke day was perilous to thee:
But what that God forewote moſt nedes be,

And in his *Proverbial Dialogues*, p. i. ch. x. he has the following lines;

> *Coll* under canſtyk ſhe can plaie on both hands;
> Diſſimulation well ſhe underſtands.

I will add an alluſion of our Author in *The Teſt. of Love*, b. ii, to a ſtory of one *Collo*, which I cannot explain; "Buſiris ſlewe his geſtes, and he was ſlain of Hercules his geſte. Hugeſt betray-"thed many men, and of *Collo* was he betrayed."

℣. 15240. *But what that God*] This paſſage has been tranſlated into (rather elegant) Latin iambicks by Sir H. Savil, in his preface to Bradwardin, *De Cauſâ Dei*, Lond. 1618. See the Teſtimonies, &c. vol. XIII. Our Author has diſcuſſed this queſtion of the divine preſcience, &c. more at large in his *Troilus*, b. iv, from ver. 957 to ver. 1078; it is an addition of his own,

After the opinion of certain clerkes,
Witneſſe on him that any parfit clerk is,
That in ſcole is gret altercation
In this matere and gret diſputiſon,
And hath ben of an hundred thouſand men:
But I ne cannot boult it to the bren,
As can the holy Doctour Auguſtin,
Or Boece, or the Biſhop Bradwardin,
Whether that Goddes worthy foreweting
Streineth me nedely for to don a thing,
(Nedely clepe I ſimple neceſſitee)
Or elles if free chois be granted me
To do that ſame thing or do it nought,
Though God forewot it or that it was wrought,
Or if his weting ſtreineth never a del
But by neceſſitee condicionel.
I wol not han to don of ſwiche matere;
My Tale is of a cok, as ye may here,
That took his conſeil of his wif with ſorwe
To walken in the yerd upon the morwe
That he had met the dreme, as I you told.
Womennes conſeiles ben ful often cold;
Womennes conſeil brought us firſt to wo,
And made Adam fro Paradis to go,
Ther as he was ful mery and wel at eſe:
But for I n'ot to whom I might diſpleſe

of which there is no trace in the Philoſtrato of Boccace. See *Eſſay, &c.* n. 62.

If I conseil of women wolde blame,
Passe over, for I said it in my game.
Rede auctours wher they trete of swiche matere,
And what they sayn of women ye mown here.
Thise ben the Cokkes wordes and not mine;
I can non harme of no woman devine.
Faire in the sond, to bath hire merily,
Lith Pertelote, and all hire susters by,
Agein the sonne, and Chaunteclere so free
Sang merrier than the mermaid in the see,
For Phisiologus sayth sikerly
How that they singen wel and merily.
And so befell that as he cast his eye
Among the wortes on a boterflie
He was ware of this fox that lay ful low:
Nothing ne list him thanne for to crow,
But cried anon Cok, cok, and up he sterte
As man that was affraied in his herte,
For naturelly a beest desireth flee
Fro his contrarie if he may it see,

℣. 15277. *Phisiologus*] He alludes, I suppose, to a book in Latin metre entitled *Physiologus de Naturis* xii *Animalium*, by one Theobaldus, whose age is not known, *Fabr. Bib. Med. Æt.* in v. *Theobaldus*. There is a copy of this work in ms. *Harl.* 3093, in which the ixth section, *De Sirenis*, begins thus;

Sirenæ sunt monstra maris resonantia magnis
Vocibus et modulis cantus formantia multis,
Ad quas incaute veniunt sæpissime nautæ,
Quæ faciunt sompnum nimia dulcedine vocum, &c.

See also *R. R.* ver. 680.

Though he never erſt had ſeen it with his eye.
This Chaunteclere, whan he gan him eſpie,
He wold han fled, but that the fox anon
Said, Gentil Sire, alas! what wol ye don?
Be ye affraid of me that am your frend?
Now certes I were werſe than any fend
If I to you wold harme or vilanie.
I n'am not come your conſeil to eſpie,
But trewely the cauſe of my coming
Was only for to herken how ye ſing,
For trewely ye han as mery a ſteven
As any angel hath that is in heven,
Therwith ye han of muſike more feling
Than had Boece, or any that can ſing.
My Lord, your fader (God his ſoule bleſſe)
And eke your moder of hire gentilleſſe
Han in myn hous yben, to my gret eſe,
And certes, Sire, ful fain wold I you pleſe.
But for men ſpeke of ſinging, I wol ſey,
So mote I brouken wel min eyen twey,
Save you ne herd I never man ſo ſing
As did your fader in the morwening:
Certes it was of herte all that he ſong:
And for to make his vois the more ſtrong
He wold ſo peine him, that with both his eyen
He muſte winke, ſo loud he wolde crien,
And ſtonden on his tiptoon therwithal,
And ſtretchen forth his necke long and ſmal.

And eke he was of ſwiche diſcretion,
That ther n'as no man in no region
That him in ſong or wiſdom mighte paſſe.
I have wel red in Dan Burnel the aſſe
Among his vers, how that ther was a cok
That for a preeſtes ſone yave him a knok
Upon his leg, while he was yonge and nice,
He made him for to leſe his benefice;
But certain ther is no compariſon
Betwix the wiſdom and diſcretion
Of youre fader and his ſubtilitee.
Now ſingeth, Sire, for Seinte Charitee:
Let ſee, can ye your fader contrefete?
  This Chaunteclere his winges gan to bete,
As man that coud not his treſon eſpie,
So was he raviſhed with his flaterie.

V. 15318. *in Dan Burnel the aſſe*] The ſtory alluded to is in a poem of Nigel Wireker, entitled *Burnellus, ſeu Speculum ſtultorum*, written in the time of Richard I. The ſubſtance of the ſtory is in Gl. *Urr*. v. *Burnel*. The poem itſelf is in moſt collections of mſſ.: the printed copies are more rare, though there have been ſeveral editions of it. See *Leyſer, Hiſt. Po. Med., Ævi*, p. 752, 3.——*Burnell* is uſed as a nickname for the aſs in the *Cheſter Whitſun Playes*, mſ. *Harl*. 2013. [See the note on ver. 3539.] In the pageant of Balaam he ſays——

> Go forth *Burnel*, go forth; go.
> What the devil! my aſſe will not go.

And again, fol. 36, b.;

> *Burnell*, why begileſt thou me?

The original word was probably *Brunell*, from his brown colour, as the fox below, ver. 15340, is called *Ruſſel*, from his red colour I ſuppoſe.

Alas! ye lordes, many a falfe flatour
Is in your court, and many a lofengeour,
That plefeth you wel more, by my faith,
Than he that fothfaftneffe unto you faith.
Redeth Ecclefiaft of flaterie:
Beth ware, ye lordes, of hire trecherie.
This Chaunteclere ftood high upon his toos
Stretching his necke, and held his eyen cloos,
And gan to crowen loude for the nones;
And Dan Ruffel the fox ftert up at ones,
And by the gargat hente Chaunteclere,
And on his back toward the wood him bere,
For yet ne was ther no man that him fued.
O deftinee! that maift not ben efchued,
Alas that Chaunteclere flew fro the bemes!
Alas, his wif ne raughte not of dremes!
And on a Friday fell all this mefchance.
O Venus! that art goddeffe of Plefance,
Sin that thy fervant was this Chaunteclere,
And in thy fervice did all his powere,
More for delit than world to multiplie,
Why wolt thou fuffre him on thy day to die?
O Gaufride, dere maifter foverain!
That whan thy worthy King Richard was flain

℣. 15341. *by the gargat*] The editt. have changed this into *gorget*; but *gargat* is an old Fr. word, *Rom. de Rou.* mf. *Reg.* 4, C. xi.;

O grant culteals e od granz cuignees
Lur unt *les gargates* trenchies.

℣. 15353. *O Gaufride*] He alludes to a paffage in the *Nova Poetria* of Geoffrey de Vinfauf, publifhed not long after the

With fhot complainedeft his deth fo fore,
Why ne had I now thy fcience and thy lore
The Friday for to chiden as did ye?
(For on a Friday fothly flain was he)
Than wold I fhew you how that I coud plaine
For Chauntecleres drede and for his paine.
  Certes fwiche cry ne lamentation
N'as never of ladies made whan Ilion
Was wonne, and Pirrus with his ftreite fwerd,
Whan he had hent King Priam by the berd
And flain him, (as faith us *Eneidos*)
As maden all the hennes in the cloos
Whan they had feen of Chaunteclere the fight;
But foverainly Dame Pertelote fhright
Ful louder than did Hafdruballes wif
Whan that hire hufbond hadde yloft his lif,

death of Richard I. In this work the author has not only given inftructions for compofing in the different ftyles of poetry, but alfo examples. His fpecimen of the plaintive kind of compofition begins thus;

> Neuftria, fub clypeo regis defenfa Ricardi,
> Indefenfa modo, geftu teftare dolorem.
> Exundent oculi lacrymas; exterminet ora
> Pallor; connodet digitos tortura; cruentet
> Interiora dolor, et verberet æthera clamor:
> Tota peris ex morte fua. Mors non fuit ejus,
> Sed tua; non una, fed publica mortis origo.
> *O Veneris lacrymofa dies!* o fydus amarum!
> Illa dies tua nox fuit, et Venus illa venenum.
> Illa dedit vulnus, &c.

Thefe lines are fufficient to fhew the object and the propriety of Chaucer's ridicule. The whole poem is printed in *Leyfer's Hift. Po. Med. Ævi*, p. 862—978.

And that the Romaines hadden brent Cartage;
She was ſo ful of turment and of rage
That wilfully into the fire ſhe ſterte,
And brent hire ſelven with a ſtedfaſt herte.
O woful hennes! right ſo criden ye
As whan that Nero brente the citee
Of Rome cried the Senatoures wives
For that hir huſbonds loſten alle hir lives:
Withouten gilt this Nero hath hem ſlain.
Now wol I turne unto my Tale again.
The ſely widewe and hire doughtrén two
Herden theſe hennes crie and maken wo,
And out at the dores ſterten they anon,
And ſaw the fox toward the wode is gon,
And bare upon his back the cok away:
They crieden out Harow and wala wa!
A ha the fox! and after him they ran,
And eke with ſtaves many another man;
Ran Colle our dogge, and Talbot and Gerlond,
And Malkin, with hire diſtaf in hire hond;
Ran cow and calf; and eke the veray hogges
So fered were for berking of the dogges,
And ſhouting of the men and women eke,
They ronnen ſo hem thought hir hertes breke;
They yelleden as fendes don in helle;
The dokes crieden as men wold hem quelle;
The gees for fere flewen over the trees,
Out of the hive came the ſwarme of bees,

So hidous was the noiſe, a *benedicite!*
Certes he Jakke Straw and his meinie
Ne maden never ſhoutes half ſo ſhrille,
Whan that they wolden any Fleming kille,
As thilke day was made upon the fox.
Of bras they broughten beemes and of box,
Of horn and bone, in which they blew and pouped,
And therwithal they ſhriked and they houped;
It ſemed as that the heven ſhulde falle.
  Now, goode men, I pray you herkeneth alle:
Lo how Fortune turneth ſodenly
The hope and pride eke of hire enemy!
This cok that lay upon the foxes bake,
In all his drede unto the fox he ſpake,
And ſayde; Sire, if that I were as ye
Yet wold I ſain, (as wiſly God help me)
Turneth agein, ye proude cherles alle,
A very peſtilence upon you falle:
Now I am come unto the wodes ſide,
Maugre your hed the cok ſhal here abide;
I wol him ete in faith, and that anon.
  The fox anſwered, In faith it ſhal be don:
And as he ſpake the word al ſodenly
The cok brake from his mouth deliverly,
And high upon a tree he flew anon.
  And whan the fox ſaw that the cok was gon,
Alas! quod he, o Chaunteclere, alas!
I have (quod he) ydon to you treſpas,

In as moche as I maked you aferd
Whan I you hente and brought out of your yerd;
But, Sire, I did it in no wikke entente:
Come doun, and I ſhal tell you what I mente:
I ſhal ſay ſothe to you, God helpe me ſo.
  Nay than, quod he, I ſhrewe us bothe two;
And firſt I ſhrewe myſelf bothe blood and bones
If thou begile me oftener than ones:
Thou ſhalt no more thurgh thy flaterie
Do me to ſing and winken with myn eye,
For he that winketh whan he ſhulde ſee,
Al wilfully, God let him never the.
  Nay, quod the fox, but God yeve him meſchance
That is ſo indiſcrete of governance
That jangleth whan that he ſhuld hold his pees.
  Lo, which it is for to be reccheles
And negligent, and truſt on flaterie.
But ye that holden this Tale a folie,
As of a fox, or of a cok or hen,
Taketh the moralitee therof, good men;
For Seint Poule ſayth, that all that writen is
To our doctrine it is ywriten ywis.
Taketh the fruit, and let the chaf be ſtille.
  Now, goode God, if that it be thy wille,
As ſayth my Lord, ſo make us all good men,
And bring us to thy highe bliſſe. *Amen.*

v. 15451. *As ſayth my Lord*] Oppoſite to this verſe in the margin of mſ. *C.* 1, is written *Kantuar*, which means, I ſuppoſe, that ſome archbiſhop of Canterbury is quoted.

Sire Nonnes Preeſt, our Hoſte ſayd anon,
Ybleſſed be thy breche and every ſton;
This was a mery Tale of Chaunteclere:
But by my trouthe if thou were ſeculere
Thou woldeſt ben a tredefoule a right,
For if thou have corage as thou haſt might
Thee were nede of hennes, as I wene,
Ye mo than ſeven times ſeventene.
Se whiche braunes hath this gentil Preeſt,
So gret a necke, and ſwiche a large breeſt!
He loketh as a ſparhauk with his eyen;
Him nedeth not his colour for to dien
With Braſil ne with grain of Portingale.
But, Sire, faire falle you for your Tale.
And after that he with ful mery chere
Sayd to another as ye ſhulen here.

* * * * * * * * *

v. 15468. *Sayd to another*] I have obſerved, in the *Diſcourſe, &c.* § 37. that in mſſ. *Aſk.* 1, 2, this line is read thus;

Seide unto *the Nunne* as ye ſhul heer.

The following are the ſix forged lines which the ſame mſſ. exhibit by way of introduction to The Nonne's Tale;

Madame, and I dorſte I wolde your pray
To telle a Tale in fortheringe of our way;
Than mighte ye do unto us grete eſe.
Gladly, Sire, quoth ſhe, ſo that I might pleſe
You and this worthy company;
And began hir Tale riht thus ful ſobrely.

THE SECOND NONNES TALE.

The miniſtre and the norice unto vices,
Which that men clepe in Engliſh Idelneſſe,
That porter at the gate is of Delices,
To eſchuen, and by hire contrary hire oppreſſe,
That is to ſain, by leful beſineſſe,
Wel oughte we to don al our entente,
Leſt that the fend thurgh idelneſſe us hente.

For he that with his thouſand cordes ſlie
Continuelly us waiteth to beclappe,
Whan he may man in idelneſſe eſpie,
He can ſo lightly cacche him in his trappe,
Til that a man be hent right by the lappe
He n'is not ware the fend hath him in hond:
Wel ought us werche and idelneſſe withſtond.

And though men dradden never for to die,
Yet ſee men wel by reſon douteles
That idelneſſe is rote of ſlogardie,
Of which ther never cometh no good encrees,
And ſee that ſlouthe holdeth hem in a lees,
Only to ſlepe and for to ete and drinke,
And to devouren all that other ſwinke.

And for to put us from ſwiche idelneſſe,
That cauſe is of ſo gret confuſion,
I have here don my feithful beſineſſe,
After the legende, in tranſlation
Right of thy glorious lif and paſſion,

The Second Nonnes Tale] The life and death of Saint Cecily. *Sp.*

Thou with thy gerlond wrought of rofe and lilie,
Thee mene I, maid and martir, Seinte Cecilie.

And thou, that arte floure of virgines all,
Of whom that Bernard lift fo wel to write,
To thee at my beginning firft I call,
Thou comfort of us wretches, do me endite
Thy maidens deth, that wan thurgh hire merite
The eternal lif, and over the fend victorie,
As man may after reden in hire ftorie.

Thou maide and mother, doughter of thy fon,
Thou wel of mercy, finful foules cure,
In whom that God of bountee chees to won;
Thou humble and high over every creature,
Thou nobledeft fo fer forth our nature,
That no defdaine the maker had of kinde
His fon in blood and flefh to clothe and winde.

Within the cloyftre blisful of thy fides
Toke mannes fhape the eternal Love and Pees,
That of the trine compas Lord and gide is,
Whom erthe, and fee, and heven, out of relees
Ay herien; and thou virgine wemmeles
Bare of thy body (and dwelteft maiden pure)
The creatour of every creature.

℣. 15514. *out of relees*] All the beft mff. concur in this reading, and therefore I have followed them, though I confefs that I do not clearly underftand the phrafe, unlefs perhaps it mean without releafe, without being ever releafed from their duty. The common reading *withouten lees* is a genuine Saxon phrafe; *butan leas*, *abfque falfo*, without a lie.

Assembled is in thee magnificence
With mercy, goodnesse, and with swiche pitee
That thou, that art the sonne of excellence,
Not only helpest hem that praien thee,
But oftentime of thy benignitee
Ful freely, or that men thin helpe beseche,
Thou goest beforne and art hir lives leche.

Now helpe, thou meke and blisful faire maide,
Me flemed wretch, in this desert of galle;
Thinke on the woman Cananee, that saide
That whelpes eten som of the cromes alle
That from hir lordes table ben yfalle;
And though that I, unworthy sone of Eve,
Be sinful, yet accepteth my beleve.

And for that feith is ded withouten werkes,
So for to werken yeve me wit and space
That I be quit from thennes that most derke is:
O thou! that art so faire and ful of grace,
Be thou min advocat in that high place,
Ther as withouten ende is songe Osanne,
Thou Cristes mother, doughter dere of Anne.

And of thy light my soule in prison light,
That troubled is by the contagion

℣. 15518. *Assembled is*] This stanza is very like one in The Prioresses Tale, ver. 13403—13410.

℣. 15530. *sone of Eve*] See the *Discourse*, &c. § 37, n. 30.

℣. 15536. *Be thou min advocat*] I have no better authority for the insertion of *thou* than ed. *Urr.*; the metre perhaps might be safe without it, (considering *highe* as a dissyllable) but the verse would be very rough.

Of my body, and alſo by the wight
Of erthly luſt and falſe affection:
O haven of refute! o ſalvation
Of hem that ben in ſorwe and in diſtreſſe!
Now help, for to my werk I wol me dreſſe.

Yet pray I you that reden that I write
Foryeve me that I do no diligence
This ilke ſtorie ſubtilly to endite;
For both have I the wordes and ſentence
Of him that at the ſeintes reverence
The ſtorie wrote, and folowed hire legende,
And pray you that ye wol my werk amende.

Firſt wol I you the name of Seinte Cecilie
Expoune, as men may in hire ſtorie ſee;
It is to ſayn in Engliſh, Hevens lilie,
For pure chaſtneſſe of virginitee,
Or for ſhe whitneſſe had of honeſtee,
And grene of conſcience, and of good fame
The ſwote ſavour, Lilie was hire name.

Or Cecilie is to ſayn, The way to blinde,
For ſhe enſample was by good teching,
Or elles Cecilie, as I writen finde,
Is joined by a maner conjoining
Of heven and *Lia*, and here in figuring

v. 15553. *Firſt wol I*] The note upon this in the margin of mſ. C. 1 is—"Interpretatio, &c. quam ponit Frater Jacobus "Januenſis in Legendâ Aureâ." It has been obſerved in the *Diſcourſe*, &c. that this whole Tale is almoſt literally tranſlated from the *Legenda Aurea*.

The heven is ſet for thought of holineſſe,
And *Lia* for hire laſting beſineſſe.

Cecilie may eke be ſayd in this manere,
Wanting of blindneſſe, for hire grete light
Of ſapience, and for hire thewes clere;
Or elles lo this maidens name bright
Of heven and *Leos* cometh, for which by right
Men might hire wel the heven of peple calle,
Enſample of good and wiſe werkes alle:

For *Leos* peple in Engliſh is to ſay;
And right as men may in the heven ſee
The ſonne and mone, and ſterres, every way,
Right ſo men goſtly, in this maiden free
Sawen of faith the magnanimitee,
And eke the clereneſſe hole of ſapience,
And ſondry werkes bright of excellence.

And right ſo as thiſe philoſophres write,
That heven is ſwift and round, and eke brenning,
Right ſo was faire Cecilie the white
Ful ſwift and beſy in every good werking,
And round and hole in good perſevering,
And brenning ever in charitee ful bright.
Now have I you declared what ſhe hight.

This maiden, bright Cecile, as hire lif ſaith,
Was come of Romaines, and of noble kind,
And from hire cradle foſtred in the faith
Of Criſt, and bare his goſpel in hire mind:
She never ceſed, as I writen find,

Of hire prayere, and God to love and drede,
Beſeching him to kepe hire maidenhede.
And whan this maiden ſhuld until a man
Ywedded be that was ful yonge of age,
Which that ycleped was Valerian,
And day was comen of hire marriage,
She ful devout and humble in hire corage,
Under hire robe of gold, that ſat ful faire,
Had next hire fleſh yclad hire in an haire.
And while that the organs maden melodie
To God alone thus in hire hert ſong ſhe;
O Lord! my ſoule and eke my body gie
Unwemmed, leſt that I confounded be.
And for his love that died upon the tree
Every ſecond or thridde day ſhe faſt,
Ay bidding in hire oriſons ful faſt.
The night came, and to bedde muſt ſhe gon
With hire huſbond, as it is the manere,
And privelу ſhe ſaid to him anon;
O ſwete and wel beloved ſpouſe dere!
Ther is a conſeil, and ye wol it here,
Which that right ſayn I wold unto you ſaie,
So that ye ſwere ye wol it not bewraie.
Valerian gan faſt unto hire ſwere
That for no cas ne thing that mighte be
He ſhulde never to non bewraien here;
And than at erſt thus to him ſaide ſhe:
I have an angel which that loveth me,

That with gret love wher ſo I wake or ſlepe
Is redy ay my body for to kepe;
And if that he may ſelen out of drede
That ye me touch or love in vilanie,
He right anon wol ſleen you with the dede,
And in your youthe thus ye ſhulden die;
And if that ye in clene love me gie,
He wol you love as me for your cleneneſſe,
And ſhew to you his joye and his brightneſſe.
This Valerian, corrected as God wold,
Anſwerd again; If I ſhal truſten thee
Let me that angel ſeen and him behold,
And if that it a veray angel be
Than wol I don as thou haſt prayed me;
And if thou love another man, forſothe
Right with this ſwerd than wol I ſlee you bothe.
Cecile anſwerd anon right in this wiſe:
If that you liſt the angel ſhul ye ſee,
So that ye trowe on Criſt, and you baptiſe:
Goth forth to Via Apia, (quod ſhe)
That fro this toun ne ſtant but miles three,
And to the poure folkes that ther dwellen
Say hem right thus as that I ſhal you tellen.
Tell hem that I Cecile you to hem ſent
To ſhewen you the good Urban the old,
For ſecree nedes and for good entent;
And whan that ye Seint Urban han behold
Tell him the wordes whiche I to you told;

And whan that he hath purged you fro ſinne
Than ſhal ye ſeen that angel er ye twinne.
Valerian is to the place gon,
And right as he was taught by hire lerning
He fond this holy old Urban anon
Among the ſeintes buriels louting;
And he anon withouten tarying
Did his meſſage, and whan that he it tolde
Urban for joye his hondes gan upholde.
The teres from his eyen let he falle;
Almighty Lord, o Jeſu Criſt! quod he,
Sower of chaſt conſeil, hierde of us alle,
The fruit of thilke ſeed of chaſtitee
That thou haſt ſow in Cecile take to thee:
Lo, like a beſy bee withouten gile
Thee ſerveth ay thin owen thral Cecile.
For thilke ſpouſe that ſhe toke but newe,
Ful like a fiers leon, ſhe ſendeth here
As meke as ever was any lambe to ewe.
And with that word anon ther gan apere
An old man clad in white clothes clere,
That had a book with lettres of gold in hond,
And gan beforne Valerian to ſtond.
Valerian as ded fell doun for drede
Whan he him ſaw, and he up hent him tho,
And on his book right thus he gan to rede:

V. 15654. *louting*] *i. e. Latitantem*, marg. *C.* 1, from the Sax. *lutan* or *lutian*, *latere*.

On Lord, on faith, on God withouten mo,
On Criſtendom, and fader of all alſo
Aboven all, and over all every wher.
Thiſe wordes all with gold ywriten were.
  Whan this was red, than ſaid this olde man,
Leveſt thou this thing or no? ſay ye or nay.
I leve all this thing, quod Valerian,
For ſother thing than this I dare wel ſay
Under the heven no wight thinken may.
Tho vaniſhed the olde man he n'iſte wher,
And Pope Urban him criſtened right ther.
  Valerian goth home, and fint Cecilie
Within his chambre with an angel ſtonde:
This angel had of roſes and of lilie
Corones two, the which he bare in honde,
And firſt to Cecile, as I underſtonde,
He yaf that on, and after gan he take
That other to Valerian hire make.
  With body clene and with unwemmed thought
Kepeth ay wel thiſe corones two, quod he,
From Paradis to you I have hem brought,
Ne never mo ne ſhul they roten be,
Ne leſe hir ſwete favour, truſteth me,

ỽ. 15675. *On Lord, on faith*] I have adopted this reading in preference to that of the beſt mſſ.—*O Lord, o faith, o God, &c.*—in order to guard againſt the miſtake which the editt. have generally fallen into of conſidering *o*, in this paſſage, as the ſign of the vocative caſe. *On* and *o* are uſed indifferently by Chaucer to ſignify *one*.

Ne never wight ſhal ſeen hem with his eye,
But he be chaſte and hate vilanie.
And thou, Valerian, for thou ſo ſone
Aſſentedeſt to good conſeil, alſo
Say what thee liſt and thou ſhalt han thy bone.
I have a brother, quod Valerian tho,
That in this world I love no man ſo,
I pray you that my brother may have grace
To know the trouth, as I do in this place.
The angel ſayd, God liketh thy requeſt,
And bothe with the palme of martirdome
Ye ſhullen come unto his bliſful reſt;
And with that word Tiburce his brother come.
And whan that he the ſavour undernome,
Which that the roſes and the lilies caſt,
Within his herte he gan to wonder faſt,
And ſaid; I wonder this time of the yere
Whennes that ſwete ſavour cometh ſo
Of roſes and lilies that I ſmelle here,
For though I had hem in min hondes two
The ſavour might in me no deper go:
The ſwete ſmel that in min herte I find
Hath changed me all in another kind.
Valerian ſaid, Two corones han we
Snow-white and roſe-red, that ſhinen clere,
Which that thin eyen han no might to ſee,
And as thou ſmelleſt hem thurgh my praiere,
So ſhalt thou ſeen hem, leve brother dere,

If it fo be thou wolt withouten flouthe
Beleve aright, and know the veray trouthe.
 Tiburce anfwered; Saieft thou this to me
In fothneffe, or in dreme herken I this?
In dremes, quod Valerian, han we be
Unto this time, brother min, ywis;
But now at erft in trouthe our dwelling is.
How woft thou this, quod Tiburce, in what wife?
Quod Valerian, That fhal I thee devife.
 The angel of God hath me the trouth ytaught,
Which thou fhalt feen, if that thou wilt reney
The idoles, and be clene, and elles naught.
[And of the miracle of thife corones twey
Seint Ambrofe in his preface lift to fey;
Solempnely this noble doctour dere
Commendeth it, and faith in this manere:
 The palme of martirdome for to receive
Seint Cecilie, fulfilled of Goddes yeft,
The world and eke hire chambre gan fhe weive,

v. 15738. [*And of the miracle*] I fhould have been glad to have met with any authority for leaving out this parenthefis of fourteen lines, which interrupts the narration fo aukwardly, and to fo little purpofe. The fubftance of it is in the printed editions of the Latin *Legenda Aurea*, but appears evidently to have been at firft a marginal obfervation, and to have crept into the text by the blunder of fome copift: accordingly it is wanting in Caxton's Golden Legende, and, I fuppofe, in the French *Legende Dorée*, from which he tranflated. The author of the Fr. verfion had either made ufe of an uncorrupted mf. or perhaps had been fagacious enough to difcern and reject the interpolation.

Witneſſe Tiburces and Ceciles ſhrift,
To which God of his bountee wolde ſhift
Corones two, of floures wel ſmelling,
And made his angel hem the corones bring.
The maid hath brought thiſe men to bliſſe above;
The world hath wiſt what it is worth certain
Devotion of chaſtitee to love.]
Though ſhewed him Cecile all open and plain
That all idoles n'is but a thing in vain,
For they ben dombe, and therto they ben deve,
And charged him his idoles for to leve.
Who ſo that troweth not this a beſt he is,
Quod this Tiburce, if that I ſhal not lie.
And ſhe gan kiſſe his breſt whan ſhe herd this,
And was ful glad he coude trouth eſpie:
This day I take thee for min allie,
Saide this bliſful faire maiden dere;
And after that ſhe ſaid as ye may here:
Lo, right ſo as the love of Criſt (quod ſhe)
Made me thy brothers wif, right in that wiſe
Anon for mine allie here take I thee,
Sithen that thou wolt thin idoles deſpiſe.
Goth with thy brother now and thee baptiſe,
And make thee clene, ſo that thou maiſt behold
The angels face of which thy brother told.
Tiburce anſwered, and ſaide, Brother dere,
Firſt tell me whither I ſhal, and to what man.
To whom, quod he, Come forth with goode chere,

I wol thee lede unto the Pope Urban.
To Urban? brother min, Valerian,
Quod tho Tiburce, wilt thou me thider lede?
Me thinketh that it were a wonder dede.
  Ne meneſt thou not Urbán (quod he tho)
That is ſo often damned to be ded,
And woneth in halkes alway to and fro,
And dare not ones putten forth his hed?
Men ſhuld him brennen in a fire ſo red
If he were found, or that men might him ſpie,
And we alſo, to bere him compagnie.
  And while we ſeken thilke divinitee
That is yhid in heven prively,
Algate ybrent in this world ſhuld we be.
To whom Cecile anſwered boldely;
Men mighten dreden wel and ſkilfully
This lif to leſe, min owen dere brother!
If this were living only and non other.
  But ther is better lif in other place
That never ſhal be loſt, ne drede thee nought,
Which Goddes ſone us tolde thurgh his grace,
That fadres ſone which alle thinges wrought;
And all that wrought is with a ſkilful thought,
The goſt that from the fader gan procede
Hath ſouled hem withouten any drede.

℣. 15783. *And we alſo*] It ſhould have been *us*: I take notice of this, becauſe Chaucer is very rarely guilty of ſuch an offence againſt grammar.

By word and by miracle he Goddes ſone,
Whan he was in this world, declared here
That ther is other lif ther men may wone.
To whom anſwerd Tiburce; O ſuſter dere!
Ne ſaideſt thou right now in this manere,
Ther n'as but o God Lord in ſothfaſtneſſe,
And now of three how mayſt thou bere witneſſe?
That ſhal I tell, quod ſhe, or that I go.
Right as a man hath ſapiences three,
Memorie, engine, and intellect alſo,
So in o being of divinitee
Three perſones mowen ther righte wel be.
Tho gan ſhe him ful beſily to preche
Of Criſtes ſonde, and of his peines teche,
And many pointes of his paſſion,
How Goddes ſone in this world was withhold
To don mankinde pleine remiſſion,
That was ybound in ſinne and cares cold.
All this thing ſhe unto Tiburce told,
And after this Tiburce in good entent
With Valerian to Pope Urban he went,
That thanked God, and with glad herte and light
He criſtened him, and made him in that place
Parfite in his lerning, and Goddes knight:
And after this Tiburce gat ſwiche grace
That every day he ſaw in time and ſpace
The angel of God, and every maner bone
That he God axed it was ſped ful ſone.

It were ful hard by ordre for to ſain
How many wonders Jeſus for hem wrought:
But at the laſt, to tellen ſhort and plain,
The ſergeaunts of the toun of Rome hem ſought,
And hem before Almache the Prefect brought,
Which hem appoſed, and knew all hir entent,
And to the image of Jupiter hem ſent.

And ſaid; Who ſo wol nought do ſacrifice
Swap of his hed; this is my ſentence here.
Anon thiſe martyrs that I you deviſe
On Maximus, that was an officere
Of the Prefectes, and his Corniculere,
Hem hent, and whan he forth the ſeintes lad
Himſelf he wept for pitee that he had.

Whan Maximus had herd the ſeintes lore
He gate him of the turmentoures leve,
And lad hem to his hous withouten more;
And with hir preching or that it were eve
They gonnen fro the turmentours to reve,
And fro Maxime, and fro his folk eche on,
The falſe faith, to trowe in God alone.

Cecilie came, whan it was waxen night,
With preeſtes, that hem criſtened all yfere;
And afterward whan day was waxen light
Cecilie hem ſaid with a ful ſtedfaſt chere,
Now, Criſtes owen knightes leve and dere,
Caſte all away the werkes of derkeneſſe,
And armeth you in armes of brightneſſe.

686.

Ye han forsoth ydon a gret bataille;
Your cours is don; your faith hath you conserved:
Goth to the croune of lif that may not faille;
The rightful juge, which that ye han served,
Shal yeve it you, as ye han it deserved
And whan this thing was said as I devise
Men ledde hem forth to don the sacrifice.

But whan they weren to the place ybrought,
To tellen shortly the conclusioun,
They n'olde encense ne sacrifice right nought,
But on hir knees they setten hem adoun,
With humble herte and sad devotioun,
And losten bothe hir hedes in the place:
Hir soules wenten to the King of grace.

This Maximus, that saw this thing betide,
With pitous teres told it anon right
That he hir soules saw to heven glide
With angels, ful of clerenesse and of light,
And with his word converted many a wight,
For which Almachius did him to-bete
With whip of led til he his lif gan lete.

v. 15855. *Your cours is don*] So all the mss. In ed. *Urr. don* is changed to *run*; and I believe no modern poet would have joined any other verb with *cours*, especially after he had used *ydon* in the preceding line; but I am not clear that Chaucer attended to such niceties.——In the latter part of this line the best mss. read—*Your faith han ye conserved*—and I know not by what negligence I omitted to follow them.

Cecile him toke and buried him anon
By Tiburce and Valerian ſoftely,
Within hir burying place, under the ſton;
And after this Almachius haſtily
Bad his miniſtres fetchen openly
Cecile, ſo that ſhe might in his preſence
Don ſacrifice, and Jupiter encenſe.

But they, converted at hire wiſe lore,
Wepten ful ſore, and yaven ful credence
Unto hire word, and crieden more and more
Criſt, Goddes ſone, withouten difference,
Is veray God, this is all our ſentence,
That hath ſo good a ſervant him to ſerve:
Thus with o vois we trowen though we ſterve.

Almachius, that herd of this doing,
Bad fetchen Cecile, that he might hire ſee:
And alderfirſt, lo, this was his axing;
What maner woman arte thou? quod he.
I am a gentilwoman borne, quod ſhe.
I axe thee, quod he, though it thee greve,
Of thy religion and of thy beleve.

Why than began your queſtion folily,
Quod ſhe, that woldeſt two anſwers conclude
In o demand? Ye axen lewedly.
Almache anſwerd to that ſimilitude,
Of whennes cometh thin anſwering ſo rude?
Of whennes? (quod ſhe, whan that ſhe was freined)
Of conſcience, and of good faith unfeined.

Almachius ſaid; Ne takeſt thou non hede
Of my power? And ſhe him anſwerd this;
Your might (quod ſhe) ful litel is to drede,
For every mortal mannes power n'is
But like a bladder ful of wind ywis,
For with a nedles point whan it is blow
May all the boſt of it be laid ful low.

Ful wrongfully begonneſt thou, (quod he)
And yet in wrong is al thy perſeverance:
Woſt thou not how our mighty princes free
Have thus commanded and made ordinance
That every Criſten wight ſhal han penance
But if that he his Criſtendome withſeye,
And gon al quite if he wol it reneye?

Your princes erren, as your nobley doth,
Quod tho Cecile, and with a wood ſentence
Ye make us gilty, and it is not ſoth;
For ye, that knowen wel our innocence,
For as moche as we don ay reverence
To Criſt, and for we bere a Criſten name,
Ye put on us a crime and eke a blame.

But we, that knowen thilke name ſo
For vertuous, we may it not withſeye.
Almache anſwered: Cheſe on of thiſe two,
Do ſacrifice, or Criſtendom reneye,
That thou mow now eſcapen by that wey.
At which this holy bliſful fayre maid
Gan for to laughe, and to the juge ſaid;

O juge! confuſe in thy nicetee,
Woldeſt thou that I reneye innocence?
To maken me a wicked wight (quod ſhe)
Lo, he diſſimuleth here in audience,
He ſtareth and wodeth in his advertence.
To whom Almachius ſaid, Unſely wretch!
Ne woſt thou not how far my might may ſtretch?

Han not our mighty princes to me yeven
Ya bothe power and eke auctoritee
To maken folk to dien or to liven?
Why ſpekeſt thou ſo proudly than to me?
I ne ſpeke nought but ſtedfaſtly, quod ſhe,
Not proudely, for I ſay, as for my ſide
We haten dedly thilke vice of pride.

And if thou drede not a ſoth for to here
Than wol I ſhewe al openly by right
That thou haſt made a ful gret leſing here.
Thou ſaiſt thy princes han thee yeven might
Both for to ſlee and for to quiken a wight.
Thou that ne maiſt but only lif bereve
Thou haſt non other power ne no leve.

But thou maiſt ſayn thy princes han thee maked
Miniſtre of Deth, for if thou ſpeke of mo
Thou lieſt, for thy power is ful naked.
Do way thy boldneſſe, ſaid Almachius tho,
And ſacrifice to our goddes er thou go.
I recke not what wrong that thou me proffre,
For I can ſuffre it as a philoſophre.

But thilke wronges may I not endure
That thou ſpekeſt of our goddes here, quod he.
Cecile anſwerd; O nice creature!
Thou ſaideſt no word ſin thou ſpake to me
That I ne knew therwith thy nicetee,
And that thou were in every maner wiſe
A lewed officer, a vain juſtice.
Ther lacketh nothing to thin utter eyen
That thou n'art blind; for thing that we ſeen alle,
That is a ſton, that men may wel eſpien,
That ilke ſton a god thou wolt it calle:
I rede thee let thin hond upon it falle,
And taſt it wel, and ſton thou ſhalt it find,
Sin that thou ſeeſt not with thin eyen blind.
It is a ſhame that the peple ſhal
So ſcornen thee, and laugh at thy folie,
For comunly men wot it wel over al
That mighty God is in his hevens hie;
And thiſe images, wel maiſt thou eſpie,
To thee ne to hemſelf may not profite,
For in effect they be not worth a mite.
Thiſe and ſwiche other wordes ſaide ſhe,
And he wex wroth, and bade men ſhuld hire lede
Home til hire houſe, and in hire hous (quod he)
Brenne hire right in a bath with flames rede.
And as he bade right ſo was don the dede,
For in a bathe they gonne hire faſte ſhetten,
And night and day gret fire they under betten.

℣. 15966. *thin utter eyen*] *Exterioribus oculis*, marg. mſ. C. 1.

The longe night, and eke a day alſo,
For all the fire, and eke the bathes hete,
She ſate al cold, and felt of it no wo;
It made hire not a drope for to ſwete;
But in that bath hire lif ſhe muſte lete,
For he Almache with a ful wicke entent
To ſleen hire in the bath his ſonde ſent.

Three ſtrokes in the nekke he ſmote hire tho
The turmentour, but for no maner chance
He mighte not ſmite all hire nekke atwo:
And for ther was that time an ordinance
That no man ſhulde don man ſwiche penance
The fourthe ſtroke to ſmiten ſoft or ſore,
This turmentour ne dorſte do no more;

But half ded, with hire nekke ycorven ther
He left hire lie, and on his way is went:
The Criſten folk which that about hire were
With ſhetes han the blood ful faire yhent:
Three dayes lived ſhe in this turment,
And never ceſed hem the faith to teche;
That ſhe had foſtred hem ſhe gan to preche.

And hem ſhe yaf hire mebles and hire thing,
And to the Pope Urban betoke hem tho,
And ſaid, I axed this of heven King
To have reſpit three dayes and no mo,
To recommend to you or that I go
Thiſe ſoules, lo, and that I might do werche
Here of min hous perpetuellich a cherche.

Seint Urban with his dekenes prively
The body fette, and buried it by night
Among his other feintes honeftly.
Hire hous The Cherche of Seint Cecile hight;
Seint Urban halowed it, as he wel might,
In which unto this day in noble wife
Men don to Crift and to his feinte fervife.

THE CHAN. YEMANNES PROL.

WHAN that tolde was the lif of Seinte Cecile,
Er we had ridden fully five mile,

ỳ. 16023. *five mile*] So all the mff. except *E.* which reads *half a mile*. This latter reading muft certainly be preferred, if we fuppofe that Chaucer meant to mark the interval between the conclufion of The Nonnes Tale and the arrival of the chanon; but it would be contrary to the general plan of our Author's work, and to his practice upon other occafions, that the Hofte fhould fuffer the company

To riden by the way dombe as the fton

even for *half a mile*: I am therefore rather inclined to believe that *five mile* is the right reading, and that it was intended to mark the diftance from fome place, which we are now unable to determine with certainty, for want of the Prologue to The Nonnes Tale.—I have fometimes fufpected that it was the intention of Chaucer to begin the journey *from* Canterbury with The Nonnes Tale: in that cafe *five mile* would mark very truly the diftance from Canterbury to Boughton-under-Blee. The circumftances too of the chanon's overtaking the pilgrims, and looking "as he had priked," or gallopped, "miles three," would agree better with this fuppofition. It is fcarce credible that he fhould have ridden after them from Southwark to Boughton without overtaking them; and if he had, it muft have been a very inadequate reprefentation of his condition to fay that "It femed he had priked *miles three*." Befides, the words of the Yeman, [ver. 16056, 7,]

At Boughton-under-Blee us gan atake
A man that clothed was in clothes blake,
And undernethe he wered a white ſurplis.
His hakeney, which that was al pomelee gris,
So ſwatte that it wonder was to ſee;
It ſemed as he had priked miles three.
The horſe eke that his Yeman rode upon
So ſwatte that unnethes might he gon:
About the peytrel ſtood the fome ful hie;
He was of fome as flecked as a pie.
A male tweifold on his croper lay,
It ſemed that he caried litel array;
Al light for ſommer rode this worthy man.
And in my herte wondren I began
What that he was, til that I underſtode
How that his cloke was ſowed to his hode,

—now in the morwe tide
Out of your hoſtelrie I ſaw you ride—

ſeem to imply that they were overtaken in the ſame morning in which they ſet out; but it muſt have been conſiderably after noon before they reached Boughton from Southwark.---- There is another way of ſolving theſe difficulties, by ſuppoſing that the pilgrims lay upon the road, and that The Nonnes Tale was the firſt of the ſecond day's journey. It is moſt probable that a great part of the company (not to mention their horſes) would have had no objection to dividing the journey to Canterbury into two days, but if they lay only *five miles* on this ſide of Boughton I do not ſee how they could ſpend the whole ſecond day till evening [ſee ver. 17316] in travelling from thence to Canterbury.—I muſt take notice too, in oppoſition to my firſt hypotheſis, that the manner in which the Yeman expreſſes himſelf in ver. 16091, 2, ſeems to ſhew that he was riding *to* Canterbury.

For which whan I had long aviſed me
I demed him ſome chanon for to be.
His hat heng at his back doun by a las,
For he had ridden more than trot or pas;
He had ay priked like as he were wode.
A clote leſe he had laid under his hode
For ſwete, and for to kepe his hed fro hete:
But it was joye for to ſeen him ſwete;
His forehed dropped as a ſtillatorie
Were ful of plantaine or of paritorie.
And whan that he was come he gan to crie,
God ſave (quod he) this joly compagnie!
Faſt have I priked (quod he) for your ſake,
Becauſe that I wolde you atake,
To riden in this mery compagnie.
  His Yeman was eke ful of curteſie,
And ſaide, Sires, now in the morwe tide
Out of your hoſtelrie I ſaw you ride,
And warned here my lord and ſoverain,
Which that to riden with you is ful fain
For his diſport; he loveth daliance.
Frend, for thy warning God yeve the good chance,
Than ſaid our Hoſte: certain it wolde ſeme
Thy lord were wiſe, and ſo I may wel deme;
He is ful joconde alſo dare I leye:
Can he ought tell a mery tale or tweie,
With which he gladen may this compagnie?
Who, Sire? my lord? Ye, Sire, withouten lie,

He can of mirth and eke of jolitee
Not but ynough; alſo, Sire, truſteth me
And ye him knew al ſo wel as do I
Ye wolden wondre how wel and craftily
He coude werke, and that in ſondry wiſe:
He hath take on him many a gret empriſe,
Which were ful harde for any that is here
To bring about but they of him it lere.
As homely as he rideth amonges you
If ye him knew it wold be for your prow:
Ye wolden not forgon his acquaintance
For mochel good, I dare lay in balance
All that I have in my poſſeſſion.
He is a man of high diſcreſſion;
I warne you wel he is a paſſing man.
  Wel, quod our Hoſte, I pray thee tell me than
Is he a clerk or non? Tell what he is.
  Nay, he is greter than a clerk ywis,
Saide this Yeman, and in wordes fewe,
Hoſte, of his craft ſomwhat I wol you ſhewe.
  I ſay my lord can ſwiche a ſubtiltee,
(But all his craft ye moun not wete of me,
And ſomwhat help I yet to his werking)
That all the ground on which we ben riding,
'Til that we come to Canterbury toun,
He coud al clene turnen up ſo doun,
And pave it all of ſilver and of gold.
  And whan this Yeman had this tale ytolde

Unto our Hoſte, he ſaid *Benedicite!*
This thing is wonder mervaillous to me,
Sin that thy lord is of ſo high prudence,
Becauſe of which men ſhulde him reverence,
That of his worſhip rekketh he ſo lite;
His overeſt ſloppe it is not worth a mite,
As in effect, to him, ſo mote I go;
It is all baudy and to-tore alſo.
Why is thy lord ſo ſluttiſh I thee preye,
And is of power better cloth to beye,
If that his dede acorded with thy ſpeche?
Telle me that, and that I thee beſeche.
  Why? quod this Yeman, wherto axe ye me?
God helpe me ſo, for he ſhal never the:
(But I wol not avowen that I ſay,
And therfore kepe it ſecree I you pray)
He is to wiſe in faith, as I beleve:
Thing that is overdon it wol not preve
Aright, as clerkes ſain; it is a vice;
Wherfore in that I hold him lewed and nice;
For whan a man hath overgret a wit
Ful oft him happeth to miſuſen it:
So doth my lord, and that me greveth ſore:
God it amende; I can ſay now no more.
  Therof no force, good Yeman, quod our Hoſt;
Sin of the conning of thy lord thou woſt
Telle how he doth, I pray thee hertily,
Sin that he is ſo crafty and ſo ſly.

Wher dwellen ye, if it to tellen be?
In the ſubarbes of a toun, quod he,
Lurking in hernes and in lanes blinde,
Wheras thiſe robbours and thiſe theves by kinde
Holden hir privee fereful reſidence,
As they that dare not ſhewen hir preſence;
So faren we, if I ſhal ſay the ſothe.
Yet, quod our Hoſte, let me talken to the;
Why art thou ſo diſcoloured of thy face?
Peter, quod he, God yeve it harde grace;
I am ſo uſed the hote fire to blow
That it hath changed my colour I trow:
I n'am not wont in no mirrour to prie,
But ſwinke ſore, and lerne to multiplie.
We blundren ever and poren in the fire,
And for all that we faille of our deſire;
For ever we lacken our concluſion.
To mochel folk we don illuſion,
And borwe gold be it a pound or two,
Or ten or twelve, or many ſommes mo,
And make hem wenen at the leſte wey
That of a pound we connen maken twey;
Yet is it falſe; and ay we han good hope
It for to don, and after it we grope:
But that ſcience is ſo fer us beforne,
We mowen not, although we had it ſworne,
It overtake, it ſlit away ſo faſt;
It wol us maken beggers at the laſt.

While this Yeman was thus in his talking
This chanon drow him nere and herd all thing
Which this Yeman ſpake, for ſuſpecion
Of mennes ſpeche ever had this chanon;
For Caton ſayth, that he that gilty is
Demeth all thing be ſpoken of him ywis:
That was the cauſe he gan ſo nigh him drawe
To his Yeman, to herken all his ſawe;
And thus he ſaide unto his Yeman tho:
Hold thou thy pees, and ſpeke no wordes mo,
For if thou do thou ſhalt it dere abie:
Thou ſclaundreſt me here in this compagnie,
And eke diſcovereſt that thou ſhuldeſt hide.
Ye, quod our Hoſte, tell on, what ſo betide;
Of all his thretening recke not a mite.
In faith, quod he, no more I do but lite.
And whan this chanou ſaw it wold not be
But his Yeman wold tell his privetee,
He fled away for veray ſorwe and ſhame.
A! quod the Yeman, here ſhal riſe a game:
All that I can anon I wol you telle,
Sin he is gon: the foule fend him quelle,
For never hereafter wol I with him mete
For peny ne for pound, I you behete.

℣. 16156. *For Caton ſayth*] This precept of Cato is in l. i. diſt. 17.;

> Ne cures ſi quis tacito ſermone loquatur;
> Conſcius ipſe ſibi de ſe putat omnia dici.

He that me broughte firſt unto that game,
Er that he die ſorwe have he and ſhame,
For it is erneſt to me by my faith;
That fele I wel, what that any man ſaith;
And yet for all my ſmert and all my grief,
For all my ſorwe, labour, and meſchief,
I coude never leve it in no wiſe.
Now wolde God my wit mighte ſuffice
To tellen all that longeth to that art;
But natheles yet wol I tellen part:
Sin that my lord is gon I wol not ſpare;
Swiche thing as that I know I wol declare.

THE CHAN. YEMANNES TALE.

WITH this chanon I dwelt have ſeven yere,
And of his ſcience am I never the nere;
All that I had I have yloſt therby,
And God wot ſo han many mo than I.
Ther I was wont to be right freſh and gay
Of clothing, and of other good array,
Now may I were an hoſe upon min hed;
And wher my colour was both freſh and red
Now is it wan and of a leden hewe;
(Who ſo it uſeth ſo ſhal he it rewe)
And of my ſwinke yet blered is min eye;
Lo which avantage is to multiplie!

The Chanones Yemannes Tale] A prieſt of London, more covetous than wiſe, is deceived by a chanon profeſſing the art of alchymye. *Urry.*

That ſliding ſcience hath me made ſo bare
That I have no good wher that ever I fare;
And yet I am endetted ſo therby,
Of gold that I have borwed trewely,
That while I live I ſhal it quiten never;
Let every man beware by me for ever.
What maner man that caſteth him therto,
If he continue, I hold his thrift ydo;
So helpe me God, therby ſhal he nat winne,
But empte his purſe, and make his wittes thinne.
And whan he thurgh his madneſſe and folie,
Hath loſt his owen good thurgh jupartie,
Than he exciteth other folk therto,
To leſe hir good as he himſelf hath do,
For unto ſhrewes joye it is and eſe
To have hir felawes in peine and diſeſe.
Thus was I ones lerned of a clerk.
Of that no charge; I wol ſpeke of our werk.

℣. 16211. *thurgh jupartie*] So mſ. *C.* 1. I have followed it as it comes neareſt to the true original of our word *jeopardy*, which our etymologiſts have ſadly miſtaken: they deduce it from *j'ai perdu* or *jeu perdu*, but I rather believe it to be a corruption of *jeu parti*. A *jeu parti* is properly a game in which the chances are exactly even. [See *Froiſſart*, v. i. c. 234.; "Ils "n'eſtoient pas à *jeu parti* contre les *Francois*. V. ii. c. 9, Se nous "les voyons à *jeu parti*."] From hence it ſignifies any thing uncertain or hazardous. In the old French poetry the diſcuſſion of a problem where much might be ſaid on both ſides was called a *jeu parti*. See *Poeſies du Roy de Navarre*, *Chanſon* xlviii, and *Gloſſ.* in v. See alſo *Du Cange*, in v. *Jocus partitus*.

Whan we be ther as we ſhuln exerciſe
Our elviſh craft we ſemen wonder wiſe,
Our termes ben ſo clergial and queinte.
I blow the fire til that myn herte feinte.
What ſhuld I tellen eche proportion
Of thinges whiche that we werchen upon,
As on five or ſix unces, may wel be,
Of ſilver, or ſom other quantitee?
And beſie me to tellen you the names,
As orpiment, brent bones, yren ſquames,
That into poudre grounden ben ful ſmal?
And in an erthen pot how put is al,
And ſalt yput in and alſo pepere,
Beforn thiſe poudres that I ſpeke of here,
And wel ycovered with a lampe of glas?
And of moche other thing which that ther was?
And of the pottes and glaſſes engluting,
That of the aire might paſſen out no thing?
And of the eſy fire, and ſmert alſo,
Which that was made? and of the care and wo
That we had in our materes ſubliming,
And in amalgaming and calcening
Of quickſilver, ycleped Mercurie crude?
For all our ſleightes we can not conclude.
Our orpiment and ſublimed mercurie,
Our grounden litarge eke on the porphurie,
Of eche of thiſe of unces a certain
Not helpeth us; our labour is in vain.

Ne, neyther our ſpirites aſcentioun,
Ne our materes that lien al fix adoun,
Mown in our werking nothing us availle,
For loſt is all our labour and travaille,
And all the coſt a twenty devil way
Is loſt alſo which we upon it lay.
Ther is alſo ful many another thing
That is unto our craft apperteining,
Though I by ordre hem nat reherſen can,
Becauſe that I am a lewed man,
Yet wol I telle hem as they come to minde,
Though I ne cannot ſet hem in hir kinde,
As bole armoniak, verdegreſe, boras,
And ſondry veſſels made of erthe and glas,
Our urinales, and our deſcenſories,
Viols, croſlettes and ſublimatories,
Cucurbites and alembikes eke,
And other ſwiche ger, dere ynough a leke,
What nedeth it for to reherſe hem alle?
Wateres rubifying, and bolles galle,
Arſenik, ſal armoniak, and brimſton,
And herbes coude I tell eke many on,
As egremoine, valerian, and lunarie,
And other ſwiche, if that me liſt to tarie,
Our lampes brenning bothe night and day,
To bring about our craft if that we may,
Our fourneis eke of calcination,
And of wateres albification,

Unſlekked lime, chalk, and gleire of an ey,
Poudres divers, aſhes, dong, piſſe, and cley,
Sered pokettes, ſal peter, and vitriole,
And divers fires made of wode and cole,
Sal tartre, alcaly, and ſalt preparat,
And combuſt materes and coagulat,
Cley made with hors and mannes here, and oile
Of tartre, alum, glas, berme, wort, and argoile,
Roſalgar, and other materes enbibing,
And eke of our materes encorporing,
And of our ſilver citrination,
Our cementing and fermentation,
Our ingottes, teſtes, and many thinges mo?
I wol you tell as was me taught alſo
The foure ſpirites and the bodies ſevene
By ordre, as oft I herd my lord hem nevene.
The firſte ſpirit Quikſilver cleped is,
The ſecond Orpiment, the thridde ywis
Sal Armoniak, and the fourth Brimſton.
The bodies ſevene eke, lo hem here anon:
Sol gold is, and Luna ſilver we threpe,
Mars iren, Mercurie quikſilver we clepe,
Saturnus led, and Jupiter is tin,
And Venus coper, by my fader kin.
This curſed craft who ſo wol exerciſe
He ſhal no good have that him may ſuffice,

v. 16288. *The foure ſpirites, &c.*] Compare *Gower*, *De Conf. Amant.* b. iv, fol. 76, b.

For all the good he ſpendeth theraboute
He leſen ſhal, therof have I no doute.
Who ſo that liſteth uttren his folie
Let him come forth and lernen multiplie;
And every man that hath ought in his cofre
Let him appere and wex a philoſophre,
Aſcaunce that craft is ſo light to lere.
Nay, nay, God wot al be he monk or frere,
Preeſt or chanon, or any other wight,
Though he ſit at his book both day and night
In lerning of this elviſh nice lore
All is in vain, and parde mochel more
To lerne a lewed man this ſubtiltee:
Fie! ſpeke not therof, for it wol not be:
And conne he letterure or conne he non
As in effect he ſhal finde it all on,
For bothe two by my ſalvation
Concluden in multiplication
Ylike wel whan they have al ydo;
This is to ſain, they faillen bothe two.
    Yet forgate I to maken reherſaile
Of waters coroſif and of limaile,
And of bodies mollification,
And alſo of hir induration,
Oiles, abluſions, metal fuſible;
To tellen all wold paſſen any Bible
That o wher is; wherfore as for the beſt
Of all thiſe names now wol I me reſt;

℣. 16306. *Aſcaunce*] See the note on ver. 7327.

For as I trow I have you told ynow
To reiſe a fend, al loke he never ſo row.
A! nay, let be; the philoſophres ſton,
Elixer cleped, we ſeken faſt eche on,
For had we him than were we ſiker ynow;
But unto God of heven I make avow,
For all our craft, whan we han all ydo,
And all our ſleight, he wol not come us to:
He hath ymade us ſpenden mochel good,
For ſorwe of which almoſt we waxen wood,
But that good hope crepeth in our herte,
Suppoſing ever, though we ſore ſmerte,
To ben releved of him afterward:
Swiche ſuppoſing and hope is ſharpe and hard:
I warne you wel it is to ſeken ever:
That future *temps* hath made men diſſever,
In truſt therof, from all that ever they had,
Yet of that art they conne not waxen ſad,
For unto hem it is a bitter ſwete:
So ſemeth it, for ne had they but a ſhete
Which that they might wrappen hem in a-night,
And a bratt to walken in by day-light,
They wold hem ſell, and ſpend it on this craft:
They conne not ſtinten til no thing be laft;
And evermore, wher ever that they gon,
Men may hem kennen by ſmell of brimſton:
For all the world they ſtinken as a gote;
Hir ſavour is ſo rammiſh and ſo hote

That though a man a mile from hem be
The ſavour wol enfect him, truſteth me.
Lo, thus by ſmelling and thred-bare array
If that men liſt this folk they knowen may;
And if a man wol axe hem privcly
Why they be clothed ſo unthriſtily,
They right anon wol rounen in his ere,
And ſaien, if that they eſpied were
Men wolde hem fle becauſe of hir ſcience.
Lo, thus thiſe folk betraien innocence.
Paſſe over this; I go my Tale unto.
Er that the pot be on the fire ydo,
Of metals with a certain quantitee
My lord hem tempereth, and no man but he,
(Now he is gon I dare ſay boldely)
For as men ſain he can don craftily,
Algate I wote wel he hath ſwiche a name,
And yet ful oft he renneth in a blame;
And wete ye how? ful oft it falleth ſo
The pot to-breketh, and farewel! all is go.
Thiſe metales ben of ſo gret violence
Our walles may not make hem reſiſtence,
But if they weren wrought of lime and ſton;
They percen ſo that thurgh the wall they gon,
And ſom of hem ſinke doun into the ground,
(Thus have we loſt by times many a pound)
And ſom are ſcatered all the flore aboute,
Som lepen into the roof withouten doute.

Though that the fend not in our ſight him ſhewe
I trow that he be with us, thilke ſhrewe
In helle, wher that he is lord and ſire,
Ne is ther no more wo, rancour, ne ire.
Whan that our pot is broke, as I have ſayde,
Every man chit, and holt him evil apayde:
Som ſayd it was long on the fire-making,
Som ſayd nay, it was long on the blowing;
(Than was I ferd, for that was min office)
Straw! quod the thridde, ye ben lewed and nice;
It was not tempred as it oughte to be;
Nay, quod the fourthe, ſtint and herken me;
Becauſe our fire was not made of beche
That is the cauſe, and other non, ſo the iche.
I can not tell wheron it was along,
But wel I wot gret ſtrif is us among.
What? quod my lord, ther n'is no more to don;
Of thiſe perils I wol beware eftſone;
I am right ſiker that the pot was craſed.
Be as be may be ye no thing amaſed;
As uſage is let ſwepe the flore as ſwithe;
Plucke up your hertes, and be glad and blithe.
  The mullok on an hepe yſweped was,
And on the flore yeaſt a canevas,
And all this mullok in a ſive ythrowe,
And ſifted, and ypicked many a throwe.
  Parde, quod on, ſomwhat of our metall
Yet is ther here, though that we have not all;

And though this thing miſhapped hath as now
Another time it may be wel ynow.
We moſten put our good in aventure;
A marchant parde may not ay endure,
Truſteth me wel, in his proſperitee;
Somtime his good is drenched in the ſee,
And ſomtime cometh it ſauf unto the lond.
  Pees, quod my lord, the next time I wol fond
To bring our craft all in another plite,
And but I do, Sires, let me have the wite:
Ther was defaute in ſomwhat wel I wote.
  Another ſayd the fire was over hote:
But be it hote or cold I dare ſay this,
That we concluden ever more amis;
We faille alway of that which we wold have,
And in our madneſſe evermore we rave,
And whan we be together everich on
Every man ſemeth a Salomon.
But all thing which that ſhineth as the gold
Ne is no gold, as I have herd it told,
Ne every apple that is faire at eye
Ne is not good, what ſo men clap or crie.
Right ſo, lo, fareth it amonges us;
He that ſemeth the wiſeſt, by Jeſus

℣. 16430. *But all thing*] This is taken from the *Parabolæ* of *Alanus de Inſulis*, who died in 1294. See *Leyſer*, *Hiſt. Po. Med. Ævi*, p. 1074.;

> Non teneas aurum totum quod ſplendet ut aurum,
> Nec pulchrum pomum quodlibet eſſe bonum.

Is moſt fool whan it cometh to the preſe,
And he that ſemeth treweſt is a thefe:
That ſhal ye know or that I from you wende,
By that I of my Tale have made an ende.
  Ther was a chanon of religioun
Amonges us wold enfect all a toun,
Though it as gret were as was Ninive,
Rome, Aliſaundre, Troie, or other three.
His ſleightes and his infinite falſeneſſe
Ther coude no man writen, as I geſſe,
Though that he mighte live a thouſand yere:
In all this world of falſeneſſe n'is his pere,
For in his termes he wol him ſo winde,
And ſpeke his wordes in ſo ſlie a kinde,
Whan he comunen ſhal with any wight,
That he wol make him doten anon right
But it a fend be, as himſelven is.
Ful many a man hath he begiled er this,
And wol, if that he may live any while;
And yet men gon and riden many a mile
Him for to ſeke, and have his acquaintance,
Not knowing of his falſe governance;
And if you luſt to yeve me audience
I wol it tellen here in your preſence.
  But, worſhipful chanons religious,
Ne demeth not that I ſclander your hous,
Although that my Tale of a chanon be:
Of every order ſom ſhrew is parde;

And God forbede that all a compagnie
Shuld rewe a ſinguler mannes folie.
To ſclander you is no thing min entent,
But to correcten that is mis I ment.
This Tale was not only told for you
But eke for other mo : ye wote wel how
That among Criſtes apoſteles twelve
Ther was no traitour but Judas himſelve;
Than why ſhuld al the remenant have blame,
That giltles were? By you I ſay the ſame;
Save only this, if ye wol herken me,
If any Judas in your covent be
Remeveth him betimes I you rede,
If ſhame or los may cauſen any drede;
And be no thing diſpleſed I you pray,
But in this cas herkeneth what I ſay.
In London was a preeſt, an annuellere,
That therin dwelled hadde many a yere,

v. 16480. *a preeſt an annuellere*] They were called *annuelleres*, not from their receiving a yearly ſtipend, as the Gloſſ. explains it, but from their being employed ſolely in ſinging annuals or anniverſary maſſes for the dead, without any cure of ſouls. See the ſtat. 36 Edw. III. c. viii. where the Chapelleins Parochiels are diſtinguiſhed from others; "Chantanz anuales, "et a cure des almes nient entendantz." They were both to receive yearly ſtipends, but the former was allowed to take ſix marks, and the latter only five. Compare ſtat. 2. H. V. ſt. ii. c. 2, where the ſtipend of the Chapellein Parochiel is raiſed to eight marks, and that of the Chapellein Annueler (he is ſo named in the ſtatute) to ſeven.

Which was ſo pleſant and ſo ſerviſable
Unto the wif ther as he was at table,
That ſhe wold ſuffer him no thing to pay
For borde ne clothing, went he never ſo gay;
And ſpending ſilver had he right ynow:
Therof no force; I wol proceed as now,
And tellen forth my Tale of the chanon
That broughte this preeſt to confuſion.
  This falſe chanon came upon a day
Unto the preeſtes chambre ther he lay,
Beſeching him to lene him a certain
Of gold, and he wold quite it him again.
Lene me a marke, quod he, but dayes three,
And at my day I wol it quiten thee;
And if it ſo be that thou finde me falſe
Another day hang me up by the halſe.
  This preeſt him toke a marke, and that as ſwith,
And this chanon him thanked often ſith,
And toke his leve, and wente forth his wey;
And at the thridde day brought his money,
And to the preeſt he toke his gold again,
Wherof this preeſt was wonder glad and fain.
  Certes, quod he, nothing anoieth me
To lene a man a noble, or two, or three,
Or what thing were in my poſſeſſion,
Whan he ſo trewe is of condition
That in no wiſe he breken wol his day;
To ſwiche a man I can never ſay nay.

What? quod this chanon, ſhuld I be untrewe?
Nay, that were thing fallen al of the newe:
Trouth is a thing that I wol ever kepe
Unto the day in which that I ſhal crepe
Into my grave, and elles God forbede!
Beleveth this as ſiker as your crede,
God thanke I, and in good time be it ſayde,
That ther n'as never man yet evil apayde
For gold ne ſilver that he to me lent,
Ne never falſhede in min herte I ment.
And, Sire, (quod he) now of my privetee,
Sin ye ſo goodlich have ben unto me,
And kithed to me ſo gret gentilleſſe,
Somwhat to quiten with your kindeneſſe
I wol you ſhewe, and if you luſt to lere
I wol you techen pleinly the manere
How I can werken in philoſophie:
Taketh good heed, ye ſhuln wel ſen at eye
That I wol do a maiſtrie or I go.
Ye, quod the preeſt; ye, Sire, and wol ye ſo?
Mary, therof I pray you hertily.
At your commandement, Sire, trewely,
Quod the chanon, and elles God forbede.
Lo, how this thefe coude his ſervice bede.
Ful ſoth it is that ſwiche profered ſervice
Stinketh, as witneſſen thiſe olde wiſe,
And that ful ſone I wol it verifie
In this chanon, rote of all trecherie,

That evermore delight hath and gladneſſe
(Swiche fendly thoughtes in his herte empreſſe)
How Criſtes peple he may to meſchief bring:
God kepe us from his falſe diſſimuling!
Nought wiſte this preeſt with whom that he delt,
Ne of his harme coming nothing he felt.
O ſely preeſt! o ſely innocent!
With covetiſe anon thou ſhalt be blent;
O graceles! ful blind is thy conceite,
For nothing art thou ware of the diſceite
Which that this fox yſhapen hath to thee;
His wily wrenches thou ne mayſt not flee:
Wherfore to go to the concluſion,
That referreth to thy confuſion,
Unhappy man! anon I wol me hie
To tellen thin unwit and thy folie,
And eke the falſeneſſe of that other wretch,
As ferforth as that my conning will ſtretch.
This chanon was my lord, ye wolden wene;
Sire Hoſte, in faith, and by the heven quene,
It was another chanon, and not he
That can an hundred part more ſubtiltee:
He hath betraied folkes many a time;
Of his falſeneſſe it dulleth me to rime:
Ever whan that I ſpeke of his falſhede
For ſhame of him my chekes waxen rede,
Algates they beginnen for to glowe,
For redneſſe have I non, right wel I knowe,

In my viſage, for fumes diverſe
Of metals which ye have herd me reherſe
Conſumed han and waſted my redneſſe.
Now take hede of this chanons curſedneſſe.
  Sire, quod the chanon, let your yeman gon
For quikſilver, that we it had anon,
And let him bringen unces two or three,
And whan he cometh as faſte ſhul ye ſee
A wonder thing, which ye ſaw never er this.
  Sire, quod the preeſt, it ſhal be don ywis.
He bad his ſervant fetchen him this thing,
And he al redy was at his bidding,
And went him forth, and came anon again
With this quikſilver, ſhortly for to ſain,
And toke thiſe unces three to the chanoun,
And he hem laide wel and faire adoun,
And bad the ſervant coles for to bring,
That he anon might go to his werking.
  The coles right anon weren yfet,
And this chanon toke out a croſſelet
Of his boſome, and ſhewed it to the preeſt.
This inſtrument, quod he, which that thou ſeeſt
Take in thyn hond, and put thyſelf therin
Of this quikſilver an unce, and here begin
In the name of Criſt to wex a philoſophre:
Ther be ful fewe which that I wolde profre
To ſhewen hem thus muche of my ſcience;
For here ſhul ye ſee by experience

That this quikſilver I wol mortifie
Right in your ſight anon withouten lie,
And make it as good ſilver and as fine
As ther is any in your purſe or mine
Or elles wher, and make it malliable,
And elles holdeth me falſe and unable
Amonges folk for ever to appere.
I have a pouder here, that coſt me dere,
Shal make all good, for it is cauſe of all
My conning which that I you ſhewen ſhall.
Voideth your man, and let him be therout,
And ſhet the dore, while we ben about
Our privetee, that no man us eſpie
While that we werke in this philoſophie.
All as he bade fulfilled was in dede:
This ilke ſervant anon right out yede,
And his maiſter ſhette the dore anon,
And to hir labour ſpedily they gon.
This preeſt at this curſed chanons bidding
Upon the fire anon he ſet this thing,
And blew the fire, and beſied him ful faſt;
And this chanon into the croſſelet caſt
A pouder, n'ot I never wherof it was
Ymade, other of chalk, other of glas,
Or ſomwhat elles, was not worth a flie,
To blinden with this preeſt, and bade him hie
The coles for to couchen all above
The croſſelet; for in tokening I thee love

(Quod this chanon) thine owen hondes two
Shal werken all thing which that here is do.
  Grand mercy, quod the preeſt, and was ful glad,
And couched the coles as the chanon bad;
And while he beſy was this fendly wretch,
This falſe chanon, (the foule fend him fetch)
Out of his boſom toke a bechen cole,
In which ful ſubtilly was made an hole,
And therin put was of ſilver limaile
An unce, and ſtopped was withouten faile
The hole with wax to kepe the limaile in.
  And underſtandeth that this falſe gin
Was not made ther, but it was made before;
And other thinges I ſhal tell you more
Hereafterward which that he with him brought;
Er he came ther him to begile he thought,
And ſo he did or that they went atwin;
Til he had torned him coud he not blin.
It dulleth me whan that I of him ſpeke;
On his falſhede fain wold I me awreke
If I wiſt how; but he is here and ther:
He is ſo variaunt he abit no wher.
  But taketh hede, Sires, now, for Goddes love.
He toke his cole, of which I ſpake above,
And in his hond he bare it prively,
And whiles the preeſt couched beſily
The coles, as I tolde you er this,
This chanon ſayde; Frend, ye don amis;

This is not couched as it ought to be,
But ſone I ſhal amenden it, quod he.
Now let me meddle therwith but a while,
For of you have I pitee by Seint Gile.
Ye ben right hot; I ſee wel how ye ſwete;
Have here a cloth and wipe away the wete.
And whiles that the preeſt wiped his face
This chanon toke his cole with ſory grace,
And laied it above on the midward
Of the croſſelet, and blew wel afterward,
Til that the coles gonnen faſt to bren.
Now yeve us drinke, quod this chanon, then,
As ſwithe all ſhall be wel I undertake:
Sitte we doun, and let us mery make.
And whanne that this chanones bechen cole
Was brent all the limaile out of the hole
Into the croſſelet anon fell adoun;
And ſo it muſte nedes by reſoun,
Sin it above ſo even couched was,
But therof wiſt the preeſt nothing, alas!
He demed all the coles ylike good,
For of the ſleight he nothing underſtood.
And whan this alkymiſtre ſaw his time,
Riſeth up, Sire Preeſt, quod he, and ſtondeth by me,
And for I wote wel ingot have ye non,
Goth, walketh forth, and bringeth a chalk ſton,
For I wol make it of the ſame ſhap
That is an ingot, if I may have hap:

Bring eke with you a bolle or elles a panne
Ful of water, and ye shul wel see thanne
How that our besinesse shal thrive and preve:
And yet, for ye shul have no misbeleve
Ne wrong conceit of me in your absence,
I ne wol not ben out of your presence,
But go with you, and come with you again.
The chambre dore, shortly for to sain,
They opened and shet, and went hir wey,
And forth with hem they caried the key,
And camen again withouten any delay.
What shuld I tarien all the longe day?
He toke the chalk, and shope it in the wise
Of an ingot, as I shal you devise;
I say he toke out of his owen sleve
A teine of silver (yvel mote he cheve)
Which that ne was but a just unce of weight:
And taketh heed now of his cursed sleight;
He shop his ingot in length and in brede
Of thilke teine, withouten any drede,
So slily that the preest it not espide,
And in his sleve again he gan it hide,
And from the fire he toke up his matere,
And in the ingot it put with mery chere,
And in the water-vessel he it cast
Whan that him list, and bad the preest as fast
Loke what ther is; put in thin hond and grope;
Thou shalt ther finden silver, as I hope.

What, divel of helle! ſhuld it elles be?
Shaving of ſilver ſilver is parde.
He put his hond in and toke up a teine
Of ſilver fine, and glad in every veine
Was this preeſt whan he ſaw that it was ſo.
Goddes bleſſing, and his mothers alſo,
And alle Halwes, have ye, Sire Chanon!
Sayde this preeſt, and I hir maliſon,
But and ye voucheſauf to techen me
This noble craft and this ſubtilitee
I wol be your in all that ever I may.
Quod the chanon, Yet wol I make aſſay
The ſecond time, that ye mow taken hede,
And ben expert of this, and in your nede
Another day aſſay in min abſence
This diſcipline and this crafty ſcience.
Let take another unce, quod he tho,
Of quikſilver, withouten wordes mo,
And do therwith as ye have don er this
With that other which that now ſilver is.
The preeſt him beſieth all that ever he can
To don as this chanon, this curſed man,
Commandeth him, and faſte blewe the fire
For to come to the effect of his deſire;
And this chanon right in the menę while
Al redy was this preeſt eft to begile,
And for a countenance in his hond bare
An holow ſtikke, (take kepe and beware)

In the ende of which an unce and no more
Of ſilver limaile put was, as before
Was in his cole, and ſtopped with wax wel
For to kepe in his limaile every del;
And while this preeſt was in his beſineſſe
This chanon with his ſtikke gan him dreſſe
To him anon, and his pouder caſt in
As he did erſt, (the devil out of his ſkin
Him torne, I pray to God, for his falſhede,
For he was ever falſe in thought and dede)
And with his ſtikke above the croſſelet,
That was ordained with that falſe get,
He ſtirreth the coles til relenten gan
The wax again the fire, as every man
But he a fool be wote wel it mote nede,
And all that in the ſtikke was out yede,
And in the croſſelet haſtily it fell.
  Now, goode Sires, what wol ye bet than wel?
Whan that this preeſt was thus begiled again,
Suppoſing nought but trouthe, ſoth to ſain,
He was ſo glad that I can not expreſſe
In no manere his mirth and his gladneſſe,
And to the chanon he profered eftſone
Body and good. Ye, quod the chanon, ſone,
Though poure I be crafty thou ſhalt me finde:
I warne thee wel yet is ther more behinde.
  Is ther any coper here within? ſayd he?
Ye, Sire, quod the preeſt, I trow ther be.

Elles go beie us ſom, and that as ſwithe.
Now, goode Sire, go forth thy way and hie the.
He went his way, and with the coper he came,
And this chanon it in his hondes name,
And of that coper weyed out an unce.
To ſimple is my tonge to pronounce,
As miniſter of my wit, the doubleneſſe
Of this chanon, rote of all curſedneſſe:
He ſemed frendly to hem that knew him nought,
But he was fendly both in werk and thought.
It werieth me to tell of his falſeneſſe,
And natheles yet wol I it expreſſe,
To that entent men may beware therby,
And for non other cauſe trewely.
He put this coper into the croſſelet,
And on the fire as ſwithe he hath it ſet,
And caſt in pouder, and made the preeſt to blow,
And in his werking for to ſtoupen low
As he did erſt, and all n'as but a jape;
Right as him liſt the preeſt he made his ape;
And afterward in the ingot he it caſt,
And in the panne put it at the laſt
Of water, and in he put his owen hond:
And in his ſleve, as ye beforen hond
Herde me tell, he had a ſilver teine;
He ſlily toke it out, this curſed heine,
(Unweting this preeſt of his falſe craft)
And in the pannes botome he it laft,

And in the water rombleth to and fro,
And wonder prively toke up alſo
The coper teine, (not knowing thilke preeſt)
And hid it, and him hente by the breſt,
And to him ſpake, and thus ſaid in his game;
Stoupeth adoun; by God ye be to blame;
Helpeth me now, as I did you whilere;
Put in your hond, and loketh what is there.
This preeſt toke up this ſilver teine anon;
And thanne ſaid the chanon, Let us gon
With thiſe three teines which that we han wrought
To ſom goldſmith, and wete if they ben ought,
For by my faith I n'olde for my hood
But if they weren ſilver fine and good,
And that as ſwithe wel preved ſhal it be.
Unto the goldſmith with thiſe teines three
They went anon, and put hem in aſſay
To fire and hammer: might no man ſay nay
But that they weren as hem ought to be.
This ſoted preeſt, who was gladder than he?
Was never brid gladder agains the day,
Ne nightingale in the ſeſon of May
Was never non that liſt better to ſing,
Ne lady luſtier in carolling,
Or for to ſpeke of love and womanhede,
Ne knight in armes don a hardy dede
To ſtonden in grace of his lady dere,
Than hadde this preeſt this craft for to lere;

And to the chanon thus he ſpake and ſeid:
For the love of God that for us alle deid,
And as I may deſerve it unto you,
What ſhal this receit coſt? telleth me now.
By our Lady, quod this chanon, it is dere.
I warne you wel that ſave I and a frere
In Englelond ther can no man it make.
No force, quod he: now, Sire, for Goddes ſake
What ſhall I pay? telleth me I you pray.
Ywis, quod he, it is ful dere I ſay.
Sire, at o word, if that you liſt it have
Ye ſhal pay fourty pound, ſo God me ſave;
And n'ere the frendſhip that ye did er this
To me ye ſhulden payen more ywis.
This preeſt the ſum of fourty pound anon
Of nobles ſet, and toke hem everich on
To this chanon for this ilke receit.
All his werking n'as but fraud and deceit.
Sire Preeſt, he ſaid, I kepe for to have no loos
Of my craft, for I wold it were kept cloos,
And as ye love me kepeth it ſecree,
For if men knewen all my ſubtiltee,
By God they wolden have ſo gret envie
To me, becauſe of my philoſophie,
I ſhuld be ded, ther were non other way.
God it forbede, quod the preeſt, what ye ſay:
Yet had I lever ſpenden all the good
Which that I have (and elles were I wood)

Than that ye fhuld fallen in fwiche mefchefe.
For your good will, Sire, have ye right good prefe,
Quod the chanon; and farewel, *grand mercy*.
He went his way, and never the preeft him fey
After that day. And whan that this preeft fhold
Maken affay, at fwiche time as he wold,
Of this receit, farewel! it n'old not be.
Lo, thus bejaped and begiled was he;
Thus maketh he his introduction
To bringen folk to hir deftruction.
Confidereth, Sires, how that in eche eftat
Betwixen men and gold ther is debat,
So ferforth that unnethes is ther non.
This multiplying fo blint many on
That in good faith I trowe that it be
The caufe greteft of fwiche fcarfitee.
Thife philofophres fpeke fo miftily
In this craft that men cannot come therby
For any wit that men have now adayes:
They mow wel chateren as don thife jayes,
And in hir termes fet hir luft and peine,
But to hir purpos fhul they never atteine.
A man may lightly lerne, if he have ought,
To multiplie and bring his good to nought.
Lo, fwiche a lucre is in this lufty game
A mannes mirth it wol turne al to grame,
And emptien alfo gret and hevy purfes,
And maken folk for to purchafen curfes

Of hem that han therto hir good ylent.
O, fy for ſhame! they that han be brent,
Alas! can they not flee the fires hete?
Ye that it uſe I rede that ye it lete,
Leſt ye leſe all; for bet than never is late:
Never to thriven were to long a date:
Though ye prolle ay ye ſhul it never find;
Ye ben as bold as is Bayard the blind,
That blondereth forth, and peril caſteth non;
He is as bold to renne agains a ſton
As for to go beſides in the way:
So faren ye that multiplien I ſay.
If that your eyen cannot ſeen aright
Loketh that youre mind lacke not his ſight,
For though ye loke never ſo brode and ſtare
Ye ſhuln not win a mite on that chaffare,
But waſten all that ye may rape and renne.
Withdraw the fire leſt it to faſte brenne;
Medleth no more with that art I mene,
For if ye don your thrift is gon ful clene:
And right as ſwithe I wol you tellen here
What philoſophres ſain in this matere.
  Lo, thus ſaith Arnolde of the newe toun,
As his Roſarie maketh mentioun;
He ſaith right thus, withouten any lie,
Ther may no man mercurie mortifie
But it be with his brothers knowleching.
  Lo, how that he which firſte ſaid this thing

Of philoſophres father was, Hermes;
He ſaith how that the dragon douteles
Ne dieth not but if that he be ſlain
With his brother; and this is for to ſain,
By the dragon Mercury and non other
He underſtood, and Brimſtone by his brother,
That out of Sol and Luna were ydrawe.
  And therfore, ſaid he, Take heed to my ſawe:
Let no man beſie him this art to ſeche
But if that he the entention and ſpeche
Of philoſophres underſtonden can,
And if he do he is a lewed man;
For this ſcience and this conning (quod he)
Is of the ſecree of ſecrees parde.
  Alſo ther was a diſciple of Plato
That on a time ſaid his maiſter to,
As his book Senior wol bere witneſſe,
And this was his demand in ſothfaſtneſſe,

V. 16915. *the ſecree of ſecrees*] He alludes to a treatiſe entitled *Secreta Secretorum*, which was ſuppoſed to contain the ſum of Ariſtotle's inſtructions to Alexander. See *Fabric. Bibl. Gr.* v. ii. p. 167. It was very popular in the middle ages. Ægidius de Columnâ, a famous divine and biſhop about the latter end of the 13th century, built upon it his book *De Regimine Principum*, of which our Occleve made a free tranſlation in Engliſh verſe, and addreſſed it to Henry V. while Prince of Wales. A part of Lydgate's tranſlation of the *Secreta Secretorum* is printed in Aſhmole's *Theat. Chem. Brit.* p. 397.; he did not tranſlate more than about half of it, being prevented by death. See mſ. *Harl.* 2251, and *Tanner*, *Bib. Brit.* in v. *Lydgate*. The greateſt part of the 7th book of *Gower's Conf. Amant.* is taken from this ſuppoſed work of Ariſtotle.

V. 16918. *As his book Senior*] Ed. *Urr.* reads—*As in his book*

Telle me the name of thilke privee ſton.
  And Plato anſwerd unto him anon;
Take the ſton that Titanos men name.
Which is that? quod he. Magnetia is the ſame,
Saide Plato. Ye, Sire, and is it thus?
This is *ignotum per ignotius*.
What is magnetia, good Sire, I pray?
  It is a water that is made, I ſay,
Of the elementes foure, quod Plato.
  Tell me the rote, good Sire, quod he tho,
Of that water, if that it be your will.
  Nay, nay, quod Plato, certain that I n'ill:
The philoſophres were ſworne everich on
That they ne ſhuld diſcover it unto non,
Ne in no book it write in no manere,
For unto God it is ſo lefe and dere
That he wol not that it diſcovered be
But wher it liketh to his deitee
Man for to enſpire, and eke for to defende
Whom that him liketh; lo, this is the ende.
  Than thus conclude I; ſin that God of heven
Ne wol not that the philoſophres neven

—which I ſhould have preferred to the common reading if I had found it in any copy of better authority.---The book alluded to is printed in the *Theatrum Chemicum*, vol. v. p. 219, under this title, *Senioris Zadith fil. Hamuelis tabula Chymica.* The ſtory which follows of Plato and his diſciple is there told, [p. 249,] with ſome variations, of Salomon; "Dixit *Salomon* "rex, Recipe lapiden qui dicitur *Thitarios*——Dixit ſapiens, "Aſſigna mihi illum. Dixit, eſt corpus *magneſiæ*---Dixit, quid "eſt *magneſia?* Reſpondit, *magneſia* eſt *aqua*, compſita," &c.

How that a man ſhal come unto this ſton,
I rede as for the beſt to let it gon;
For who ſo maketh God his adverſary,
As for to werken any thing in contrary
Of his will, certes never ſhal he thrive,
Though that he multiply terme of his live.
And ther a point, for ended is my Tale.
God ſend every good man bote of his bale!

THE MANCIPLES PROLOGUE.

WETE ye not wher ſtondeth a litel toun
Which that ycleped is Bob-up-and-doun,
Under the Blee in Canterbury way?
Ther gan our Hoſte to jape and to play,
And ſayde; Sires, what? Dun is in the mire;
Is ther no man for praiere ne for hire
That wol awaken our felaw behind?
A thefe him might ful lightly rob and bind:
See how he nappeth, ſee, for cockes bones,
As he wold fallen from his hors atones.
Is that a coke of London, with meſchance?
Do him come forth, he knoweth his penance,

℣. 16961. *Do him come forth*] So mſſ. *Aſk.* 1, 2, and ſome others. The common reading is—*Do him comfort*. The alteration is material, not only as it gives a clearer ſenſe, but as it intimates to us that the narrator of a Tale was made to come out of the crowd, and to take his place within hearing of the Hoſt during his narration. Agreeably to this notion when the Hoſt calls upon Chaucer [ver. 13628,] he ſays,

> Approche nere, and loke up merily.
> Now ware you, Sires, and let this man have place.

It was neceſſary that the Hoſte, who was to be *juge and repor-*

For he ſhal tell a Tale by my fey,
Although it be not worth a botel hey.
Awake, thou coke, quod he; God yeve thee ſorwe,
What aileth thee to ſlepen by the morwe?
Haſt thou had fleen al night, or art thou dronke?
Or haſt thou with ſom quene al night yſwonke
So that thou mayſt not holden up thin hed?
  This coke, that was ful pale and nothing red,
Sayd to our Hoſte; So God my ſoule bleſſe,
As ther is falle on me ſwiche hevineſſe,
N'ot I nat why, that me were lever to ſlepe
Than the beſt gallon wine that is in Chepe.
  Wel, quod the Manciple, if it may don eſe
To thee, Sire Coke, and to no wight diſpleſe
Which that here rideth in this compagnie,
And that our Hoſte wol of his curteſie,
I wol as now excuſe thee of thy Tale,
For in good faith thy viſage is ful pale:
Thin eyen daſen, ſothly as me thinketh,
And wel I wot thy breth ful ſoure ſtinketh,
That ſheweth wel thou art not wel diſpoſed:
Of me certain thou ſhalt not ben ygloſed.

tour of the Tales, [ver. 816,] ſhould hear them all diſtinctly; the others might hear as much as they could or as they choſe of them. It would have required the lungs of a Stentor to ſpeak audibly to a company of thirty people trotting on together in a road of the 14th century.

℣. 16965. *to ſlepen by the morwe*] This muſt be underſtood generally for the daytime, as it was then afternoon. It has been obſerved in the *Diſcourſe*, &c. §. 13, that in this epiſode of the Coke no notice is taken of his having told a Tale before.

See how he galpeth, lo, this dronken wight,
As though he wold us ſwalow anon right!
Hold cloſe thy mouth, man, by thy father kin;
The devil of helle ſet his foot therin,
Thy curſed breth enfecten wol us alle:
Fy, ſtinking ſwine! fy, foul mote thee befalle!
A! taketh heed, Sires, of this luſty man.
Now, ſwete Sire! wol ye juſt at the fan?
Therto me thinketh ye be wel yſhape:
I trow that ye have dronken win of ape,

℣. 16991. *wol ye juſt at the fan*] Some mſſ. read—*van*. The ſenſe of both words is the ſame. The thing meant is the quintaine, which is called a *fan* or *van*, from its turning round like a weathercock. See *Du Cange*, in v. *Vana*, *Meneſtrier ſur les tournois*, as quoted by *Menage, Dict. Etymol.* in v. *Quintaine*, and *Kennet's Paroch. Antiq.*

℣. 16993. *win of ape*] This is the reading of mſſ. *HA. D. E.* and ed. *Ca.* 1, and I believe the true one. The explanation in the Gloſſ. of this and the preceding paſſage from Mr. Speght is too ridiculous to be repeated. *Win of ape* I underſtand to mean the ſame as *vin de ſinge* in the old *Calendrier des Bergiers*, ſign. L ii. b. The author is treating of phiſiognomy, and in his deſcription of the four temperaments he mentions, among other circumſtances, the different effects of wine upon them. The cholerick, he ſays, "*A vin de Lyon;* ceſt a dire, quant a bien "beau veult tanſer noyſer et battre"—The ſanguine, "*A vin* "*de Singe;* quant a plus beu tant eſt plus joyeux."—In the ſame manner the phlegmatick is ſaid to have *vin de mouton*, and the melancholick *vin de porceau*.—I find the ſame four animals applied to illuſtrate the effects of wine in a little rabbinical tradition, which I ſhall tranſcribe here from *Fabric. Cod. Pſeudepig. V. T.* vol. i. p. 275.; "Vineas plantanti Noacho Satanam "ſe junxiſſe memorant, qui, dum Noa vites plantaret, mactaverit apud illas *ovem*, *leonem*, *ſimiam* et *ſuem*: quod principio potûs vini homo fit inſtar *ovis*, vinum ſumptum efficiat "ex homine *leonem*, largius hauſtum mutet cum in ſaltantem

And that is whan men playen with a ſtraw.
And with this ſpeche the coke waxed all wraw,
And on the Manciple he gan nod faſt
For lacke of ſpeche, and doun his hors him caſt,
Wher as he lay til that men him up toke:
This was a faire chivachee of a coke:
Alas that he ne had hold him by his ladel!
And er that he agen were in the ſadel
Ther was gret ſhoving bothe to and fro
To lift him up, and mochel care and wo,
So unweldy was this ſely palled goſt;
And to the Manciple than ſpake our Hoſt.
Becauſe that drinke hath domination
Upon this man, by my ſalvation
I trow he lewedly wol tell his Tale;
For were it win or old or moiſty ale
That he hath dronke he ſpeketh in his noſe,
And ſneſeth faſt, and eke he hath the poſe;
He alſo hath to don more than ynough
To kepe him on his capel out of the ſlough,
And if he falle from of his capel eftſone
Than ſhul we alle have ynough to done
In lifting up his hevy dronken cors.
Tell on thy Tale, of him make I no force.

" *ſimiam*, ad ebrietatem infuſum transformet illum in pollu- " tam et proſtratam *ſuem*." See alſo *Geſta Romanorum*, c. 159, where a ſtory of the ſame purport is quoted from *Joſephus*, " In " libro de caſu rerum naturalium."

℣. 16999. *a faire chivachee*] A fair expedition. See the n. on ver. 85. The common editt. read—*chevisance*.

But yet, Manciple, in faith thou art to nice
Thus openly to repreve him of his vice;
Another day he wol paraventure
Recleimen thee, and bring thee to the lure;
I mene he ſpeken wol of ſmale thinges,
As for to pinchen at thy rekeninges,
That were not honeſt if it came to preſe.
Quod the Manciple, That were a gret meſchefe;
So might he lightly bring me in the ſnare;
Yet had I lever payen for the mare
Which he rit on than he ſhuld with me ſtrive:
I wol not wrathen him, ſo mote I thrive:
That that I ſpake I ſayd it in my bourd.
And wete ye what? I have here in my gourd
A draught of win, ye of a ripe grape,
And right anon ye ſhul ſeen a good jape;
This coke ſhal drinke therof if that I may;
Up peine of my lif he wol not ſay nay.
And certainly, to tellen as it was,
Of this veſſell the coke dranke faſt, (alas!
What nedeth it? he dranke ynough beforne)
And whan he hadde pouped in his horne
To the Manciple he toke the gourd again;
And of that drinke the coke was wonder fain,
And thonked him in ſwiche wiſe as he coude.
Than gan our Hoſte to laughen wonder loude,
And ſayd; I ſee wel it is neceſſary
Wher that we gon good drinke with us to cary,

For that wol turnen rancour and diſeſe
To accord and love, and many a wrong apeſe.
O Bacchus, Bacchus! bleſſed be thy name,
That ſo canſt turnen erneſt into game;
Worſhip and thonke be to thy deitee.
Of that matere ye get no more of me.
Tell on thy Tale, Manciple, I thee pray.
Wel, Sire, quod he, now herkeneth what I ſay.

THE MANCIPLES TALE.

WHAN Phebus dwelled here in erth adoun,
As olde bookes maken mentioun,
He was the moſte luſty bacheler
Of all this world, and eke the beſt archer:
He ſlow Phiton the ſerpent as he lay
Sleping agains the ſonne upon a day,
And many another noble worthy dede
He with his bow wrought, as men mowen rede.
Playen he coude on every minſtralcie,
And ſingen that it was a melodie
To heren of his clere vois the ſoun:
Certes the King of Thebes Amphioun,
That with his ſinging walled the citee,
Coud never ſingen half ſo wel as he.

The Manciples Tale] Phœbus kepeth a white crow which can ſpeak as a jay. The crow accuſeth his wife, of whom he was too jealouſe, to have played falſe in his abſence; hereupon with an arrow he ſlayeth his wife, but after repenting of his raſhneſs he taketh revenge of the crow. *Urry.*

Therto he was the ſemelieſte man
That is or was ſithen the world began.
What nedeth it his feture to deſcrive?
For in this world n'is non ſo faire on live;
He was therwith fulfilled of gentilleſſe,
Of honour, and of parfite worthineſſe.
  This Phebus, that was flour of bachelerie,
As wel in fredom as in chivalrie,
For his diſport, in ſigne eke of victorie
Of Phiton, ſo as telleth us the ſtorie,
Was wont to beren in his hond a bowe.
Now had this Phebus in his hous a crowe,
Which in a cage he foſtred many a day,
And taught it ſpeken, as men teche a jay.
Whit was this crowe, as is a ſnow-whit ſwan,
And contrefete the ſpeche of every man
He coude whan he ſhulde tell a tale;
Therwith in all this world no nightingale
Ne coude by an hundred thouſand del
Singen ſo wonder merily and wel.
  Now had this Phebus in his hous a wif
Which that he loved more than his lif,
And night and day did ever his diligence
Hire for to pleſe and don hire reverence;
Save only, if that I the ſoth ſhal ſain,
Jelous he was, and wold have kept hire fain,
For him were loth yjaped for to be,
And ſo is every wight in ſwiche degree:

But all for nought, for it availeth nought.
A good wif, that is clene of werk and thought,
Shuld not be kept in non await certain;
And trewely the labour is in vain
To kepe a ſhrewe, for it wol not be.
This hold I for a veray nicetee
To ſpillen labour for to kepen wives;
Thus writen olde clerkes in hir lives.
But now to purpos as I firſt began.
This worthy Phebus doth all that he can
To pleſen hire, wening thurgh ſwiche pleſance,
And for his manhood and his governance,
That no man ſhulde put him from hire grace;
But God it wote ther may no man embrace
As to deſtreine a thing which that Nature
Hath naturelly ſet in a creature.
Take any brid and put it in a cage,
And do all thin entente and thy corage
To foſter it tendrely with mete and drinke
Of alle deintees that thou canſt bethinke,
And kepe it al ſo clenely as thou may,
Although the cage of gold be never ſo gay,
Yet had this brid by twenty thouſand fold
Lever in a foreſt that is wilde and cold
Gon eten wormes and ſwiche wretchedneſſe:
For ever this brid will don his beſineſſe

ỽ. 17112. *Take any brid*] This paſſage is too like one which has occurred before in The Squieres Tale, ver. 10925. The thought is plainly taken from *Boethius*, l. iii. met. 2. See alſo *Rom. de la R.* ver. 14717—34.

To eſcape out of his cage whan that he may:
His libertee the brid deſireth ay.
  Let take a cat, and foſter hire with milke
And tendre fleſh, and make hire couche of ſilke,
And let hire ſee a mous go by the wall,
Anon ſhe weiveth milke and fleſh and all,
And every deintee that is in that hous,
Swiche appetit hath ſhe to ete the mous.
Lo, here hath kind hire domination,
And appetit flemeth diſcretion.
  A ſhe-wolf hath alſo a vilains kind;
The lewedeſte wolf that ſhe may find,
Or leſt of reputation, wol ſhe take
In time whan hire luſt to have a make.
  All thiſe enſamples ſpeke I by thiſe men
That ben untrewe, and nothing by women;
For men have ever a likerous appetit
On lower thing to parforme hir delit
Than on hir wives, be they never ſo faire
Ne never ſo trewe ne ſo debonaire.

℣. 17124. *Let take a cat*] This is imitated from *Rom. de la R.* ver. 14825.

℣. 17130. *Lo, here hath kind*] So mſſ. *Aſk.* 1, 2. The common editt. read *luſt*. *Kind* is nature. See the next line but one, and ver. 10922, 4.

℣. 17132. *A ſhe-wolf*] This is alſo from the *Rom. de la R.* ver. 8142.;

> Tout ainſi comme fait la louve,
> Que ſa folie tant empire,
> Qu'elle prent de tous loups le pire.

Fleſh is ſo newefangle, with meſchance,
That we ne con in nothing have pleſance
That ſouneth unto vertue any while.
This Phebus, which that thought upon no gile,
Diſceived was for all his jolitee,
For under him another hadde ſhe,
A man of litel reputation,
Nought worth to Phebus in compariſon:
The more harme is: it happeth often ſo,
Of which ther cometh mochel harme and wo.
And ſo befell whan Phebus was abſent
His wif anon hath for hire lemman ſent.
Hire lemman! certes that is a knaviſh ſpeche;
Foryeve it me, and that I you beſeche.
The wiſe Plato ſayth, as ye mow rede,
The word muſt nede accorden with the dede:
If men ſhul tellen proprely a thing
The word muſt coſin be to the werking.
I am a boiſtous man, right thus ſay I;
Ther is no difference trewely
Betwix a wif that is of high degree
(If of hire body diſhoneſt ſhe be)
And any poure wenche, other than this,
(If it ſo be they werken both amis)
But for the gentil is in eſtat above
She ſhal be cleped his Lady and his Love,
And for that other is a poure woman
She ſhal be cleped his Wenche and his Lemman;

And God it wote, min owen dere brother!
Men lay as low that on as lith that other.
Right ſo betwix a titleles tiraunt
And an outlawe, or any thefe erraunt,
The ſame I ſay; ther is no difference,
(To Alexander told was this ſentence)
But for the tyrant is of greter might
By force of meinie for to ſle doun right,
And brennen hous and home, and make all plain,
Lo, therfore is he cleped a Capitain;
And for the outlawe hath but ſmale meinie,
And may not do ſo gret an harme as he,
Ne bring a contree to ſo gret meſchiefe,
Men clepen him an Outlawe or a Thefe.
But for I am a man not textuel
I wol not tell of textes never a del;
I wol go to my Tale as I began.
Whan Phebus wif had ſent for hire lemman
Anon they wroughten all hir luſt volage.
This white crowe, that heng ay in the cage,
Beheld hir werke, and ſayde never a word;
And whan that home was come Phebus the lord
This crowe ſong Cuckow, cuckow, cuckow! [now?
What? brid, quod Phebus, what ſong ſingeſt thou

V. 17173. *or any thefe*] *Any* is from conjecture only, inſtead of *a*, the reading of all the mſſ. that I have conſulted. The reading of ed. *Urr.* is—*or elles a thefe*—whether from authority or conjecture I cannot tell; but even as a conjecture I ſhould have adopted it in preference to my own if I had taken notice of it in time.

Ne were thou wont ſo merily to ſing,
That to my herte it was a rejoyſing
To here thy vois? Alas! what ſong is this?
  By God, quod he, I ſinge not amis.
Phebus, (quod he) for all thy worthineſſe,
For all thy beautee and all thy gentilleſſe,
For all thy ſong and all thy minſtralcie,
For all thy waiting, blered is thin eye
With on of litel reputation,
Not worth to thee as in compariſon
The mountance of a gnat, ſo mote I thrive,
For on thy bedde thy wif I ſaw him ſwive.
  What wol you more? the crowe anon him told,
By ſade tokenes and by wordes bold,
How that his wif had don hire lecherie
Him to gret ſhame and to gret vilanie,
And told him oft he ſawe it with his eyen.
  This Phebus gan awayward for to wrien;
Him thought his woful herte braſt atwo;
His bowe he bent, and ſet therin a flo,
And in his ire he hath his wif yſlain:
This is the effect, ther is no more to ſain;
For ſorwe of which he brake his minſtralcie,
Both harpe and lute, giterne and ſautrie,
And eke he brake his arwes and his bowe,
And after that thus ſpake he to the crowe:
  Traitour, quod he, with tonge of ſcorpion
Thou haſt me brought to my confuſion:

Alas that I was wrought! why n'ere I dede!
  O dere wif, o gemme of luſtyhede!
That were to me ſo ſade and eke ſo trewe,
Now lieſt thou ded, with face pale of hewe,
Ful gilteles, that durſt I ſwere ywis.
  O rakel hond! to do ſo foule a mis:
O troubled wit, o ire reccheles!
That unaviſed ſmiteſt gilteles:
O wantruſt! ful of falſe ſuſpecion,
Wher was thy wit and thy diſcretion?
  O! every man beware of rakelneſſe,
Ne trowe no thing withouten ſtrong witneſſe:
Smite not to ſone er that ye weten why,
And beth aviſed wel and ſikerly
Or ye do any execution
Upon your ire for ſuſpecion.
Alas! a thouſand folk hath rakel ire
Fully fordon, and brought hem in the mire.
Alas! for ſorwe I wol myſelven ſle.
  And to the crowe, O falſe thefe! ſaid he,
I wol thee quite anon thy falſe tale;
Thou ſong whilom like any nightingale,
Now ſhalt thou, falſe thefe, thy ſong forgon,
And eke thy white fethers everich on,
Ne never in all thy lif ne ſhalt thou ſpeke;
Thus ſhul men on a traitour ben awreke.
Thou and thin ofspring ever ſhul be blake,
Ne never ſwete noiſe ſhul ye make,

But ever crie ageins tempeſt and rain,
In token that thurgh thee my wif is ſlain.
  And to the crowe he ſtert, and that anon,
And pulled his white fethers everich on,
And made him blak, and raft him all his ſong
And eke his ſpeche, and out at dore him flong
Unto the devil, which I him betake;
And for this cauſe ben alle crowes blake.
  Lordings, by this enſample I you pray
Beth ware, and taketh kepe what that ye ſay,
Ne telleth never man in all your lif
How that another man hath dight his wif;
He wol you haten mortally certain.
Dan Salomon, as wiſe clerkes ſain,
Techeth a man to kepe his tonge wel;
But, as I ſayd, I am no textuel:
But natheles thus taughte me my dame;
My ſone, thinke on the crowe a Goddes name:
My ſone, kepe wel thy tonge, and kepe thy frend;
A wicked tonge is werſe than a fend:
My ſone, from a fende men may hem bleſſe:
My ſone, God of his endeles goodneſſe
Walled a tonge with teeth, and lippes eke,
For man ſhuld him aviſen what he ſpeke:
My ſone, ful often for to mochel ſpeche
Hath many a man ben ſpilt, as clerkes teche,
But for a litel ſpeche aviſedly
Is no man ſhent, to ſpeken generally:

My ſone, thy tonge ſhuldeſt thou reſtreine
At alle time, but whan thou doſt thy peine
To ſpeke of God in honour and prayere:
The firſte vertue, ſone, if thou wolt lere,
Is to reſtreine and kepen wel thy tonge;
Thus leren children whan that they be yonge:
My ſone, of mochel ſpeking evil aviſed,
Ther leſſe ſpeking had ynough ſuffiſed,
Cometh mochel harme: thus was me told and taught,
In mochel ſpeche ſinne wanteth naught.
Woſt thou wherof a rakel tonge ſerveth?
Right as a ſwerd forcutteth and forkerveth
An arme atwo, my dere ſone! right ſo
A tonge cutteth frendſhip all atwo:
A jangler is to God abhominable.
Rede Salomon, ſo wiſe and honourable,
Rede David in his Pſalmes, rede Senek.
My ſone, ſpeke not but with thyn hed thou beck;
Diſſimule as thou were deſe if that thou here
A janglour ſpeke of perilous matere.
The Fleming ſayth, and lerne if that thee leſt,
That litel jangling cauſeth mochel reſt.

℣. 17278. *My ſone, thy tonge*] In the *Rom. de la R.* ver. 7399, this precept is quoted from Ptolomée;

Au commencer *de l'Almageſte.*

See the note on ver. 5764.

℣. 17281. *The firſte vertue*] This precept is alſo quoted in the *Rom. de la R.* ver. 7415, from *Cato*, it is extant l. i. diſt. 3.;

Virtutem primam eſſe puta compeſcere linguam.

My ſone, if thou no wicked word haſt ſaid
Thee thar not dreden for to be bewraid;
But he that hath miſſayd, I dare wel ſain,
He may by no way clepe his word again.
Thing that is ſayd is ſayd, and forth it goth;
Though him repent, or be him never ſo loth,
He is his thral to whom that he hath ſayd
A tale of which he is now evil apaid.
My ſone, beware, and be non auctour newe
Of tidings whether they ben falſe or trewe:
Wher ſo thou come, amonges high or lowe,
Kepe wel thy tonge, and thinke upon the crowe.

THE PERSONES PROLOGUE.

By that the Manciple had his Tale ended
The ſonne fro the ſouth line was deſcended
So lowe, that it ne was not to my ſight
Degrees nine-and-twenty as of hight.
Foure of the clok it was tho, as I geſſe,
For enleven foot, a litel more or leſſe,
My ſhadow was at thilke time as there,
Of ſwiche feet as my lengthe parted were

℣. 17308. *be non auctour newe*] This ſeems to be from *Cato* l. i. diſt. 12.;

Rumores fuge, ne incipias *novus auctor* haberi.

It looks as if Chaucer read

Rumoris fuge ne incipias *novus auctor* haberi.

℣. 17316. *Foure of the clok*] See the *Diſcourſe, &c.* § 41.

In fix feet equal of proportion;
Therwith the mones exaltation,
In mene Libra, alway gan afcende
As we were entring at the thorpes ende;
For which our Hofte, as he was wont to gie
As in this cas our jolly compagnie,
Said in this wife; Lordings everich on,
Now lacketh us no Tales mo than on:
Fulfilled is my fentence and my decree;
I trowe that we han herd of eche degree:

V. 17321. *Therwith the mones exaltation---In mene Libra, alway gan afcende*] This is a very obfcure paffage. Some of the mff. read—*I mene Libra.* According to the reading which I have followed *exaltation* is not to be confidered as a technical term, but as fignifying fimply rifing, and the fenfe will be, that the moon's rifing, in the middle of Libra, was continually afcending, *&c.*---If *exaltation* be taken in its technical meaning, as explained in the note on ver. 6284, it will be impoffible to make any fenfe of either of the readings, for the *exaltation* of the moon was not in *Libra*, but in Taurus. *Kalendrier des Bergiers*, fign. I. *ult.* Mr. Speght, I fuppofe, being aware of this, altered *Libra* into *Taurus*; but he did not confider that the fun, which has juft been faid to be defcending, was at that time in *Taurus*, and that confequently *Taurus* muft alfo have been defcending.—*Libra*, therefore, fhould by no means be parted with. Being in that part of the zodiack which is nearly oppofite to *Taurus*, (the place of the fun) it is very properly reprefented as afcending above the horizon toward the time of the fun's fetting. If any alteration were to be admitted I fhould be for reading——

> Therwith *Saturnes* exaltation,
> I mene Libra, alway gan afcende.——

The *exaltation* of *Saturn* was in *Libra*, *Kalendrier des Bergiers*; fign. K i.

Almoſt fulfilled is myn ordinance;
I pray to God ſo yeve him right good chance
That telleth us this Tale luſtily.
Sire Preeſt, quod he, art thou á vicary,
Or art thou a perſon? ſay ſoth by thy fay.
Be what thou bé ne breke thou not our play,
For every man ſave thou hath told his Tale.
Unbokel, and ſhew us what is in thy male;
For trewely me thinketh by thy chere
Thou ſhuldeſt knitte up wel a gret matere.
Tell us a fable anon, for cockes bones.
This Perſon him anſwered al at ones;
Thou geteſt fable non ytold for me,
For Poule, that writeth unto Timothe,
Repreveth hem that weiven ſothfaſtneſſe,
And tellen fables and ſwiche wretchedneſſe.
Why ſhuld I ſowen draf out of my fiſt
Whan I may ſowen whete if that me liſt?
For which I ſay, if that you liſt to here
Moralitee and vertuous matere,
And than that ye wol yeve me audience,
I wold ful fain at Criſtes reverence
Don you pleſance leful, as I can;
But truſteth wel I am a ſotherne man;
I cannot geſte, rom, ram, ruf, by my letter,

v. 17354. *I cannot geſte, rom, ram, ruf*] This is plainly a contemptuous manner of deſcribing alliterative poetry; and the Perſon's prefatory declaration that "he is a ſotherne man," would lead one to imagine that compoſitions in that ſtyle were at this time chiefly confined to the northern provinces. It was obſerved long ago by *William of Malmeſbury*, l. iii. *Pontif. Angl.* that the language of the north of England was ſo harſh and un-

And, God wote, rime hold I but litel better:
And therfore if you liſt, I wol not gloſe,

poliſhed as to be ſcarce intelligible to a ſouthern man. "Quod "propter vinciniam barbararum gentium, et propter remotio-"nem regum quondam Anglorum modo Normanorum con-"tigit, qui magis ad Auſtrum quam ad Aquilonem diverſati "noſcuntur." From the ſame cauſes we may preſume that it was often long before the improvements in the poetical art which from time to time were made in the ſouth could find their way into the north, ſo that there the hobbling alliterative verſe might ſtill be in the higheſt requeſt even after Chaucer had eſtabliſhed the uſe of the heroick metre in this part of the iſland. Dr. Percy has quoted an alliterative poem by a Cheſhire man on the battle of Flodden in 1513, and he has remarked "that all ſuch poets as uſed this kind of metre retained along "with it many peculiar Saxon idioms." *Eſſay on Metre of P. P.* This may perhaps have been owing to their being generally inhabitants of the northern counties, where the old Saxon idiom underwent much fewer and ſlower alterations than it did in the neighbourhood of the capital.----*To geſte* here is to relate jeſts. In ver. 13861 he has called it *to telle in geſte*. Both paſſages ſeem to imply that *geſtes* were chiefly written in alliterative verſe, but the latter paſſage more ſtrongly than this. After the Hoſt has told Chaucer that he ſhall no longer *rime* he goes on——

> Let ſee wher thou canſt tellen ought *in geſte*,
> Or tellen *in proſe* ſom what at the leſte.——

Geſte there ſeems to be put for a ſpecies of compoſition which was neither rhyme nor proſe, and what that could be except alliterative metre I cannot gueſs. At the ſame time I muſt own that I know no other paſſage which authorizes the interpretation of *geſte* in this confined ſenſe. In the *H.* of *F.* ii. 114, Chaucer ſpeaks of himſelf as making—

> ——bokes, ſonges, ditees,
> In *rime*, or elles in *cadence*——

where *cadence*, I think, muſt mean a ſpecies of poetical compoſition diſtinct from rhyming verſes. The name might be pro-

I wol you tell a litel Tale in proſe
To knitte up all this feſte and make an ende;
And Jeſu for his grace wit me ſende
To ſhewen you the way in this viage
Of thilke parfit glorious pilgrimage
That hight Jeruſalem celeſtial:
And if ye voucheſauf anon I ſhal
Beginne upon my Tale, for which I pray
Tell your avis; I can no better ſay.
But natheles this meditation
I put it ay under correction
Of clerkes, for I am not textuel:
I take but the ſentence, truſteth me wel:
Therfore I make a proteſtation
That I wol ſtanden to correction.
Upon this word we han aſſented ſone;
For as us ſemed it was for to don,
To enden in ſom vertuous ſentence,
And for to yeve him ſpace and audience,
And bade our Hoſte he ſhulde to him ſay
That alle we to tell his Tale him pray.
Our Hoſte had the wordes for us alle:
Sire Preeſt, quod he, now faire you befalle;

perly enough applied to the metre uſed in the *Ormulum*, [See the *Eſſay*, &c. n. 52,] but no work of Chaucer in any ſuch metre, without rhyme, has come within my obſervation.

℣. 17378. *had the wordes*] This is a French phraſe: it is applied to the Speaker of the Commons in *Rot. Parl.* 51, E. III. n. 87.; "Monſ. Thomas de Hungerford, Chivaler, qi *avoit* "*les paroles* purles Communes d'Angleterre en ceſt Parle-"ment," &c.

Say what you liſt, and we ſhul gladly here.
And with that word he ſaid in this manere;
Telleth, quod he, your meditatioun,
But haſteth you, the ſonne wol adoun:
Beth fructuous, and that in litel ſpace,
And to do wel God ſende you his grace.

THE PERSONES TALE.

Our ſwete Lord God of heven, that no man wol periſh, but wol that we comen all to the knowleching of him, and to the bliſful lif that is pardurable, amoneſteth us by the prophet Jeremie, that ſayth in this wiſe, Stondeth upon the wayes, and ſeeth and axeth of the olde pathes, that is to ſay, of olde ſentences, which is the good way, and walketh in that way, and ye ſhul finde refreſhing for your ſoules. Many ben the wayes ſpirituel that leden folk to our Lord Jeſu Criſt and to the regne of glory, of which wayes ther is a ful noble way, and wel covenable, which may not faille to man ne to woman that thurgh ſinne hath miſgon fro the right way of Jeruſalem celeſtial, and this way is cleped Penance, of which man ſhuld gladly herken and enqueren with all his herte, to wete what is penance, and whennes it is cleped penance, and how many maneres ben of actions or werkings of penance, and how

The Perſones Tale] *Jerem.* vi.; "State ſuper vias, et videte, "et interrogate de ſemitis antiquis, quæ ſit via bona, et ambu- "late in eâ: et invenietis refrigerium animabus veſtris." *Urry.*

many spices ther ben of penance, and which thinges apperteinen and behoven to penance, and which thinges distroublen penance.

Seint Ambrose sayth that penance is the plaining of man for the gilt that he hath don, and no more to do any thing for which him ought to plaine: and som doctour sayth, Penance is the waymenting of man that sorweth for his sinne, and peineth himself for he hath misdon. Penance with certain circumstances is veray repentance of man, that holdeth himself in sorwe and other peine for his giltes; and for he shal be veray penitent he shal first bewailen the sinnes that he hath don, and stedfastly purposen in his herte to have shrift of mouth, and to don satisfaction, and never to don thing for which him ought more to bewayle or complaine, and to continue in good werkes, or elles his repentance may not availe: for, as Seint Isidor sayth, He is a japer and a gabber, and not very repentant, that eftsones doth thing for which him oweth to repent. Weping, and not for to stint to do sinne, may not availe. But natheles men shuld hope that at every time that man falleth, be it never so oft, that he may arise thurgh penance, if he have grace; but certain it is gret doute; for, as saith Seint Gregorie, Unnethes ariseth he out of sinne that is charged with the charge of evil usage: and therfore repentant folk, that stint for to sinne, and forlete sinne or that sinne forlete hem *, holy chirche

* *forlete sinne or that sinne forlete hem*] The same thought

holdeth hem siker of hir salvation: and he that sinneth and veraily repenteth him in his last day holy chirche yet hopeth his salvation, by the grete mercy of our Lord Jesu Crist, for his repentance: but take ye the siker and certain way.

And now sith I have declared you what thing is penance, now ye shul understond that ther ben three actions of penance. The first is, that a man be baptised after that he hath sinned. Seint Augustine sayth, But he be penitent for his old sinful lif he may not beginne the newe clene lif; for certes if he be baptised without penitence of his old gilt he receiveth the marke of baptisme, but not the grace ne the remission of his sinnes til he have very repentance. Another defaute is, that men don dedly sinne after that they have received baptisme. The thridde defaute is, that men fall in venial sinnes after hir baptisme fro day to day: therof sayth Seint Augustin that penance of good and humble folk is the penance of every day.

The spices of penance ben three. That on of hem is solempne, another is commune, and the thridde privee. Thilke penance that is solempne is in two maneres, as to be put out of holy chirche in lenton, for slaughter of children, and swiche maner thing: another is whan a man hath sinned openly, of which sinne the fame is openly spoken in the contree, and

occurs, by way of precept, at the end of The Doctour's Tale, ver. 12220.;

Forsaketh sinne or sinne you *forsake*.

than holy chirche by jugement diſtreyneth him for to do open penance: commun penance is that preeſtes enjoinen men in certain cas, as for to go paraventure naked on pilgrimage or bare foot: privee penance is thilke that men don all day for privee ſinnes, of which we ſhrive us prively, and receive privee penance.

Now ſhalt thou underſtond what is behoveful and neceſſary to every parfit penance; and this ſtont on three thinges, contrition of herte, confeſſion of mouth, and ſatisfaction; for which ſayth Seint John Chriſoſtome, Penance diſtreineth a man to accept benignely every peine that him is enjoined with contrition of herte, and ſhrift of mouth, with ſatisfaction, and werking of all maner humilitee. And this is fruitful penance ayenſt tho three thinges in which we wrathen our Lord Jeſu Criſt; this is to ſay, by delit in thinking, by rechelesneſſe in ſpeking, and by wicked ſinful werking: and ayenſt thiſe wicked giltes is penance, that may be likened unto a tree.

The rote of this tree is contrition, that hideth him in the herte of him that is veray repentant, right as the rote of the tree hideth him in the erthe. Of this rote of contrition ſpringeth a ſtalke that bereth branches and leves of confeſſion, and fruit of ſatisfaction; of which Criſt ſayth in his Goſpell, Doth ye digne fruit of penitence, for by this fruit mow men underſtonde and knowe this tree, and not by the rote that is hid in the herte of man, ne by the branches, ne the leves of

confeffion: and therfore our Lord Jefu Crift faith thus, By the fruit of hem fhal ye knowe hem. Of this rote alfo fpringeth a feed of grace, which feed is moder of fikerneffe, and this feed is eger and hote. The grace of this feed fpringeth of God thurgh remembrance on the day of dome and on the peines of helle. Of this matere faith Salomon, that in the drede of God man forletteth his finne. The hete of this fede is the love of God, and the defiring of the joye perdurable. This hete draweth the herte of man to God, and doth him hate his finne; for fothly ther is nothing that favoureth fo fote to a child as the milke of his norice, ne nothing is to him more abhominable than that milke whan it is medled with other mete. Right fo the finful man that loveth his finne him femeth that it is to him moft fwete of any thing, but fro that time that he loveth fadly our Lord Jefu Crift, and defireth the lif perdurable, ther is to him nothing more abhominable; for fothly the lawe of God is the love of God: for which David the prophet fayth, I have loved thy lawe, and hated wickedneffe: he that loveth God kepeth his lawe and his word. This tree faw the prophet Daniel in fpirit upon the vifion of Nabuchodonofor, whan he counfeiled him to do penance. Penance is the tree of lif to hem that it receiven; and he that holdeth him in veray penance is blisful, after the fentence of Salomon.

In this penance or contrition man fhal underftond

foure thinges, that is to ſay, what is contrition, and which ben the cauſes that moven a man to contrition, and how he ſhuld be contrite, and what contrition availeth to the ſoule. Than is it thus, that contrition is the veray ſorwe that a man receiveth in his herte for his ſinnes, with ſad purpos to ſhriven him, and to do penance, and never more to don ſinne. And this ſorwe ſhal be in this maner, as ſayth Seint Bernard; it ſhal ben hevy and grevous, and ful ſharp and poinant in herte; firſt for a man hath agilted his Lord and his creatour, and more ſharpe and poinant for he hath agilted his father celeſtial, and yet more ſharpe and poinant for he hath wrathed and agilted him that boughte him, that with his precious blod hath delivered us fro the bondes of ſinne, and fro the crueltee of the devil, and fro the peines of helle.

The cauſes that ought to meve a man to contrition ben ſixe. Firſt, a man ſhal remembre him of his ſinnes; but loke that that remembrance ne be to him no delit by no way, but grete ſhame and ſorwe for his ſinnes; for Job ſayth, Sinful men don werkes worthy of confeſſion; and therfore ſayth Ezechiel, I wol remembre me all the yeres of my lif in the bitterneſſe of my herte: and God ſayth in the Apocalipſe, Remembre you fro whens that ye ben fall, for before the time that ye ſinned ye weren children of God, and limmes of the regne of God; but for your ſinne ye ben waxen thral, and foule membres of the fende, hate of angels, ſclaun-

der of holy chirche, and fode of the falſe ſerpent, perpetuel matere of the fire of helle, and yet more foule and abhominable for ye treſpaſſen ſo oft times as doth the hound that torneth again to ete his own ſpewing, and yet fouler for your long continuing in ſinne, and your ſinful uſage, for which ye be roten in your ſinnes as a beeſt in his donge. Swiche manere thoughtes make a man to have ſhame of his ſinne and no delit, as God ſayth by the prophet Ezechiel, Ye ſhul remembre you of your wayes, and they ſhul diſpleſe you. Sothly ſinnes ben the waies that lede folk to hell.

The ſecond cauſe that ought to make a man to have diſdeigne of ſinne is this, that, as ſaith Seint Peter, Who ſo doth ſinne is thral to ſinne, and ſinne putteth a man in gret thraldom; and therfore ſayth the prophet Ezechiel, I went ſorweful, and had diſdeigne of myſelf. Certes wel ought a man have diſdeigne of ſinne, and withdraw him fro that thraldom and vilany. And lo, what ſayth Seneke in this mater? He ſaith thus, Though I wiſt that neither God ne man ſhuld never know it, yet wold I have diſdeigne for to do ſinne. And the ſame Seneke alſo ſayth, I am borne to greter thinges than to be thral to my body, or for to make of my body a thral. Ne a fouler thral may no man ne woman make of his body than for to yeve his body to ſinne: al were it the fouleſt chorle or the fouleſt woman that liveth, and leſt of value, yet is he than more foule and more in ſervitude. Ever fro the higher de-

gree that man falleth the more is he thral, and more to God and to the world vile and abhominable. O good God! wel ought a man have disdeigne of sinne, sith that thurgh sinne ther he was free he is made bond: and therfore sayth Seint Augustine, If thou hast disdeigne of thy servant, if he offend or sinne, have thou than disdeigne that thou thy self shuldest do sinne. Take reward of thin owen value that thou ne be to foule to thyself. Alas! wel oughten they than have disdeigne to be servants and thralles to sinne, and sore to be ashamed of hemself, that God of his endles goodnesse hath sette in high estat, or yeve hem witte, strength of body, hele, beautee, or prosperitee, and bought hem fro the deth with his herte blood, that they so unkindly agains his gentillesse quiten him so vilainsly, to slaughter of hir owen soules. O good God! ye women that ben of gret beautee remembreth you on the proverbe of Salomon, that likeneth a faire woman that is a fool of hire body to a ring of gold that is worne in the groine of a sowe, for right as a sowe wroteth in every ordure, so wroteth she hire beautee in stinking ordure of sinne.

The thridde cause that ought to meve a man to contrition is drede of the day of dome, and of the horrible peines of helle; for, as Seint Jerome sayth, At every time that me remembreth of the day of dome I quake; for whan I ete or drinke, or do what so I do, ever semeth me that the trompe sowneth in min eres, Riseth ye up that ben ded, and cometh to the jugement. O

good God! moche ought a man to drede swiche a jugement, ther as we shul be alle, as Seint Poule sayth, before the streit jugement of oure Lord Jesu Crist, wher as he shal make a general congregation wheras no man may be absent, for certes ther availeth non essoine ne non excusation; and not only that our defautes shul be juged, but eke that all our werkes shul openly be knowen. And, as sayth Seint Bernard, Ther ne shal no pleting availe ne no sleight: we shal yeve rekening of everich idle word: ther shal we have a juge that may not be deceived ne corrupt: and why? for certes all our thoughtes ben discovered as to him: ne for prayer ne for mede he wil not be corrupt; and therfore saith Salomon, The wrath of God ne wol not spare no wight for prayer ne for yest; and therfore at the day of dome ther is non hope to escape; wherfore, as sayth Seint Anselme, Ful gret anguish shal the sinful folk have at that time: ther shal be the sterne and wroth juge sitting above, and under him the horrible pitte of helle open, to destroy him that wolde not beknowen his sinnes, which sinnes shullen openly be shewed before God and before every creature; and on the left side mo divels than any herte may thinke for to hary and drawe the sinful soules to the pitte of helle; and within the hertes of folk shal be the biting conscience, and without forth shal be the world all brenning. Whither than shal the wretched soule flee to hide him? Certes he may not hide him, he must come forth and

ſhewe him; for certes, as ſaith Seint Jerome, the erth ſhal caſt him out of it, and the ſee, and alſo the aire, that ſhal be ful of thonder clappes and lightnings. Now ſothly who ſo wil remembre him of theſe thinges I geſſe that his ſinnes ſhal not torne him to delit, but to grete ſorwe for drede of the peine of helle; and therfore ſaith Job to God, Suffer, Lord, that I may a while bewaile and bewepe or I go without retorning to the derke londe ycovered with the derkeneſſe of deth tò the londe of miſeſe and of derkeneſſe, wheras is the ſhadowe of deth, wheras is non ordre ne ordinance, but griſly drede, that ever ſhal laſt. Lo, here may ye ſee that Job prayed reſpite a while to bewepe and waile his treſpas, for ſothely on day of reſpite is better than all the treſour of this world: and for as moche as a man may acquite himſelf before God by penitence in this world, and not by treſour, therfore ſhuld he pray to God to yeve him reſpite a while to bewepen and bewailen his treſpas, for certes all the ſorwe that a man might make fro the beginning of the world n'is but a litel thing at regard of the ſorwe of helle. The cauſe why that Job clepeth helle the londe of derkeneſſe, underſtondeth that he clepeth it londe or erth for it is ſtable and never ſhal faile, and derke, for he that is in helle hath defaute of light naturel; for certes the derke light that ſhal come out of the fire that ever ſhal brenne ſhall torne hem all to peine that be in helle, for it ſheweth hem the horrible divels that hem turmenten

covered with the derkenesse of deth; that is to say, that he that is in helle shal have defaute of the sight of God, for certes the sight of God is the lif perdurable. The derknesse of deth ben the sinnes that the wretched man hath don, which that distroublen him to see the face of God, right as a derke cloud betwene us and the sonne: it is londe of misese, because that ther ben three maner of defautes ayenst three thinges that folk of this world han in this present lif, that is to say, honoures, delites, and richesses. Ayenst honour have they in helle shame and confusion, for wel ye wote that men clepen honour the reverence that man doth to man, but in helle is non honour ne reverence, for certes no more reverence shal be don ther to a king than to a knave; for which God sayth by the prophet Jeremie, The folk that me despisen shal be in despite. Honour is also cleped gret lordeship: ther shal no wight serven other but of harme and turment. Honour is also cleped gret dignitee and highnesse; but in helle shal they be alle fortroden of divels: as God sayth, The horrible divels shul gon and comen upon the hedes of dampned folk; and this is, for as moche as the higher that they were in this present lif the more shul they be abated and defouled in helle. Ayenst the richesse of this world shul they have misese of poverte, and this poverte shal be in foure thinges, in defaute of tresour, of which David sayth, The riche folk, that enbraceden and oneden all hir herte to tresour of

this world, shul slepe in the sleping of deth, and nothing ne shul they find in hir hondes of all hir tresour. And moreover, the misese of helle shal be in defaute of mete and drink; for God sayth thus by Moyses, They shul be wasted with honger, and the briddes of helle shul devoure hem with bitter deth, and the gall of the dragon shal ben hir drinke, and the venime of the dragon hir morsels. And further over hir misese shal be in defaute of clothing, for they shul be naked in body as of clothing, save the fire in which they brenne, and other filthes; and naked shul they be in soule of all maner vertues which that is the clothing of the soule. Wher ben than the gay robes, the softe shetes, and the fyn shertes? Lo, what sayth God of heven by the prophet Esaie? that under hem shul be strewed mothes, and hir covertures shul ben of wormes of helle. And further over, hir misese shal be in defaute of frendes, for he is not poure that hath good frendes: but ther is no frend, for neither God ne no good creature shal be frend to hem, and everich of hem shal hate other with dedly hate. The sonnes and the doughters shal rebel ayenst father and mother, and kinred ayenst kinred, and chiden and despisen eche other both day and night, as God sayth by the prophet Micheas; and the loving children, that whilom loveden so fleshly, everich of hem wold eten other if they might: for how shuld they love togeder in the peines of helle whan they hated eche other in the prosperitee of this

lif? for truste wel hir fleshly love was dedly hate; as saith the prophet David, Who so that loveth wickednesse he hateth his owen soule, and who so hateth his owen soule certes he may love non other wight in no manere; and therfore in helle is no solace ne no frendship, but ever the more kinredes that ben in helle the more cursing, the more chiding, and the more dedly hate, ther is among hem. And further over, ther they shul have defaute of all maner delites, for certes delites ben after the appetites of the five wittes, as sight, hering, smelling, savouring, and touching. But in helle hir sight shal be ful of derkenesse and of smoke, and hir eyen ful of teres, and hir hering ful of waimenting and grinting of teeth, as sayth Jesu Crist, Hir nosethirles shul be ful of stinking; and, as sayth Esay the prophet, Hir savouring shal be ful of bitter galle; and touching of all hir body shal be covered with fire that never shal quenche, and with wormes that never shal die, as God sayth by the mouth of Esay. And for as moche as they shul not wene that they mow dien for peine, and by deth flee fro peine, that mow they understonde in the word of Job, that sayth, Ther is the shadow of deth. Certes a shadowe hath likenesse of the thing of which it is shadowed, but shadowe is not the same thing of which it is shadowed: right so fareth the peine of helle; it is like deth for the horrible anguish: and why? for it peineth hem ever as though they shuld die anon; but certes they shul not

dien; for, as fayth Seint Gregory, To wretched caitifes fhal be deth withouten deth, and ende withouten ende, and defaute withouten failing; for hir deth fhal alway live, and hir ende fhal ever more beginne, and hir defaute fhal never faile: and therfore fayth Seint John the Evangelift, They fhul folow Deth and they fhul not finde him, and they fhul defire to die and Deth fhal flee from hem. And eke Job faith, that in helle is non ordre of rule. And al be it fo that God hath create all thing in right ordre, and nothing withouten ordre, but all thinges ben ordred and nombred, yet natheles they that ben dampned ben nothing in ordre, ne hold non ordre; for the erth fhal bere hem no fruite; (for, as the prophet David fayeth, God fhal deftroy the fruite of the erth as fro hem) ne water fhal yeve hem no moifture, ne the aire no refrefhing, ne the fire no light: for, as fayth Seint Bafil, The brenning of the fire of this world fhal God yeve in helle to hem that ben dampned, but the light and the clereneffe fhal be yeve in heven to his children, right as the good man yeveth flefh to his children and bones to his houndes. And for they fhul have non hope to efcape, fayth Job at laft, that ther fhal horrour and grifly drede dwellen withouten ende. Horrour is alway drede of harme that is to come, and this drede fhal alway dwell in the hertes of hem that ben dampned; and therfore han they lorne all hir hope for feven caufes: firft, for God, that is hir juge, fhal be withouten mercie to hem,

and they may not plese him ne non of his halwes, ne they may yeve nothing for hir raunsom, ne they have no vois to speke to him, ne they may not flee fro peine, ne they have no goodnesse in hem that they may shew to deliver hem fro peine; and therfore sayth Salomon, The wicked man dieth, and whan he is ded he shal have non hope to escape fro peine. Who so than wold wel understonde these peines, and bethinke him wel that he hath deserved these peines for his sinnes, certes he shulde have more talent to sighen and to wepe than for to singe and playe; for, as sayth Salomon, Who so that had the science to know the peines that ben established and ordeined for sinne he wold forsake sinne: That science, sayth Seint Austin, maketh a man to waimenten in his herte.

The fourthe point that oughte make a man have contrition is the sorweful remembrance of the good dedes that he hath lefte to don here in erthe, and also the good that he hath lorne. Sothly the good werkes that he hath lefte, either they be the good werkes that he wrought er he fell into dedly sinne, or elles the good werkes that he wrought while he lay in sinne. Sothly the good werkes that he did before that he fell in dedly sinne ben all mortified, astoned, and dulled, by the eft sinning; the other werkes that he wrought while he lay in sinne they ben utterly ded as to the lif perdurable in heven. Than thilke good werkes that ben mortified by eft sinning, which he did while he was

in charitee, moun never quicken ayen without veray penitence: and therof sayth God by the mouth of Ezechiel, If the rightful man retorne again fro his rightwisnesse and do wickednesse shal he liven? nay; for all the good werkes that he hath wrought shul never be in remembrance, for he shal die in his sinne. And upon thilke chapitre sayth Seint Gregorie thus, that we shal understonde this principally, that when we don dedly sinne it is for nought than to remembre or drawe into memorie the good werkes that we have wrought beforn, for certes in the werking of dedly sinne ther is no trust in no good werk that we have don beforn; that is to say, as for to have therby the lif perdurable in heven. But natheles the good werkes quicken again and comen again, and helpe and availe to have the lif perdurable in heven, whan we have contrition; but sothly the good werkes that men don while they ben in dedly sinne, for as moche as they were don in dedly sinne, they may never quicken; for certes thing that never had lif may never quicken; and natheles al be it so that they availen not to have the lif perdurable, yet availen they to abreggen the peine of helle, or elles to get temporal richesses, or elles that God wol the rather enlumine or light the herte of the sinful man to have repentance; and eke they availen for to usen a man to do good werkes, that the fende have the lesse power of his soule. And thus the curteis Lord Jesu Crist ne woll that no good werk that men

don be loste, for in somwhat it shal availe. But for as moche as the good werkes that men don while they ben in good lif ben all amortised by sinne folowing, and eke sith all the good werkes that men don while they ben in dedly sinne ben utterly ded, as for to have the lif perdurable, wel may that man that no good werk ne doth sing thilke newe Frenshe song, *J'ay tout perdu mon temps et mon labour*; for certes sinne bereveth a man both goodnesse of nature and eke the goodnesse of grace; for sothly the grace of the Holy Gost fareth like fire that may not ben idle, for fire faileth anon as it forletteth his werking, and right so grace faileth anon as it forletteth his werking. Than leseth the sinful man the goodnesse of glorie, that only is hight to good men that labouren and werken wel. Wel may he be sory than that oweth all his lif to God as long as he hath lived, and also as long as he shal live, that no goodnesse ne hath to paie with his dette to God, to whom he oweth all his lif; for trust wel he shal yeve accomptes, as sayth Seint Bernard, of all the goodes that han ben yeven him in this present lif, and how he hath hem dispended, in so moche that ther shal not perishe an here of his hed, ne a moment of an houre ne shal not perishe of his time that he ne shal yeve therof a rekening.

The fifthe thing that ought to meve a man to contrition is remembrance of the passion that our Lord Jesu Crist suffered for our sinnes; for, as sayth Seint

Bernard, While that I live I ſhal have remembrance of the travailes that our Lord Jeſu Criſt ſuffered in preching, his werineſſe in traveling, his temptations whan he faſted, his long wakinges whan he prayed, his teres whan he wept for pitee of good peple, the wo, and the ſhame, and the filthe, that men ſayden to him, of the foule ſpitting that met ſpitten in his face, of the buffettes that men yave him, of the foule mouthes and of the foule repreves that men ſaiden to him, of the nayles with which he was nailed to the croſſe, and of all the remenant of his paſſion that he ſuffred for mannes ſinne, and nothing for his gilte. And here ye ſhul underſtand that in mannes ſinne is every maner order or ordinance tourned up ſo doun ; for it is ſoth that God and reſon, and ſenſualitee, and the body of man, ben ordained that everich of thiſe foure thinges ſhuld have lordſhip over that other, as thus ; God ſhuld have lordſhip over reſon, and reſon over ſenſualitee, and ſenſualitee over the body of man. But ſothly whan man ſinneth all this ordre or ordinance is turned up ſo doun ; and therfore than, for as moche as reſon of man ne wol not be ſubget ne obeiſant to God, that is his Lord, by right therfore leſeth it the lordſhip that it ſhuld have over ſenſualitee, and eke over the body of man : and why? for ſenſualitee rebelleth than ayenſt reſon, and by that way leſeth reſon the lordſhip over ſenſualitee and over the body ; for right as reſon is rebel to God, right ſo is ſenſualitee rebel to reſon and

the body alſo. And certes this diſordinance and this rebellion our Lord Jeſu Criſt abought upon his precious body ful dere: and herkeneth in whiche wiſe; for as moche as reſon is rebel to God, therfore is man worthy to have ſorwe, and to be ded: this ſuffred our Lord Jeſu Criſt for man after that he had be betraied of his diſciple, and diſtreined and bounde, ſo that his blood braſt out at every nail of his hondes, as faith Seint Auguſtin. And ferthermore, for as moche as reſon of man wol not daunt ſenſualitee whan it may, therfore is man worthy to have ſhame; and this ſuffered our Lord Jeſu Criſt for man whan they ſpitten in his viſage. And fertherover, for as moche as the caitif body of man is rebel both to reſon and to ſenſualitee, therfore it is worthy the deth; and this ſuffered our Lord Jeſu Criſt upon the croſſe, wheras ther was no part of his body free without grete peine and bitter paſſion; and all this ſuffred our Lord Jeſu Criſt that never forfaited: and thus ſayd he; To mochel am I peined for thinges that I never deſerved, and to moche defouled for ſhendſhip that man is worthy to have: and therfore may the ſinful man wel ſay, as ſayth Seint Bernard, Accurſed be the bitterneſſe of my ſinne, for whiche ther muſt be ſuffered ſo moche bitterneſſe: for certes after the divers diſcordance of our wickedneſſe was the paſſion of Jeſu Criſt ordeined in divers thinges, as thus; certes ſinful mannes ſoule is betraied of the divel by coveitiſe of temporel proſperitee,

and ſcorned by diſceite whan he cheſeth fleſhly delites, and yet it is turmented by impatience of adverſitee, and beſpet by ſervage and ſubjection of ſinne, and at the laſt it is ſlain finally. For this diſcordance of ſinful man was Jeſu Criſt firſt betraied, and after that was he bounde that came for to unbinde us of ſinne and of peine; than was he beſcorned that only ſhuld have ben honoured in alle thinges and of alle thinges; than was his viſage, that ought to be deſired to be ſeen of all mankind (in which viſage angels deſiren to loke) vilainſly beſpet; than was he ſcourged that nothing had treſpaſſed; and, finally, than was he crucified and ſlain: than were accompliſhed the wordes of Eſaie, He was wounded for our miſdedes, and defouled for our felonies. Now ſith that Jeſu Criſt toke on himſelf the peine of all our wickedneſſes, moche ought ſinful man to wepe and to bewaile that for his ſinnes Goddes ſone of heven ſhuld all this peine endure.

The ſixte thing that ſhuld move a man to contrition is the hope of three thinges, that is to ſay, foryeveneſſe of ſinne, and the yeſt of grace for to do wel, and the glorie of heven, with whiche God ſhal guerdon man for his good dedes: and for as moche as Jeſu Criſt yeveth us thiſe yeſtes of his largeneſſe and of his ſoveraine bountee, therfore is he cleped *Jeſus Nazarenus Rex Judæorum*. Jeſus is for to ſay Saviour or Salvation, on whom men ſhul hopen to have foryeveneſſe of ſinnes,

which that is proprely salvation of sinnes; and therfore sayd the angel to Joseph, Thou shalt clepe his name Jesus that shal saven his peple of hir sinnes. And hereof saith Seint Peter, Ther is non other name under heven, that is yeven to any man, by which a man may be saved but only Jesus. Nazarenus is as moche for to say as Flourishing, in which a man shal hope that he that yeveth him remission of sinnes shal yeve him also grace wel for to do; for in the flour is hope of fruit in time coming, and in foryevenesse of sinnes hope of grace wel to do. I was at the dore of thin herte, sayth Jesus, and cleped for to enter; he that openeth to me shal have foryevenesse of his sinnes, and I wol enter into him by my grace, and soupe with him by the good werkes that he shal don, which werkes ben the food of God, and he shal soupe with me by the gret joye that I shal yeve him. Thus shal man hope that for his werkes of penance God shal yeve him his regne, as he behight him in the Gospel.

Now shal man understande in which maner shal be his contrition. I say that it shal be universal and total; this is to say, a man shal be veray repentant for all his sinnes that he hath don in delite of his thought, for delite is perilous: for ther ben two maner of consentinges; that on of hem is cleped Consenting of Affection, whan a man is meved to do sinne, and than deliteth him longe for to thinke on that sinne, and his reson apperceiveth it wel that it is sinne ayenst the

lawe of God, and yet his reson refraineth not his foule delite or talent though he see wel apertly that it is ayenst the reverence of God; although his reson consent not to do that sinne indede, yet sayn som doctours that swiche delite that dwelleth longe is ful perilous, al be it never so lite: and also a man shuld sorow, namely for all that ever he hath desired ayenst the lawe of God, with parfite consenting of his reson, for therof is no doute that it is dedly sinne in consenting; for certes ther is no dedly sinne but that it is first in mannes thought, and after that in his delite, and so forth into consenting and into dede; wherfore I say that many men ne repent hem never of swiche thoughtes and delites, ne never shriven hem of it, but only of the dede of gret sinnes outward; wherfore I say that swiche wicked delites ben subtil begilers of hem that shul be dampned. Moreover, man ought to sorwen for his wicked wordes as wel as for his wicked dedes, for certes repentance of a singuler sinne, and not repentant of all his other sinnes, or elles repenting him of all his other sinnes and not of a singuler sinne, may not availe; for certes God Almighty is all good, and therfore either he foryeveth all, or elles right nought; and therfore sayth Seint Augustin, I wote certainly that God is enemy to every sinner: and how than? he that observeth on sinne shal he have foryevenesse of the remenant of his other sinnes? nay. And furtherover, contrition shuld be wonder sorweful and anguishous,

and therfore yeveth him God plainly his mercie: and therfore whan my soule was anguishous, and forweful within me, than had I remembrance of God that my praier might come to him. Furtherover, contrition muste be continuel, and that man have stedfast purpose to shrive him and to amend him of his lif; for sothly while contrition lasteth man may ever hope to have foryevenesse: and of this cometh hate of sinne, that destroyeth sinne bothe in himself and eke in other folk at his power; for which sayth David, They that love God hate wickednesse; for to love God is for to love that he loveth and hate that he hateth.

The last thing that men shull understand in contrition is this, wherof availeth contrition. I say that contrition somtime delivereth man fro sinne; of which David saith, I say, (quod David) I purposed fermely to shrive me, and thou Lord relesedest my sinne. And right so as contrition availeth not without sad purpos of shrift and satisfaction, right so litel worth is shrift or satisfaction withouten contrition. And moreover, contrition destroyeth the prison of helle, and maketh weke and feble all the strengthes of the devils, and restoreth the yeftes of the Holy Gost and of all good vertues, and it clenseth the soule of sinne, and delivereth it fro the peine of helle, and fro the compagnie of the devil, and fro the servage of sinne, and restoreth it to all goodes spirituel, and to the compagnie and communion of holy chirche. And furtherover, it ma-

keth him that whilom was ſone of ire to be the ſone of grace: and all theſe thinges ben preved by holy writ; and therfore he that wold ſet his entent to thiſe thinges he were ful wiſe; for ſothly he ne ſhuld have than in all his lif corage to ſinne, but yeve his herte and body to the ſervice of Jeſu Criſt, and therof do him homage; for certes our Lord Jeſu Criſt hath ſpared us ſo benignely in our folies, that if he ne had pitee on mannes ſoule a ſory ſong might we alle ſinge.

Explicit prima pars penitentiæ, et incipit pars ſecunda.

The ſecond part of penitence is confeſſion, and that is ſigne of contrition. Now ſhul ye underſtonde what is confeſſion, and whether it ought nedes to be don or non, and which thinges ben covenable to veray confeſſion.

Firſt ſhalt thou underſtande that confeſſion is veray ſhewing of ſinnes to the preeſt; this is to ſaie veray, for he muſt confeſſe him of all the conditions that belongen to his ſinne as ferforth as he can: all muſt be ſayd, and nothing excuſed, ne hid, ne forwrapped, and not avaunt him of his good werkes: alſo it is neceſſarie to underſtande whennes that ſinnes ſpringen, and how they encreſen, and which they ben.

Of ſpringing of ſinnes ſaith Seint Poule in this wiſe; that right as by on man ſinne entred firſt into this world, and thurgh ſinne deth, right ſo deth entreth into alle men that ſinnen; and this man was Adam, by

whom finne entred into this world whan he brake the commandement of God: and therfore he that first was so mighty that he ne shuld have died, became swiche on that he must nedes die whether he wold or no; and all his progenie in this world that in thilke maner sinnen dien. Loke that in the estate of innocence, whan Adam and Eve weren naked in Paradise, and no thing ne hadden shame of hir nakednesse, how that the serpent, that was most wily of all other bestes that God had made, sayd to the woman, Why commanded God you that ye shuld not ete of every tree in Paradise? The woman answered, Of the fruit, sayd she, of the trees of Paradise we feden us, but of the fruit of the tree that is in the middel of Paradise God forbode us for to eten, ne to touche it, lest we shuld die. The serpent sayd to the woman, Nay, nay, ye shul not dien of deth; for soth God wote that what day that ye ete therof your eyen shul open, and ye shul be as goddes, knowing good and harme. The woman saw that the tree was good to feding, and faire to the eyen, and delectable to the sight; she toke of the fruit of the tree and did ete, and yave to hire husbond, and he ete; and anon the eyen of hem both opened: and whan they knewe that they were naked they sowed of a fig-tree leves in maner of breches to hiden hir members. Here mow ye seen that dedly sinne hath first suggestion of the fende, as sheweth here by the adder, and afterward the delit of the flesh, as sheweth here by Eve, and after

that the consenting of reson, as sheweth by Adam: for trust wel though so it were that the fende tempted Eve, that is to say, the flesh, and the flesh had delit in the beautee of the fruit defended, yet certes til that reson, that is to say Adam, consented to the eting of the fruit, yet stode he in the state of innocence. Of thilke Adam toke we thilke sinne original; from him fleshly discended be we all, and engendred of vile and corrupt mater; and whan the soule is put in our bodies right anon is contract original sinne, and that that was erst but only peine of concupiscence is afterward both peine and sinne; and therfore we ben all yborne sones of wrath and of dampnation perdurable, if ne were baptisme that we receive, which benimeth us the culpe: but forsoth the peine dwelleth with us as to temptation, which peine hight Concupiscence. This concupiscence, whan it is wrongfully disposed or ordeined in man, it maketh him coveit, by coveitise of flesh, fleshly sinne by sight of his eyen, as to erthly thinges, and also coveitise of highnesse by pride of herte.

Now, as to speke of the first coveitise, that is, concupiscence, after the lawe of our membres that were lawfully ymaked, and by rightful jugement of God, I say, for as moche as a man is not obeisant to God that is his Lord, therfore is his herte to him disobeisant thurgh concupiscence, which is called nourishing of sinne, and occasion of sinne; therfore all the while

that a man hath within him the peine of concupiscence it is impossible but he be tempted somtime, and moved in his flesh to sinne. And this thing may not faile as long as he liveth; it may wel waxe feble by vertue of baptisme, and by the grace of God thurgh penitence, but fully ne shal it never quenche, that he ne shal somtime be meved in himselfe but if he were refreined by sikenesse, or malefice of sorcerie, or cold drinkes. For lo, what sayth Seint Poule? The flesh coveiteth ayenst the spirit, and the spirit ayenst the flesh; they ben so contrarie and so striven that a man may not alway do as he wold. The same Seint Poule, after his gret penance in water and in lond; in water by night and by day in gret peril and in gret peine, in lond in grete famine and thurst, cold and clothles, and ones stoned almost to deth, yet sayd he, Alas! I caitif man, who shal deliver me fro the prison of my caitif body? And Seint Jerom, whan he long time had dwelled in desert, wheras he had no compagnie but of wilde bestes, wheras he had no mete but herbes, and water to his drinke, ne no bed but the naked erth, wherfore his flesh was black as an Ethiopian for hete, and nie destroyed for cold, yet sayd he that the brenning of lecherie boiled in all his body: wherfore I wot wel sikerly that they be deceived that say they be not tempted in hir bodies; witnesse Seint James, that said that every wight is tempted in his owen conscience; that is to say, that eche of us hath mater

and occasion to be tempted of the norishing of sinne that is in his body; and therfore sayth Seint John the Evangelist, If we say that we ben without sinne we deceive ourself, and truth is not in us.

Now shul ye understonde in what maner sinne wexeth and encreseth in man. The first thing is that nourishing of sinne of which I spake before, that is, concupiscence; and after that cometh suggestion of the divel, this is to say, the divels belous, with which he bloweth in man the fire of concupiscence; and after that a man bethinketh him whether he wol do or no that thing to which he is tempted; and than if a man withstond and weive the first entising of his flesh and of the fend than it is no sinne; and if so be he do not, than feleth he anon a flame of delit, and than it is good to beware and kepe him wel, or elles he wol fall anon to consenting of sinne, and than wol he do it if he may have time and place. And of this mater sayth Moyses* by the devil in this maner; The fend sayth, I wol chace and pursue man by wicked suggestion, and I wol hent him by meving and stirring of sinne, and I wol depart my pris or my prey by deliberation, and my lust shal be accomplised in delit; I wol draw my swerd in consenting; (for certes right

* *sayth Moyses*] I cannot tell where: perhaps there may be some such passage in the rabbinical histories of Moses which the learned Gaulmin published in the last century, [*Par.* 1629, 8vo.] and which among other traditions contain that alluded to by *S. Jude, Ep.* ver. 9.

as a ſwerd departeth a thing in two peces, right ſo conſenting departeth God fro man) and than wol I ſle him with my hond in dede of ſinne. Thus ſayth the fend, for certes than is a man al ded in ſoule; and thus is ſinne accompliſed by temptation, by delit, and by conſenting, and than is the ſinne actuel.

Forſoth ſinne is in two maners; either it is venial or dedly ſinne. Sothly whan a man loveth any creature more than Jeſu Criſt our creatour than it is dedly ſinne; and venial ſinne it is if a man love Jeſu Criſt leſſe than him ought. Forſoth the dede of this venial ſinne is ful perilous, for it amenuſeth the love that man ſhuld have to God more and more; and therfore if a man charge himſelf with many ſwiche venial ſinnes, certes but if ſo be that he ſomtime diſcharge him of hem by ſhrift they may wel lightly amenuſe in him all the love that he hath to Jeſu Criſt. And in this wiſe ſkippeth venial ſinne into dedly ſinne; for certes the more that a man chargeth his ſoule with venial ſinnes the more he is enclined to fall into dedly ſinne; and therfore let us not be negligent to diſcharge us of venial ſinnes; for the proverbe ſayth that many ſmal maken a gret. And herken this enſample: a gret wawe of the ſee cometh ſomtime with ſo gret a violence that it drencheth the ſhip; and the ſame harme do ſomtime the ſmal dropes of water that enteren thurgh a litel crevis in the thurrok*, and in the botom of the

* *in the thurrok*] The editt. have changed this word in this place into *timber*, though in another place they have left it as

ſhip, if men ben ſo negligent that they diſcharge hem not by time; and therfore although ther be difference betwix thiſe two cauſes of drenching algates the ſhip is dreint. Right ſo fareth it ſomtime of dedly ſinne and of anoious venial ſinnes, whan they multiplie in man ſo gretly that thilke worldly thinges that he loveth, thurgh which he ſinneth venially, is as gret in his herte as the love of God, or more; and therfore the love of every thing that is not beſet in God, ne don principally for Goddes ſake, although that a man love it leſſe than God, yet is it venial ſinne; and dedly ſinne is whan the love of any thing weigheth in the herte of man as moche as the love of God, or more. Dedly ſinne, as ſayth Seint Auguſtine, is whan a man tourneth his herte fro God, whiche that is veray ſoveraine bountee, that may not chaunge, and yeveth his herte to thing that may chaunge and flitte; and certes

here; and Mr. Speght explains it to mean an heap. It is a Saxon word, which the Gloſſaries render *cymba*, *caupolus*, (originally perhaps *campulus*, as it was ſometimes written. *Du Cange*, in v. *Caupulus.*) It ſeems to have ſignified any ſort of keeled veſſel, and from thence what we call *the hold* of a ſhip. The following explanation of it, from an old book entitled *Oure Ladyes Mirroure*, [*Lond.* 1530, fol. 57, b.] will fully juſtify Chaucer's uſe of it in both places, in the firſt literally, and in the ſecond metaphorically: "Ye ſhall underſtande that there ys a place "in the bottome of a ſhyppe wherin ys gathered all the fylthe "that cometh into the ſhyppe—and it is called in ſome con- "tre of thys londe a *thorrocke*, other calle yt an *bamron*, and "ſome calle yt the *bulcke* of the ſhyppe." I know not what to make of *bamron*.

that is every thing save God of heven : for soth is that if a man yeve his love, which that he oweth to God with all his herte, unto a creature, certes as moche of his love as he yeveth to the same creature so moche he bereveth fro God, and therfore doth he sinne ; for he that is dettour to God ne yeldeth not to God all his dette, that is to sayn, all the love of his herte.

Now sith man understondeth generally which is venial sinne, than is it covenable to tell specially of sinnes whiche that many a man peraventure demeth hem no sinnes, and shriveth him not of the same, and yet natheles they be sinnes sothly, as thise clerkes writen ; this is to say, at every tyme that man eteth and drinketh more than sufficeth to the sustenance of his body in certain he doth sinne ; eke whan he speketh more than it nedeth he doth sinne ; eke whan he herkeneth not benignely the complaint of the poure ; eke whan he is in hele of body and wol not fast whan other folk fast without cause resonable ; eke whan he slepeth more than nedeth, or whan he cometh by that encheson to late to chirche, or to other werkes of charitee ; eke whan he useth his wif withouten soveraine desire of engendrure, to the honour of God, or for the entent to yeld his wif his dette of his body ; eke whan he wol not visite the sike or the prisoner if he may ; eke if he love wif or child, or other worldly thing, more than reson requireth ; eke if he flater or blandise more than him ought for any necessitee ; eke if he amenuse or with-

drawe the almesse of the poure; eke if he apparaile his mete more deliciously than nede is, or ete it to hastily by likerousnesse; eke if he talke vanitees in the chirche, or at Goddes service, or that he be a taler of idle wordes of folie or vilanie, for he shal yeld acomptes of it at the day of dome; eke whan he beheighteth or assureth to don thinges that he may not perfourme; eke whan that he by lightnesse of foly missayeth or scorneth his neighbour; eke whan he hath ony wicked suspecion of thing ther he ne wote of it no sothfastnesse. Thise thinges, and mo withouten nombre, be sinnes, as sayth Seint Augustine. Now shul ye understonde that al be it so that non erthly man may eschewe al venial sinnes, yet may he refreine him by the brenning love that he hath to our Lord Jesu Crist, and by prayer and confession, and other good werkes, so that it shal but litel grieve: for, as sayth Seint Augustine, If a man love God in swiche maner that all that ever he doth is in the love of God, or for the love of God veraily, for he brenneth in the love of God, loke how moche that o drope of water which falleth into a fourneis ful of fire anoieth or greveth the brenning of the fire, in like maner anoieth or greveth a venial sinne unto that man whiche is stedfast and parfite in the love of our Saviour Jesu Crist. Furthermore, men may also refreine and put away venial sinne by receiving worthily the precious body of Jesu Crist, by receiving eke of holy water, by almes dede, by ge-

neral confession of *confiteor* at masse, and at prime, and at complin, and by blessing of bishoppes and preestes, and by other good werkes.

De Septem Peccatis Mortalibus.

Now it is behovely to tellen whiche ben dedly sinnes, that is to say, chiefetaines of sinnes, for as moche as all they ren in o lees, but in divers maners. Now ben they cleped Chiefetaines for as moche as they be chiefe, and of hem springen all other sinnes. The rote of thise sinnes than is pride, the general rote of all harmes, for of this rote springen certain braunches, as ire, envie, accidie or slouthe, avarice or coveitise, (to commun underftonding) glotonie, and lecherie; and eche of thise chief sinnes hath his braunches and his twigges, as shal be declared in hir chapitres folowing.

De Superbia.

And though so be that no man knoweth utterly the nombre of the twigges and of the harmes that comen of pride, yet wol I shew a partie of hem as ye shul understond. Ther is inobedience, avaunting, ipocrisie, despit, arrogance, impudence, swelling of herte, insolence, elation, impatience, strif, contumacie, presumption, irreverence, pertinacie, vaine glorie, and many other twigges that I cannot declare. Inobedient is he that disobeyeth for despit to the commandements of God, and to his soveraines, and to his gostly fader; avauntour is he that bosteth of the harme or of the bountee that he hath don; ipocrite is he that

hideth to shew him swiche as he is, and sheweth him to seme swiche as he is not; despitous is he that hath disdain of his neighebour, that is to sayn, of his even Cristen, or hath despit to do that him ought to do; arrogant is he that thinketh that he hath those bountees in him that he hath not, or weneth that he shulde have hem by his deserving, or elles that demeth that he be that he is not; impudent is he that for his pride hath no shame of his sinnes; swelling of herte is whan man rejoyceth him of harme that he hath don; insolent is he that despiseth in his jugement all other folk as in regarde of his value, of his conning, of his speking, and of his bering; elation is whan he ne may neither suffre to have maister ne felawe: impatient is he that wol not be taught ne underneme of his vice, and by strif werrieth truth wetingly, and defendeth his foly: *contumax* is he that thurgh his indignation is ayenst every auctoritee or power of hem that ben his soveraines; presumption is whan a man undertaketh an emprise that him ought not to do, or elles that he may not do, and this is called surquidrie; irreverence is whan man doth not honour ther as him ought to do, and waiteth to be reverenced; pertinacie is whan man defendeth his foly, and trusteth to moche in his owen wit; vaineglorie is for to have pompe and delit in his temporel highnesse, and glorye him in his worldly estate; jangling is whan man speketh to moche be-

fore folk, and clappeth as a mille, and taketh no kepe what he fayth.

And yet ther is a privee fpice of pride that waiteth firft to be falewed or he wol falew, all be he leffe worthy than that other is; and eke he waiteth to fit or to go above him in the way, or kiffe the pax, or ben encenfed, or gon to offring before his neighbour, and fwiche femblable thinges, ayenft his deutee peraventure, but that he hath his herte and his entente in fwiche a proude defire to be magnified and honoured beforn the peple.

Now ben ther two maner of prides; that on of hem is within the herte of a man, and that other is withour; of whiche fothly thife forefayd thinges, and mo than I have fayd, apperteinen to pride that is within the herte of man; and ther be other fpices of pride that ben withouten; but natheles that on of thife fpices of pride is figne of that other, right as the gay Levefell at the taverne is figne of the win that is in the celler. And this is in many thinges, as in fpeche and contenance, and outragious array of clothing*; for certes if ther had ben no finne in clothing Crift wold not fo fone have noted and fpoken of the clothing of thilke rich man in the Gofpel; and, as Seint Gregory fayth, that precious clothing is culpable for the derthe of it,

* *outragious array of clothing*] What follows fhould be read carefully by any antiquary who may mean to write *De re veftiaria* of the Englifh nation in the 14th century.

and for his foftneffe, and for his ftrangeneffe and dif-guifing, and for the fuperfluitee or for the inordinate fcantneffe of it. Alas! may not a man fee as in our daies the finneful coftlewe array of clothing, and namely in to moche fuperfluitee, or elles in to difordinate fcantneffe.

As to the firfte finne, in fuperfluitee of clothing, whiche that maketh it fo dere, to the harme of the peple, not only the cofte of the enbrouding, the dif-guifing, endenting or barring, ounding, paling, wind-ing, or bending, and femblable waft of cloth in vani-tee, but ther is alfo the coftlewe furring in hir gounes, fo moche pounfoning of chefel to maken holes, fo moche dagging of fheres, with the fuperfluitee in length of the forefaide gounes, trailing in the dong and in the myre, on hors and eke on foot, as wel of man as of woman, that all thilke trailing is veraily (as in effect) wafted, confumed, thredbare, and rotten with dong, rather than it is yeven to the poure, to gret damage of the forefayd poure folk, and that in fondry wife; this is to fayn, the more that cloth is wafted the more muft it coft to the poure peple for the fcarceneffe: and furtherover, if fo be that they wolden yeve fwiche pounfoned and dagged clothing to the poure peple it is not convenient to were for hir eftate, ne fuffifant to bote hir neceffitee, to kepe hem fro the diftempe-rance of the firmament. Upon that other fide, to fpeke of the horrible difordinat fcantneffe of clothing, as

ben thise cutted sloppes or hanselines, that thurgh hir shortenesse cover not the shameful membres of man, to wicked entente; alas! som of hem shewen the bosse and the shape of the horrible swollen membres, that semen like to the maladie of Hernia, in the wrapping of hir hosen, and eke the buttokkes of hem behinde, that faren as it were the hinder part of a she ape in the ful of the mone. And moreover, the wretched swollen membres that they shew thurgh disguising, in departing of hir hosen in white and rede, semeth that half hir shameful privee membres were flaine: and if so be that they departe hir hosen in other colours, as is white and blewe, or white and blake, or blake and rede, and so forth, than semeth it, as by variance of colour, that the half part of hir privee membres ben corrupt by the fire of Seint Anthonie, or by cancre, or other swiche mischance. Of the hinder part of hir buttokkes it is ful horrible for to see, for certes in that partie of hir body, ther as they purgen hir stinking ordure, that foule partie shewe they to the peple proudely in despite of honestee, whiche honestee that Jesu Crist and his frendes observed to shewe in hir lif. Now as to the outragious array of women, God wote that though the visages of som of hem semen ful chaste and debonaire, yet notifien they in hir array of attire likerousnesse and pride. I say not that honestee in clothing of man or woman is uncovenable, but certes the superfluitee or disordinat scar-

citee of clothing is reprevable. Alfo the finne of ornament or of apparaile is in thinges that apperteine to riding, as in to many delicat hors that ben holden for delit, that ben fo faire, fatte, and coftlewe; and alfo in many a vicious knave that is fufteined becaufe of hem; in curious harneis, as in fadles, cropers, peitrels, and bridles, covered with precious cloth and rich, barred and plated of gold and of filver; for which God fayth by Zacharie the prophet, I wol confounde the riders of fwiche hors. Thefe folke taken litel regard of the riding of Goddes fone of heven, and of his harneis, whan he rode upon the affe, and had non other harneis but the poure clothes of his difciples, ne we rede not that ever he rode on ony other befte. I fpeke this for the finne of fuperfluitee, and not for honeftee, whan refon it requireth. And moreover, certes pride is gretly notified in holding of gret meinie, whan they ben of litel profite or of right no profite, and namely whan that meinie is felonous and damageous to the peple by hardineffe of high lordefhip, or by way of office; for certes fwiche lordes fell than hir lordefhip to the devil of helle whan they fufteine the wickedneffe of hir meinie; or elles whan thife folk of low degree, as they that holden hoftelries, fufteinen thefte of hir hoftellers, and that is in many maner of deceites; thilke maner of folk ben the flies that folowen the hony, or elles the houndes that folowen the caraine: fwiche forefayde folk ftranglen fpiritually hir lorde-

ſhipes; for which thus ſaith David the prophet, Wicked deth mot come unto thilke lordeſhipes, and God yeve that they mot deſcend into helle all doun, for in hir houſes is iniquitee and ſhrewedneſſe, and not God of heven: and certes but if they don amendement, right as God yave his beniſon to Laban by the ſervice of Jacob, and to Pharao by the ſervice of Joſeph, right ſo God wol yeve his maliſon to ſwiche lordeſhipes as ſuſteine the wickedneſſe of hir ſervants, but they come to amendement. Pride of the table appereth eke ful oft, for certes riche men be cleped to feſtes, and poure folk be put away and rebuked; and alſo in exceſſe of divers metes and drinkes, and namely ſwiche maner bake metes and diſhe metes brenning of wilde fire, and peinted and caſtelled with paper, and ſemblable waſt, ſo that it is abuſion to thinke; and eke in to gret precioufneſſe of veſſell, and curioſitee of minſtralcie, by which a man is ſtirred more to the delites of luxurie, if ſo be that he ſette his herte the leſſe upon oure Lord Jeſu Criſt, it is a ſinne; and certainely the delites might ben ſo gret in this cas that a man might lightly fall by hem into dedly ſinne. The ſpices that ſourden of pride, ſothly whan they ſourden of malice imagined, aviſed, and forecaſte, or elles of uſage, ben dedly ſinnes it is no doute; and whan they ſourden by freeltee unaviſed ſodenly, and ſodenly withdraw again, al be they grevous ſinnes I geſſe that they be not dedly. Now might men aſke wherof that pride ſourdeth and ſpring-

eth? I ſay that ſomtime it ſpringeth of the goodes of nature, ſomtime of the goodes of fortune, and ſomtime of the goodes of grace. Certes the goodes of nature ſtonden only in the goodes of the body or of the ſoule; certes the goodes of the body ben hele of body, ſtrength, deliverneſſe, beautee, gentrie, franchiſe; the goodes of nature of the ſoule ben good wit, ſharpe underſtonding, ſubtil engine, vertue naturel, good memorie; goodes of fortune ben riches, high degree of lordſhipes, and preiſinges of the peple; goodes of grace ben ſcience, power to ſuffre ſpirituel travaile, benignitee, vertuous contemplation, withſtonding of temptation, and ſemblable thinges; of which foreſayd goodes certes it is a gret folie a man to priden him in ony of hem all. Now as for to ſpeke of goodes of nature, God wote that ſomtime we have hem in nature as moche to our damage as to our profite. As for to ſpeke of hele of body, trewely it paſſeth ful lightly, and alſo it is ful ofte encheſon of ſikeneſſe of the ſoule, for God wote the fleſh is a gret enemy to the ſoule, and therfore the more that the body is hole the more be we in peril to falle; eke for to priden him in his ſtrength of body it is a grete folie, for certes the fleſh coveiteth ayenſt the ſpirite, and ever the more ſtrong that the fleſh is the ſorier may the ſoule be; and, over all, this ſtrength of body and worldly hardineſſe cauſeth ful oft to many man peril and miſchance: alſo to have pride of gentrie is right gret folie, for oft time the gen-

triе of the body benimeth the gentrie of the ſoule: and alſo we ben all of o fader and of o moder, and all we ben of o nature, rotten and corrupt, bothe riche and poure. Forſoth o maner gentrie is for to preiſe, that appareilleth mannes corage with vertues and moralitees, and maketh him Criſtes child, for truſteth wel that over what man that ſinne hath maiſtrie he is a veray cherl to ſinne.

Now ben ther general ſignes of gentilneſſe, as eſchewing of vice and ribaudrie, and ſervage of ſinne in word, and in werk and contenance, and uſing vertue, as courteſie and cleneneſſe, and to be liberal, that is to ſay, large by meſure, for thilke that paſſeth meſure is folie and ſinne; another is to remember him of bountee that he of other folk hath received; another is to be benigne to his ſubgettes; wherfore ſaith Seneke, Ther is nothing more covenable to a man of high eſtate than debonairtee and pitee; and therfore thiſe flies that men clepen Bees, whan they make hir king they cheſen on that hath no pricke wherwith he may ſting. Another is, man to have a noble herte and a diligent, to atteine to high vertuous thinges: now, certes a man to priden him in the goodes of grace is eke an outrageous folie, for thilke yeftes of grace that ſhuld have tourned him to goodneſſe and to medicine tourneth him to venime and confuſion, as ſayth Seint Gregorie. Certes alſo, who ſo prideth him in the goodneſſe of Fortune he is a gret fool, for ſomtime is a man

a gret lord by the morwe that is a caitife and a wretch or it be night: and somtime the richesse of a man is cause of his deth; and somtime the delites of a man ben cause of grevous maladie thurgh which he dieth. Certes the commendation of the peple is ful false and brotel for to trust; this day they preise, to-morwe they blame. God wote desire to have commendation of the peple hath caused deth to may a besy man.

Remedium Superbiæ.

Now sith that so is that ye have understond what is pride, and which be the spices of it, and how mennes pride sourdeth and springeth, now ye shul understond which is the remedie ayenst it. Humilitee or mekenesse is the remedy ayenst pride; that is a vertue thurgh which a man hath veray knowlege of himself, and holdeth of himself no deintee ne no pris, as in regard of his desertes, considering ever his freeltee. Now ben ther three maner of humilitees, as humilitee in herte, and another in the mouth, and the thridde in werkes. The humilitee in herte is in foure maners; that on is whan a man holdeth himself as nought worth before God of heven; the second is whan he despiseth non other man; the thridde is whan he ne recketh nat though men holde him nought worth; and the fourth is whan he is not sory of his humiliation. Also the humilitee of mouth is in foure thinges; in attemperate speche; in humilitee of speche, and whan he confesseth with his owen

mouth that he is swiche as he thinketh that he is in his herte; another is whan he preiseth the bountee of another man, and nothing therof amenuseth. Humilitee eke in werkes is in foure maners: the first is whan he putteth other men before him; the second is to chese the lowest place of all; the thridde is gladly to assent to good conseil; the fourth is to stond gladly to the award of his soveraine, or of him that is higher in degree: certain this is a gret werk of humilitee.

De Invidia.

After pride wol I speke of the foule sinne of envie, which that is, after the word of the philosopher, sorwe of other mennes prosperitee; and after the word of Seint Augustine it is sorwe of other mennes wele, and joye of other mennes harme. This foule sinne is platly ayenst the Holy Gost: al be it so that every sinne is ayenst the Holy Gost, yet natheles for as moche as bountee apperteineth proprely to the Holy Gost, and envie cometh proprely of malice, therfore it is proprely ayenst the bountee of the Holy Gost. Now hath malice two spices, that is to say, hardinesse of herte in wickednesse, or elles the flesh of man is so blind that he considereth not that he is in sinne, or recketh not that he is in sinne, which is the hardinesse of the divel. That other spice of envie is whan that a man werrieth trouth whan he wot that it is trouth, and also whan he werrieth the grace of God that God hath yeve to his neighbour; and all this is by envie; cer-

tes than is envie the werst sinne that is, for sothly all other sinnes be somtime only ayenst on special vertue, but certes envie is ayenst al maner vertues and alle goodnesse, for it is sory of all bountee of his neighbour: and in this maner it is divers from all other sinnes, for wel unnethe is ther any sinne that it ne hath som delit in himself save only envie, that ever hath in himself anguish and sorwe. The spices of envie ben these; ther is first sorwe of other mennes goodnesse and of hir prosperitee, and prosperitee ought to be kindly mater of joye; than is envie a sinne ayenst kinde. The seconde spice of envie is joye of other mennes harme, and that is proprely like to the divel, that ever rejoyseth him of mannes harme. Of thise two spices cometh backbiting; and this sinne of backbiting or detracting hath certain spices, as thus; som man preiseth his neighbour by a wicked entente, for he maketh alway a wicked knotte at the laste ende; alway he maketh a *but* at the last ende, that is digne of more blame than is worth all the preising: the second spice is, that if a man be good, or doth or sayth a thing to good entente, the backbiter wol turne all that goodnesse up so doun to his shrewde entente: the thridde is to amenuse the bountee of his neighbour: the fourthe spice of backbiting is this, that if men speke goodnesse of a man than wol the backbiter say, Parfay swiche a man is yet better than he, in dispreising of him that men preise: the fifth spice is this, for to consent glad-

ly to herken the harme that men ſpeke of other folk; this ſinne is ful gret, and ay encreſeth after the wicked entent of the backbiter: after backbiting cometh grutching or murmurance, and ſomtime it ſpringeth of impatience ayenſt God, and ſomtime ayenſt man: ayenſt God it is whan a man grutcheth ayenſt the peine of helle, or ayenſt poverte, or loſſe of catel, or ayenſt rain or tempeſt, or elles grutcheth that ſhrewes have proſperitee, or elles that good men have adverſitee: and all thiſe thinges ſhuld men ſuffre patiently, for they comen by the rightful jugement and ordinance of God. Somtime cometh grutching of avarice, as Judas grutched ayenſt the Magdeleine whan ſhe anointed the hed of our Lord Jeſu Criſt with hire precious oynement: this maner murmuring is ſwiche as whan man grutcheth of goodneſſe that himſelf doth or that other folk don of hir owen catel. Somtime cometh murmur of pride, as whan Simon the Phariſee grutched ayenſt the Magdeleine whan ſhe approched to Jeſu Criſt and wept at his feet for hire ſinnes: and ſomtime it ſourdeth of envie, whan men diſcover a mannes harme that was privee, or bereth him on hond thing that is falſe. Murmur alſo is oft among ſervants, that grutchen whan hir ſoveraines bidden hem do leful thinges; and for as moche as they dare not openly withſay the commaundement of hir ſoveraines, yet wol they ſay harme, and grutche and murmure prively for veray deſpit, which wordes they

call the divels' *Pater noster*, though so be that the devil had never *Pater noster*, but that lewed folke yeven it swiche a name. Somtime it cometh of ire or privee hate, that norisheth rancour in the herte, as afterward I shal declare. Than cometh eke bitternesse of herte, thurgh which bitternesse every good dede of his neighbour semeth to him bitter and unsavory. Than cometh discord, that unbindeth all maner of frendship: than cometh scorning of his neighbour, al do he never so wel: than cometh accusing, as whan a man seketh occasion to annoyen his neighbour, which is like the craft of the divel, that waiteth both day and night to accusen us all: than cometh malignitee, thurgh which a man annoieth his neighbour prively if he may, and if he may not algate his wicked will shal not let as for to brenne his hous prively, or enpoisen him, or sle his bestes, and semblable thinges.

Remedium Invidiæ.

Now wol I speke of the remedie ayenst this foule sinne of envie. Firste is the love of God principally, and loving of his neighbour as himself, for sothly that on ne may not be without that other; and trust wel that in the name of thy neighbour thou shalt understande the name of thy brother, for certes all we have on fader fleshly and on moder, that is to say, Adam and Eve, and also on fader spirituel, that is to say, God of heven. Thy neighbour art thou bounde for to love and will him all goodnesse, and therfore sayth God, Love thy neighbour as thyself, that is to say, to sal-

vation both of lif and foule; and moreover, thou fhalt love him in word, and in benigne amonefting and chaftifing, and comfort him in his anoyes, and praye for him with all thy herte; and in dede thou fhalt love him in fwiche wife that thou fhalt do to him in charitee as thou woldeft that it were don to thin owen perfon, and therfore thou ne fhalt do him no damage in wicked word, ne harme in his body, ne in his catel, ne in his foule, by entifing of wicked enfample: thou fhalt not defire his wif ne non of his thinges. Underftonde eke that in the name of Neighbour is comprehended his enemy; certes man fhal love his enemy for the commandement of God, and fothly thy frend thou fhalt love in God: I fay thin enemy fhalt thou love for Goddes fake by his commandement; for if it were refon that man fhulde hate his enemy forfoth God n'olde not receive us to his love that ben his enemies. Ayenft three maner of wronges that his enemy doth to him he fhal do three things, as thus; ayenft hate and rancour of herte he fhal love him in herte; ayenft chiding and wicked wordes he fhal pray for his enemy; ayenft the wicked dede of his enemy he fhal do him bounteee; for Crift fayth, Love your enemies, and prayeth for hem that fpeke you harme, and for hem that chafen and purfuen you, and do bountee to hem that haten you. Lo, thus comandeth us our Lord Jefu Crift to do to our enemies. Forfoth nature driveth us to love our frendes, and parfay

our enemies have more nede of love than our frendes, and they that more nede have certes to hem shal men do goodnesse; and certes in thilke dede have we remembrance of the love of Jesu Crist that died for his enemies; and in as moche as thilke love is more grevous to performe, so moche is more gret the merite, and therfore the loving of our enemy hath confounded the venime of the divel; for right as the divel is confounded by humilitee, right so is he wounded to the deth by the love of our enemy: certes than is love the medicine that casteth out the venime of envie fro mannes herte.

De Ira.

After envy wol I declare of the sinne of ire, for sothly who so hath envy upon his neighbour anon communly wol finde him mater of wrath in word or in dede ayenst him to whom he hath envie. And as wel cometh ire of pride as of envie, for sothly he that is proude or envious is lightly wroth.

This sinne of ire, after the discriving of Seint Augustin, is wicked will to be avenged by word or by dede; ire, after the philosophre, is the fervent blode of man yquicked in his herte, thurgh which he wold harme to him that he hateth; for certes the herte of man by enchausing and meving of his blood waxeth so troubled that it is out of all maner jugement of reson. But ye shul understonde that ire is in two maners, that on of hem is good, and that other is wicked. The good

ire is by jalousie of goodnesse, thurgh the which man is wroth with wickednesse, and again wickednesse, and therfore saith the wise man that ire is better than play. This ire is with debonairtee, and it is wrothe without bitternesse; not wrothe ayenst the man, but wrothe with the misdede of the man; as saith the prophet David, *Irascimini, et nolite peccare.* Now understond that wicked ire is in two maners, that is to say, soden ire or hasty ire, without avisement and consenting of reson; the meaning and the sense of this is, that the reson of a man ne consenteth not to that soden ire, and than it is venial. Another ire is that is ful wicked, that cometh of felonie of herte, avised and cast before, with wicked will to do vengeance, and therto his reson consenteth; and sothly this is dedly sinne. This ire is so displesant to God that it troubleth his hous, and chaseth the Holy Gost out of mannes soule, and wasteth and destroyeth the likenesse of God, that is to say, the vertue that is in mannes soule, and putteth in him the likenesse of the devil, and benimeth the man fro God that is his rightful Lord. This ire is a ful gret plesance to the devil, for it is the devils forneis that he enchauseth with the fire of helle; for certes right so as fire is more mighty to destroie erthly thinges than any other element, right so ire is mighty to destroie all spirituel thinges. Loke how that fire of smal gledes, that ben almost ded under ashen, wol quicken ayen whan they ben touched with brimstone; right so ire

wol evermore quicken ayen whan it is touched with pride that is covered in mannes herte; for certes fire ne may not come out of nothing but if it were first in the famething naturelly, as fire is drawne out of flintes with stele; and right so as pride is many times mater of ire, right so is rancour norice and keper of ire. Ther is a maner tree, as fayth Seint Isidore, that whan men make a fire of the faide tree, and cover the coles of it with ashen, sothly the fire therof wol last all a yere or more: and right so fareth it of rancour whan it is ones conceived in the herte of som men; certes it wol lasten peraventure from on Easterne day until another Easterne day, or more; but certes the same man is ful fer from the mercie of God all thilke while.

In this forefaid devils forneis ther forgen three shrewes, Pride, that ay bloweth and encreseth the fire by chiding and wicked wordes; than stondeth Envie, and holdeth the hot yren upon the herte of man with a pair of longe tonges of longe rancour; and than stondeth the sinne of contumelie, or strif and cheste, and battereth and forgeth by vilains reprevinges. Certes this cursed sinne annoyeth both to the man himself and eke his neighbour, for sothly almost all the harme or damage that ony man doth to his neighbour cometh of wrath, for certes outrageous wrathe doth all that ever the foule fende willeth or commandeth him: for he ne spareth neyther for our Lord Jesu Crist ne his swete moder; and in his outrageous anger and ire, alas! alas! ful many on at that time feleth in his herte

ful wickedly both of Crist and also of all his halwes. Is not this a cursed vice? yes, certes. Alas! it benimmeth fro man his witte and his reson, and all his debonaire lif spirituel, that shuld kepe his soule: certes it benimmeth also Goddes due lordship (and that is mannes soule) and the love of his neighbours: it striveth also all day ayenst trouth; it reveth him the quiet of his herte, and subverteth his soule.

Of ire comen thise stinking engendrures; first hate, that is olde wrath; discord, thurgh which a man forsaketh his olde frend that he hath loved ful long; and than cometh werre, and every maner of wrong that a man doth to his neighbour in body or in catel. Of this cursed sinne of ire cometh eke manslaughter. And understondeth wel that homicide (that is manslaughter) is in divers wise. Som maner of homicide is spirituel, and som is bodily. Spirituel manslaughter is in six thinges. First, by hate, as sayth Seint John, He that hateth his brother is an homicide. Homicide is also by backbiting, of which backbitours sayth Salomon, that they have two swerdes with which they slay hir neighbours; for sothly as wicked it is to benime of him his good name as his lif. Homicide is also in yeving of wicked conseil by fraude, as for to yeve conseil to areise wrongful customes and talages, of which sayth Salomon, A lion roring, and a bere hungrie, ben like to cruel lordes in withholding or abregging of the hire or of the wages of servantes, or elles in

usurie, or in withdrawing of the almesse of poure folk; for which the wise man sayth, Fedeth him that almost dieth for honger, for sothly but if thou fede him thou sleest him: and all thise ben dedly sinnes. Bodily manslaughter is whan thou sleest him with thy tonge in other maner, as whan thou commandest to sle a man, or elles yevest conseil to sle a man. Manslaughter in dede is in foure maners. That on is by lawe, right as a justice dampneth him that is culpable to the deth; but let the justice beware that he do it rightfully, and that he do it not for delit to spill blood, but for keping of rightwisenesse. Another homicide is don for necessitee, as whan a man sleeth another in his defence, and that he ne may non other wise escapen fro his owen deth; but certain and he may escape withouten slaughter of his adversarie he doth sinne, and he shal bere penance as for dedly sinne. Also if a man by cas or aventure shete an arowe or cast a stone with which he sleeth a man he is an homicide. And if a woman by negligence overlyeth hire child in hire slepe, it is homicide and dedly sinne. Also whan a man disturbleth conception of a childe, and maketh a woman barein by drinkes of venimous herbes thurgh which she may not conceive, or sleeth hire child by drinkes, or elles putteth certain material thing in hire secret place to slee hire child, or elles doth unkinde sinne, by which man or woman shedeth his nature in place ther as a childe may not be conceived; or elles if a woman hath con-

ceived and hurteth hirself, and by that mishappe the childe is slaine, yet is it homicide. What say we eke of women that murderen hir children for drede of worldly shame? certes it is an horrible homicide. Eke if a man approche to a woman by desir of lecherie thurgh which the childe is perished, or elles smiteth a woman wetingly, thurgh which she leseth hire child, all thise ben homicides, and horrible dedly sinnes. Yet comen ther of ire many mo sinnes, as wel in worde as in thought and in dede; as he that arretteth upon God, or blameth God of the thing of which he is himself gilty, or despiseth God and all his halwes, as don thise cursed hasardours in divers contrees. This cursed sinne don they whan they felen in hir herte ful wickedly of God and of his halwes: also whan they treten unreverently the sacrament of the auter, thilke sinne is so gret that unneth it may be relesed, but that the mercy of God passeth all his werkes, it is so gret, and he so benigne. Than cometh also of ire attry anger, whan a man is sharpely amonested in his shrift to leve his sinne; than wol he be angry, and answere hokerly and angerly, to defend or excusen his sinne by unstedfastnesse of his flesh: or elles he did it for to hold compagnie with his felawes; or elles he sayeth the fend enticed him; or elles he did it for his youthe; or elles his complexion is so corageous that he may not forbere; or elles it is his destinee, he sayth, unto a certain age; or elles he sayth it cometh him of gentilnesse of his

aunceſtres, and ſemblable thinges. All thiſe maner of folke ſo wrappen hem in hir ſinnes that they ne wol not deliver hemſelf, for ſothly no wight that excuſeth himſelf wilfuly of his ſinne may not be delivered of his ſinne til that he mekely beknoweth his ſinne. After this than cometh ſwering, that is expreſſe ayenſt the commandement of God; and that befalleth often of anger and of ire: God ſayth, Thou ſhalt not take the name of thy Lord God in idel: alſo our Lord Jeſu Criſt ſayth by the word of Seint Mathew, Ne ſhal ye not ſwere in all manere, neyther by heven, for it is Goddes trone, ne by erthe, for it is the benche of his feet, ne by Jeruſalem, for it is the citee of a gret king, ne by thin hed, for thou ne mayſt not make an here white ne black; but he ſayth, Be your word ye, ye, nay, nay; and what that is more it is of evil. Thus ſayth Criſt, for Criſtes ſake ſwere not ſo ſinnefully, in diſmembring of Criſt, by ſoule, herte, bones, and body; for certes it ſemeth that ye thinken that the curſed Jewes diſmembred him not ynough, but ye diſmembre him more. And if ſo be that the lawe compell you to ſwere, than reuleth you after the lawe of God in your ſwering, as ſayth Jeremie, Thou ſhalt kepe three conditions; thou ſhalt ſwere in trouth, in dome, and in rightwiſeneſſe; this is to ſay, thou ſhalt ſwere ſoth, for every leſing is ayenſt Criſt, for Criſt is veray trouth: and thinke wel this, that every gret ſwerer, not compelled lawfully to ſwere, the plage ſhal not depart fro his hous

while he useth unleful swering. Thou shalt swere also in dome, whan thou art constreined by the domesman to witnesse a trouth. Also thou shalt not swere for envie, neyther for favour ne for mede, but only for rightwisenesse, and for declaring of trouthe to the honour and worship of God, and to the aiding and helping of thin even Cristen: and therfore every man that taketh Goddes name in idel, or falsely swereth with his mouth, or elles taketh on him the name of Crist, to be called a Cristen man, and liveth agenst Cristes living and his teching, all they take Goddes name in idel. Loke also what sayth Seint Peter, *Actuum* iv. *Non est aliud nomen sub cœlo, &c.*; Ther is non other name (sayth Seint Peter) under heven yeven to men in which they may be saved, that is to say, but the name of Jesu Crist. Take kepe eke how precious is the name of Jesu Crist, as sayth Seint Poule *ad Philipenses* ii. *In nomine Jesu, &c.*; that in the name of Jesu every knee of hevenly creature, or erthly, or of helle, shuld bowen; for it is so high and worshipful that the cursed fend in helle shuld tremble for to here it named. Than semeth it that men that swere so horribly by his blessed name, that they despise it more boldely than did the cursed Jewes, or elles the divel, that trembleth whan he hereth his name.

Now certes sith that swering (but if it be lawfully don) is so highly defended, moche worse is for to swere falsely and eke nedeles.

What ſay we eke of hem that deliten hem in ſwering, and hold it a genterie or manly dede to ſwere gret othes? and what of hem that of veray uſage ne ceſe not to ſwere gret othes, al be the cauſe not worth a ſtrawe? certes this is horrible ſinne: ſwering ſodenly without aviſement is alſo a gret ſinne. But let us go now to that horrible ſwering of adjuration and conjuration, as don thiſe falſe enchauntours and nigromancers in baſins ful of water, or in a bright ſwerd, in a cercle, or in a fire, or in a ſholder bone of a ſhepe: I cannot ſayn but that they do curſedly and damnably ayenſt Criſt, and all the faith of holy chirche.

What ſay we of hem that beleven on divinales, as by flight or by noiſe of briddes or of beſtes, or by ſorte of geomancie, by dremes, by chirking of dores, or craking of houſes, by gnawing of rattes, and ſwiche maner wretchedneſſe? Certes all thiſe thinges ben defended by God and holy chirche, for which they ben accurſed, till they come to amendement, that on ſwiche filth ſet hir beleve. Charmes for woundes, or for maladies of men or of beſtes, if they take any effect it may be peraventure that God ſuffreth it for folk ſhuld yeve the more feith and reverence to his name.

Now wol I ſpeke of leſinges, which generally is falſe ſignifiance of word, in entent to deceive his even Criſten. Some leſing is of which ther cometh non avantage to no wight; and ſom leſing turneth to the pro-

fite and efe of a man, and to the dammage of another man; another lefing is for to faven his lif or his catel; another lefing cometh of delit for to lie, in which delit they wol forge a long tale, and peint it with all circumftances, wher all the ground of the tale is falfe: fome lefing cometh for he wol fuftein his word; and fom lefing cometh of recchelefneffe withouten avifement, and femblable thinges.

Let us now touche the vice of flaterie, which ne cometh not gladly, but for drede or for covetife. Flaterie is generally wrongful preifing: flaterers ben the devils nourices, that nourifh his children with milke of lofengerie. Forfoth Salomon fayth that flaterie is werfe than detraction, for fomtime detraction maketh an hautein man be the more humble, for he dredeth detraction, but certes flaterie maketh a man to enhaunce his herte and his contenance. Flaterers ben the devils enchauntours, for they maken a man to wenen himfelf be like that he is not like: they be like to Judas that betrayed God; and thife flaterers betrayen man to felle him to his enemy, that is the devil. Flaterers ben the devils chappeleines, that ever fingen *Placebo*. I reken flaterie in the vices of ire, for oft time if a man be wroth with another than wol he flater fom wight to fufteine him in his quarrel.

Speke we now of fwiche curfing as cometh of irous herte. Malifon generally may be faid every maner power of harme: fwiche curfing bereveth man the

regne of God, as sayth Seint Poule; and oft time swiche cursing wrongfully retorneth again to him that curseth, as a bird retorneth again to his owen nest: and over all thing men ought eschew to curse hir children, and to yeve to the devil hir engendrure, as fer forth as in hem is; certes it is a grete peril and a grete sinne.

Let us than speke of chiding and repreving, which ben ful grete woundes in mannes herte, for they unsow the seames of frendship in mannes herte; for certes unnethe may a man be plainely accorded with him that he hath openly reviled, repreved, and disclaundred; this is a full grisly sinne, as Crist sayth in the gospel. And take ye kepe now that he that repreveth his neighbour either he repreveth him by som harme of peine that he hath upon his bodie, as mesel, croked harlot, or by som sinne that he doth: now if he repreve him by harme of peine than turneth the repreve to Jesu Crist, for peine is sent by the rightwise sonde of God, and by his suffrance, be it meselrie, or maime, or maladie; and if he repreve him uncharitably of sinne, as thou holour, thou dronkelewe harlot, and so forth, than apperteineth that to the rejoicing of the devil, which ever hath joye that men don sinne. And certes chiding may not come but out of a vilains herte, for after the haboundance of the herte speketh the mouth ful oft. And ye shul understond that loke by any way whan ony man chastiseth another that he beware fro chiding or repreving, for

trewely but he beware he may ful lightly quicken the fire of anger and of wrath, which he ſhuld quench, and peraventure ſleth him that he might chaſtiſe with benignitee; for, as ſayth Salomon, The amiable tonge is the tree of lif, that is to ſay, of lif ſpirituel; and ſothly a diſſolute tonge ſleth the ſpirit of him that repreveth, and alſo of him which is repreved. Lo, what ſayth Seint Auguſtine; Ther is nothing ſo like the devils child as he which oft chideth; a ſervant of God behoveth not to chide; and though that chiding be a vilains thing betwix all maner folk, yet it is certes moſt uncovenable betwene a man and his wif, for ther is never reſt; and therfore ſayth Salomon, An hous that is uncovered in rayn and dropping and a chiding wif ben like; a man which is in a dropping hous in many places though he eſchew the dropping in o place it droppeth on him in another place; ſo fareth it by a chiding wif, if ſhe chide him not in o place ſhe wol chide him in another; and therfore better is a morſel of bred with joye than an hous filled ful of delices with chiding, ſayth Salomon: and Seint Poule ſayth, O ye women! beth ye ſubgettes to your huſbonds as you behoveth in God; and ye men loveth your wives.

Afterward ſpeke we of ſcorning, which is a wicked ſinne, and namely whan he ſcorneth a man for his good werkes, for certes ſwiche ſcorners faren like the foule tode, that may not endure to ſmell the ſwete favour of the vine whan it flouriſheth: thiſe ſcorners ben

parting felaws with the devil, for they have joye whan the devil winneth, and sorwe if he leseth; they ben adversaries to Jesu Crist, for they hate that he loveth, that is to say, salvation of soule.

Speke we now of wicked conseil, for he that wicked conseil yeveth is a traitour, for he deceiveth him that trusteth in him; but natheless yet is wicked conseil first ayenst himself; for, as sayth the wise man, Every false living hath this propertee in himself, that he that wol annoy another man he annoyeth first himself. And men shul understond that man shal not take his conseil of false folk, ne of angry folk, or grevous folk, ne of folk that loven specially hir owen profit, ne of to moche worldly folk, namely in conseiling of mannes soule.

Now cometh the sinne of hem that maken discord among folk, which is a sinne that Crist hateth utterly; and no wonder is, for he died for to make concord; and more shame don they to Crist than did they that him crucified; for God loveth better that frendship be amonges folk than he did his owen body, which that he yave for unitee; therfore ben they likened to the devil, that ever is about to make discord.

Now cometh the sinne of double tonge, swiche as speke faire before folk and wickedly behind, or elles they make semblaunt as though they spake of good entention, or elles in game and play, and yet they speken of wicked entente.

Now cometh bewreying of conseil, thurgh which a

man is defamed: certes unnethe may he restore the damage: now cometh manace, that is an open folie, for he that oft manaceth he threteth more than he may performe ful oft time: now comen idel wordes that be without profite of him that speketh the wordes, and eke of him that herkeneth the wordes, or elles idel wordes ben tho that ben nedeles, or without entente of naturel profit; and al be it that idel wordes be somtime venial sinne, yet shuld men doute hem, for we shul yeve rekening of hem before God. Now cometh jangling, that may not come withouten sinne; and, as sayth Salomon, It is a signe of apert folie: and therfore a philosophre sayd, whan a man axed him how that he shuld plese the peple, he answered, Do many good werkes, and speke few jangelinges. After this cometh the sinne of japeres, that ben the devils apes, for they make folk to laugh at hir japerie, as folk don at the gaudes of an ape; swiche japes defendeth Seint Poule. Loke how that vertuous wordes and holy comforten hem that travaillen in the service of Crist, right so comforten the vilains words and the knakkes of japeres hem that travaillen in the service of the devil. Thise ben the sinnes of the tonge, that comen of ire, and other sinnes many mo.

Remedium Iræ.

The remedie ayenst ire is a vertue that cleped is Mansuetude, that is debonairtee, and eke another vertue that men clepen Patience or Sufferaunce.

Debonairtee withdraweth and refreineth the stirrings and mevings of mannes corage in his herte in swich maner that they ne skip not out by anger ne ire; sufferance suffereth swetely all the annoyance and the wrong that is don to man outward. Seint Jerome sayth this of debonairtee, that it doth no harme to no wight ne sayth, ne for no harme that men do ne say he ne chafeth not ayenst reson. This vertue somtime cometh of nature; for, as sayth the philosophre, A man is a quick thing, by nature debonaire, and tretable to goodnesse; but whan debonairtee is enformed of grace than it is the more worth.

Patience is another remedy ayenst ire, and is a vertue that suffereth swetely every mannes goodnesse, and is not wroth for non harme that is don to him. The philosophre sayth that patience is the vertue that suffreth debonairly al the outrage of adversitee and every wicked word. This vertue maketh a man like to God, and maketh him Goddes owen childe, as sayth Crist: this vertue discomfiteth thin enemies; and therfore sayth the wise man, If thou wolt vanquish thin enemie see thou be patient. And thou shalt understond that a man suffereth foure maner of grevances in outward thinges, ayenst the which foure he must have foure maner of patiences.

The first grevance is of wicked wordes; thilke grevance suffred Jesu Crist, without grutching, ful patiently, whan the Jewes despised him and repreved him ful oft; suffer thou therfore patiently, for the wise

man faith, If thou ſtrive with a foole, though the foole be wroth, or though he laugh, algate thou ſhalt have no reſte. That other grevance outward is to have domage of thy catel; therayenſt ſuffred Criſt ful patiently whan he was deſpoiled of al that he had in this lif, and that n'as but his clothes. The thridde grevance is a man to have harme in his body; that ſuffred Criſt ful patiently in all his paſſion. The fourthe grevance is in outrageous labour in werkes; wherfore I ſay that folk that make hir ſervants to travaile to grevouſly, or out of time, as in holy dayes, ſothly they do gret ſinne: hereayenſt ſuffered Criſt ful patiently, and taught us patience, whan he bare upon his bleſſed ſholders the croſſe upon which he ſhuld ſuffer deſpitous deth. Here may men lerne to be patient; for certes not only Criſten men be patient for love of Jeſu Criſt, and for guerdon of the bliſful lif that is perdurable, but certes the old Payenes, that never were criſtened, commendeden and uſeden the vertue of patience.

A philoſophre upon a time that wold have beten his diſciple for his gret treſpas, for which he was gretly meved, and brought a yerde to bete the childe, and whan this child ſawe the yerde he ſayd to his maiſter, What thinke ye to do? I wol bete thee, ſayd the maiſter, for thy correction. Forſoth, ſayd the childe, ye ought firſt correct yourſelf, that have loſt all your patience for the offence of a child. Forſooth, ſayd the

maiſter, all weping, thou ſayeſt ſoth; have thou the yerde, my dere ſone! and correct me for min impatience. Of patience cometh obedience, thurgh which a man is obedient to Criſt, and to all hem to which he ought to be obedient in Criſt. And underſtand wel that obedience is parfite whan that a man doth gladly and haſtily, with good herte entirely, all that he ſhuld do. Obedience generally, is to performe haſtily the doctrine of God and of his ſoveraines, to which him ought to be obeiſant in all rightwiſeneſſe.

De Accidia.

After the ſinne of wrath now wol I ſpeke of the ſinne of accidie or ſlouth; for envie blindeth the herte of a man, and ire troubleth a man, and accidie maketh him hevy, thoughtful, and wrawe. Envie and ire maken bitterneſſe in herte, which bitterneſſe is mother of accidie, and benimeth him the love of alle goodneſſe; than is accidie the anguiſh of a trouble herte: and Seint Auguſtine ſayth, It is annoye of goodneſſe and annoye of harme. Certes this is a damnable ſinne, for it doth wrong to Jeſu Criſt, in as moche as it benimeth the ſervice that men ſhulde do to Criſt with alle diligence, as ſayth Salomon; but accidie doth non ſwiche diligence: he doth all thing with annoye, and with wrawneſſe, ſlackneſſe, and excuſation, with idelneſſe and unluſt; for which the book ſayth, Accurſed be he that doth the ſervice of God negligently. Than is accidie enemy to every eſtate of man; for certes the

estate of man is in three maners: either it is the estate of innocence, as was the estate of Adam before that he fell into sinne, in which estate he was holden to werk, as in herying and adoring of God. Another estate is the estate of sinful men, in which estate men ben holden to labour in praying to God for amendement of hir sinnes, and that he wold graunt hem to rise out of hir sinnes. Another estate is the estate of grace, in which estate he is holden to werkes of penitence; and certes to all thise thinges is accidie enemie and contrary, for he loveth no besinesse at all. Now certes this foule sinne of accidie is eke a ful gret enemie to the livelode of the body, for it ne hath no purveaunce ayenst temporel necessitee, for it forsleutheth, forsluggeth, and destroieth all goodes temporel by recchelesnesse.

The fourth thing is that accidie is like hem that ben in the peine of helle because of hir slouthe and of hir hevinesse; for they that be damned ben so bound that they may neyther do wel ne think wel. Of accidie cometh first that a man is annoied and accombred to do any goodnesse, and that maketh that God hath abhomination of swiche accidie, as sayth Seint John.

Now cometh slouthe, that wol not suffre no hardnesse ne no penance; for sothly slouthe is so tendre and so delicat, as sayth Salomon, that he wol suffre non hardnesse ne penance, and therfore he shendeth all that he doth. Ayenst this roten sinne of accidie and

flouthe fhuld men exercife hemfelf, and ufe hemfelf to do good werkes, and manly and vertuoufly cachen corage wel to do, thinking that our Lord Jefu Crift quiteth every good deed, be it never fo lite. Ufage of labour is a gret thing, for it maketh, as fayth Seint Bernard, the labourer to have ftrong armes and hard finewes, and flouthe maketh hem feble and tendre. Than cometh drede for to beginne to werke any good werkes; for certes he that enclineth to finne, him thinketh it is to gret an emprife for to undertake the werkes of goodneffe, and cafteth in his herte that the circumftances of goodneffe ben fo grevous and fo chargeant for to fuffre that he dare not undertake to do werkes of goodneffe, as fayth Seint Gregorie.

Now cometh wanhope, that is, defpeir of the mercy of God, that cometh fomtime of to moche outrageous forwe, and fomtime of to moche drede, imagining that he hath do fo moche finne that it wolde not availe him though he wolde repent him and forfake finne, thurgh which defpeire or drede he abandoneth all his herte to every maner finne, as fayth Seint Auguftine; which dampnable finne, if it continue unto his end, it is cleped the finne of the Holy Goft. This horrible finne is fo perilous that he that is defpeired ther n'is no felonie ne no finne that he douteth for to do, as fhewed wel by Judas. Certes aboven all finnes than is this finne moft difplefant and moft adverfarie to Crift. Sothly he that defpeireth him is like to the coward

champion recreant that flieth withouten nede. Alas! alas! nedeles is he recreant and nedeles despeired. Certes the mercy of God is ever redy to the penitent person, and is above all his werkes. Alas! cannot a man bethinke him on the Gospel of Seint Luke, chap xv.; wheras Crist sayeth, that as wel shal ther be joye in heven upon a sinful man that doth penitence as upon ninety-and-nine rightful men that neden no penitence? Loke further in the same gospel the joye and the feste of the good man that had lost his sone, whan his sone was retourned with repentance to his fader. Can they not remembre hem also (as sayth Seint Luke, chap. xxiii.) how that the thefe that was honged beside Jesu Crist sayd, Lord, remembre on me whan thou comest in thy regne? Forsoth, said Crist, I say to thee to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradis. Certes ther is non so horrible sinne of man that ne may in his lif be destroyed by penitence thurgh vertue of the passion and of the deth of Crist. Alas! what nedeth man than to be despeired, sith that his mercy is so redy and large? Axe and have. Than cometh sompnolence, that is, sluggy slumbring, which maketh a man hevy and dull in body and in soule, and this sinne cometh of slouthe; and certes the time that by way of reson man shuld not slepe is by the morwe, but if ther were cause resonable; for sothly in the morwe tide is most covenable to a man to say his prayers, and for to think on God, and to honour God, and to yeve almesse to

the poure that comen first in the name of Jesu Crist. Lo, what sayth Salomon? Who so wol by the morwe awake to seke me he shal find me. Than cometh negligence or recchelesnesse, that recketh of nothing; and though that ignorance be mother of all harmes certes negligence is the norice: negligence ne doth no force whan he shal do a thing whether he do it wel or badly.

The remedie of thise two sinnes is, as sayth the wise man, that he that dredeth God spareth not to do that him ought to do; and he that loveth God he wol do diligence to plese God by his werkes, and abandon himself with all his might wel for to do. Than cometh idelnesse, that is the yate of all harmes. An idel man is like to a place that hath no walles, theras deviles may enter on every side, or shoot at him at discoverte by temptation on every side: this idelnesse is the thurrok of all wicked and vilains thoughtes, and of all jangeles, trifles, and all ordure: certes heven is yeven to hem that will labour, and not to idel folk: also David sayth, They ne be not in the labour of men, ne they shul not ben whipped with men, that is to say, in Purgatorie: certes than semeth it they shul ben tormented with the devil in helle but if they do penance.

Than cometh the sinne that men clepen *Tarditas*, as whan a man is latered or taryed or he wol tourne to God; and certes that is a gret folie: he is like him that falleth in the diche and wol not arise. And this vice cometh of false hope, that thinketh that he shal live long; but that hope failleth ful oft.

Than cometh Lachesse, that is he that whan he beginneth any good werk anon he wol forlete it and stint, as don they that have any wight to governe, and ne take of him no more kepe anon as they find any contrary or any annoy. Thise ben the newe shepherdes that let hir shepe wetingly go renne to the wolf that is in the breres, and do no force of hir owen governance. Of this cometh poverte and destruction both of spirituel and temporel thinges: than cometh a maner coldnesse that freseth all the herte of man; than cometh undevotion, thurgh which a man is so blont, as sayth Seint Bernard, and hath swiche langour in his soule, that he may neyther rede ne sing in holy chirche, ne here ne thinke of no devotion, ne travaile with his hondes in no good werk, that it n'is to him unsavory and all apalled: than wexeth he sluggish and slombry, and sone wol he be wroth, and sone is he inclined to hate and to envie: than cometh the sinne of worldly sorwe, swiche as is cleped *Tristitia*, that sleth a man as sayth Seint Poule; for certes swiche sorwe werketh to the deth of the soule and of the body also, for therof cometh that a man is annoied of his owen lif; wherfore swiche sorwe shorteth the lif of many a man or that his time is come by way of kinde.

Remedium Accidiæ.

Ayenst this horrible sinne of accidie, and the braunches of he same, ther is a vertue that is called *For-*

titudo or Strength, that is, an affection thurgh which a man despiseth noyous thinges. This vertue is so mighty and so vigorous that it dare withstond mightily, and wrastle ayenst the assautes of the devil, and wisely kepe himself fro periles that ben wicked, for it enhaunseth and enforceth the soule, right as accidie abateth and maketh it feble; for this *fortitudo* may endure with long sufferance the travailles that ben covenable.

This vertue hath many spices: the first is cleped Magnanimitee, that is to say, gret corage; for certes ther behoveth gret corage ayenst accidie, lest that it swalowe the soule by the sinne of sorwe, or destroy it with wanhope. Certes this vertue maketh folk to undertake hard and grevous thinges by hir own will wisely and resonably. And for as moche as the devil fighteth ayenst man more by queintesse and sleight than by strength, therfore shal a man withstond him by wit, by reson, and by discretion. Than ben ther the vertues of feith, and hope in God and in his seintes, to acheven and accomplice the good werks, in the which he purposeth fermely to continue. Than cometh seuretee or sikernesse, and that is whan a man ne douteth no travaile in time coming of the good werkes that he hath begonne: than cometh magnificence, that is to say, whan a man doth and performeth gret werkes of goodnesse that he hath begonne, and that is the end why that men shuld do good werkes,

for in the accomplishing of good werkes lieth the gret guerdon: than is ther constance, that is stablenesse of corage, and this shuld be in herte by stedfast feith and in mouth, and in bering, in chere and in dede Eke ther ben mo special remedies ayenst accidie, in divers werkes, and in consideration of the peines of helle and of the joyes of heven, and in trust of the grace of the Holy Gost, that will yeve him might to performe his good entent.

De Avaritia.

After accidie wol I speke of avarice and of coveitise; of which sinne Seint Poule sayth, The rote of all harmes is coveitise; for sothly whan the herte of man is confounded in itself and troubled, and that the soule hath lost the comfort of God, than seketh he an idel solas of worldly thinges.

Avarice, after the description of Seint Augustine, is a likerousnesse in herte to have erthly thinges. Som other folk sayn that avarice is for to purchase many erthly thinges, and nothing to yeve to hem that han nede. And understond wel that avarice standeth not only in land ne catel, but som time in science and in glorie, and in every maner outrageous thing, is avarice: and the difference betwene avarice and coveitise is this; coveitise is for to coveit swiche thinges as thou hast not, and avarice is to withholde and kepe swiche thinges as thou hast without rightful nede. Sothly this avarice is a sinne that is ful dampnable, for

all holy writ curseth it, and speketh ayenst it, for it doth wrong to Jesu Crist, for it bereveth him the love that men to him owen, and tourneth it backward ayenst all reson, and maketh that the avaricious man hath more hope in his catel than in Jesu Crist, and doth more observance in keping of his tresour than he doth in the service of Jesu Crist; and therfore sayth Seint Poul that an avaricious man is the thraldome of idolatrie.

What difference is ther betwix an idolastre and an avaricious man, but that an idolastre peraventure ne hath not but o maumet or two, and the avaricious man hath many? for certes every florein in his coffre is his maumet: and certes the sinne of maumetrie is the first that God defended in the ten commandments, as bereth witnesse *Exod.* chap. xx.; Thou shalt have no false goddes before me, ne thou shalt make to thee no graven thing. Thus is an avaricious man that loveth his tresour before God an idolastre. And thurgh this cursed sinne of avarice and coveitise cometh thise hard lordships thurgh which men ben distreined by tallages, customes, and cariages, more than hir dutee or reson is; and eke take they of hir bondmen amercementes, which might more resonably be called extortions than amercementes; of which amercementes, or raunsoming of bondmen, som lordes stewardes say that it is rightful, for as moche as a cherl hath no temporel thing that it ne is his lordes, as they say. But

certes thise lordshippes don wrong, that bereven hir bondmen thinges that they never yave hem. *Augustinus de Civitate Dei, libro* ix. Soth is that the condition of thraldom and the first cause of thraldom was for sinne. *Genesis* v.

Thus may ye see that the gilt deserved thraldom, but not nature; wherfore thise lordes ne shuld not to moche glorifie hem in hir lordshipes, sith that they by naturel condition ben not lordes of hir thralles, but that thraldom came first by the deserte of sinne. And furtherover, ther as the lawe sayth that temporel goodes of bondfolk ben the goodes of hir lord, ye, that is for to understond, the goodes of the emperour, to defend hem in hir right, but not to robbe hem ne to reve hem; therfore sayth Seneca, The prudent shuld live benignely with the thral, tho that thou clepest thy thralles ben Goddes peple; for humble folk ben Cristes frendes; they ben contubernial with the Lord thy king.

Thinke also that of swiche seed as cherles springen of swiche seed springen lordes: as wel may the cherl be saved as the lord. The same deth that taketh the cherl swiche deth taketh the lord; wherfore I rede do right so with thy cherl as thou woldest that thy lord did with thee if thou were in his plight. Every sinful man is a cherl to sinne. I rede thee, thou lord, that thou reule thee in swiche wise that thy cherles rather love thee than drede thee. I wote wel that ther

is degree above degree, as reson is, and skill is, that men do hir devoir ther as it is due; but certes extortion and despit of your underlinges is dampnable.

And furthermore understond wel that thise conqueroures or tyrantes maken ful oft thralles of hem that ben borne of as royal blood as ben they that hem conqueren. This name of Thraldom was never erst couthe til that Noe sayd that his sone Cham shuld be thrall to his brethren for his sinne. What say we than of hem that pille and don extortions to holy chirche? Certes the swerd that men yeven first to a knight whan he is newe dubbed signifieth that he shuld defend holy chirche, and not robbe it ne pille it; and who so doth is traitour to Crist: as saith Seint Augustine, Tho ben the devils wolves that strangelen the shepe of Jesu Crist, and don worse than wolves; for sothly whan the wolf hath full his wombe he stinteth to strangle shepe, but sothly the pillours and destroiers of holy chirches goodes ne do not so, for they ne stint never to pille. Now, as I have sayd, sith so is that sinne was first cause of thraldom, than is it thus, that at the time that all this world was in sinne than was all this world in thraldom and in subjection; but certes sith the time of grace came God ordeined that som folk shuld be more high in estate and in degree and som folk more lowe, and that everich shuld be served in his estate and his degree: and therfore in som contrees ther as they ben thralles whan they have tourned hem to the feith they make hir thralles free

out of thraldom; and therfore certes the lord oweth to his man that the man oweth to the lord. The Pope clepeth himself Servant of the servants of God; but for as moche as the estate of holy chirche ne might not have ben, ne the commun profite might not have be kept, ne pees ne rest in erthe, but if God had ordeined that som men have higher degree and som men lower, therfore was soveraintee ordeined to kepe and mainteine, and defend, hire underlinges or hire subjectes in reson, as ferforth as it lieth in hire power, and not to destroy hem ne confound; wherfore I say that thilke lordes that ben like wolves, that devoure the possessions or the catel of poure folk wrongfully, withouten mercy or mesure, they shul receive by the same mesure that they have mesured to poure folk the mercy of Jesu Crist, but they it amende. Now cometh deceit betwix marchant and marchant. And thou shalt understond that marchandise is in two maners, that on is bodily, and that other is gostly; that on is honest and leful, and that other is dishonest and unleful. The bodily marchandise, that is leful and honest, is this, that ther as God hath ordeined that a regne or a contree is suffisant to himself, than it is honest and leful that of the haboundaunce of this contree men helpe another contree that is nedy; and therfore ther must be marchants to bring fro on contree to another hir marchandise. That other marchandise that men haunten with fraude, and trecherie, and deceit, with

lesinges and false othes, is right cursed and dampnable. Spirituel marchandise is proprely simonie, that is, ententif desire to buy thing spirituel, that is, thing which apperteineth to the seintuarie of God and to the cure of the soule. This desire, if so be that a man do his diligence to performe it, al be it that his desire ne take non effect, yet it is to him a dedly sinne, and if he be ordered he is irreguler. Certes simonie is cleped of Simon Magus, that wold have bought for temporel catel the yefte that God had yeven by the Holy Gost to Seint Peter and to the apostles; and therfore understond ye that both he that selleth and he that byeth thinges spirituel ben called Simoniackes, be it by catel, be it by procuring, or by fleshly praier of his frendes fleshly frendes or spirituel frendes, fleshly in two maners, as by kinrede or other frendes; sothly if they pray for him that is not worthy and able it is simonie, if he take the benefice, and if he be worthy and able ther is non. That other maner is whan man or woman prayeth for folk to advancen hem only for wicked fleshly affection which they have unto the persons, and that is foule simonie; but certes in service, for which men yeven thinges spirituel unto hir servants, it must be understonde that the service must be honest or elles not, and also that it be without bargaining, and that the person be able; for (as sayth Seint Damascen) All the sinnes of the world, at regard of this sinne, ben as thing of nought, for it is the gre-

test sinne that may be after the sinne of Lucifer and of Anticrist; for by this sinne God forleseth the chirche and the soule, which he bought with his precious blood, by hem that yeven chirches to hem that ben not digne, for they put in theves, that stelen the soules of Jesu Crist, and destroyen his patrimonie. By swiche undigne preestes and curates han lewed men lesse reverence of the sacramentes of holy chirche; and swiche yevers of chirches put the children of Crist out, and put into chirches the divels owen sones; they sellen the soules that lambes shuld kepe to the wolf, which strangleth hem, and therfore shall they never have part of the pasture of lambes, that is, in the blisse of heven. Now cometh hasardrie, with his apertenauntes, as tables and rafles, of which cometh deceit, false othes, chidings, and all raving, blaspheming, and reneying of God, hate of his neyghbours, wast of goodes, mispending of time, and somtime manslaughter. Certes hasardours ne mow not be without grete sinne. Of avarice comen eke lesinges, theft, false witnesse, and false othes; and ye shal understonde that these be gret sinnes, and expresse ayenst the commandements of God, as I have sayd. False witnesse is eke in word and in dede; in word, as for to bereve thy neighbours good name by thy false witnesse, or bereve him his catel or his heritage by thy false witnessing, when thou for ire, or for mede, or for envie, berest false witnesse, or accusest him, or excusest thyself falsely. Ware, ye questmongers and notaries! certes for false witnessing

was Susanna in ful gret sorwe and peine, and many another mo The sinne of theft is also expresse ayenst Goddes hest, and that in two maners, temporel and spirituel. The temporel theft is as for to take thy neighbours catel ayenst his will, be it by force or by sleight, be it in meting or mesure, by steling, by false enditements upon him, and in borowing of thy neighbours, catel in entent never to pay it ayen, and semblable thinges. Spirituel theft is sacrilege, that is to say, hurting of holy thinges, or of thinges sacred to Crist, in two maners; by reson of the holy place, as chirches or chirches hawes; (for every vilains sinne that men don in swiche places may be called sacrilege, or every violence in semblable places) also they that withdrawe falsely the rentes and rightes that longen to holy chirche; and, plainly and generally, sacrilege is to reve holy thing fro holy place, or unholy thing out of holy place, or holy thing out of unholy place.

Remedium Avaritiæ.

Now shul ye understond that releving of avarice is misericorde and pitee largely taken. And men might axe why that misericorde and pitee are releving of avarice? Certes the avaricious man sheweth no pitee ne misericorde to the nedeful man, for he deliteth him in the keping of his tresour, and not in the rescouing ne releving of his even Cristen: and therfore speke I first of misericorde. Than is misericorde (as sayth the philosophre) a vertue by which the corage of man is

ſtirred by the miſeſe of him that is miſeſed; upon which miſericorde foloweth pitee, in performing and fulfilling of charitable werkes of mercie, helping and comforting him that is miſeſed. And certes this meveth a man to miſericorde of Jeſu Criſt, that he yave himſelf for our offence, and ſuffred deth for miſericorde, and foryaf us our original ſinnes, and therby releſed us fro the peine of hell, and amenuſed the peines of Purgatory by penitence, and yeveth us grace wel to do, and at the laſt the bliſſe of heven. The ſpices of miſericorde ben for to lene, and eke for to yeve, and for to foryeve and releſe, and for to have pitee in herte, and compaſſion of the miſchefe of his even Criſten, and alſo to chaſtiſe ther as nede is. Another maner of remedy ayenſt avarice is reſonable largeſſe; but ſothly here behoveth the conſideration of the grace of Jeſu Criſt, and of the temporel goodes, and alſo of the goodes perdurable that Jeſu Criſt yave to us, and to have remembrance of the deth which he ſhal receive, he wote not whan; and eke that he ſhal forgon all that he hath, ſave only that which he hath diſpended in good werkes.

But for as moche as ſom folk ben unmeſurable, men oughten for to avoid and eſchue fool-largeſſe, the whiche men clepen Waſte. Certes he that is fool-large he yeveth not his catel but he leſeth his catel: ſothly what thing that he yeveth for vaine-glory, as to minſtrals, and to folk that bere his renome in the world, he hath do ſinne therof, and non almeſſe: cer-

tes he leseth foule his good that ne seketh with the yefte of his good nothing but sinne: he is like to an hors that seketh rather to drink drovy or troubled water than for to drink water of the clere well: and for as moche as they yeven ther as they shuld nat yeven, to hem apperteineth thilke malison that Crist shal yeve at the day of dome to hem that shul be dampned.

De Gulâ.

After avarice cometh glotonie, which is expresse ayenst the commandement of God. Glotonie is unmesurable appetit to ete or to drinke, or elles to do in ought to the unmesurable appetit and disordeined coveitise to ete or drinke. This sinne corrupted all this world, as is wel shewed in the sinne of Adam and of Eve. Loke also what sayth Seint Poule of glotonie; Many (sayth he) gon, of which I have ofte said to you, and now I say it weping, that they ben the enemies of the crosse of Crist, of which the end is deth, and of which hir wombe is hir God and hir glorie, in confusion of hem that so serven erthly thinges. He that is usant to this sinne of glotonie he ne may no sinne withstond, he must be in servage of all vices, for it is the devils horde ther he hideth him and resteth. This sinne hath many spices: the first is dronkenesse, that is the horrible sepulture of mannes reson, and therfore whan a man is dronke he hath lost his reson; and this is dedly sinne: but sothly whan that a man

is not wont to ſtrong drinkes, and peraventure ne knoweth not the ſtrength of the drinke, or hath feblenefſe in his hed, or hath travailled, thurgh which he drinketh the more, al be he ſodenly caught with drinke it is no dedly ſinne but venial. The ſecond ſpice of glotonie is, that the ſpirit of a man wexeth all trouble for dronkenneſſe, and bereveth a man the diſcretion of his wit. The thridde ſpice of glotonie is whan a man devoureth his mete, and hath not rightful maner of eting. The fourthe is, whan thurgh the gret abundance of his mete the humours in his body ben diſtempered. The fifthe is foryetfulneſſe by to moche drinking, for which ſometime a man forgeteth by the morwe what he did over eve.

In other maner ben diſtinct the ſpices of glotonie, after Seint Gregorie. The firſt is for to ete before time; the ſecond is whan a man geteth him to delicate mete or drinke; the thridde is whan men taken to moche over meſure; the fourth is curioſitee, with gret entent to maken and appareille his mete; the fifth is for to ete gredily. Thiſe ben the five fingers of the devils hond, by which he draweth folk to the ſinne.

Remedium Gulæ.

Ayenſt glotonie the remedie is abſtinence, as ſayth Galien; but that I holde not meritorie, if he do it only for the hele of his body. Seint Auguſtine wol that abſtinence be don for vertue, and with patience. Abſtinence (ſayth he) is litel worth but if a man have good

will therto, and but it be enforced by patience and charitee, and that men don it for Goddes ſake, and in hope to have the bliſſe in heven.

The felawes of abſtinence ben attemperance, that holdeth the mene in alle thinges; alſo ſhame, that eſcheweth all diſhoneſtee; ſuffiſance, that ſeketh no riche metes ne drinkes, ne doth no force of non outrageous appareilling of mete; meſure alſo, that reſtreineth by reſon the unmeſurable appetit of eting; ſoberneſſe alſo, that reſtreineth the outrage of drinke; ſparing alſo, that reſtreineth the delicat eſe to ſit long at mete, wherfore ſom folk ſtanden of hir owen will whan they ete, becauſe they wol ete at leſſe leiſer.

De Luxuriâ.

After glotonie cometh lecherie, for thiſe two ſinnes ben ſo nigh coſins that oft time they wol not depart. God wote this ſinne is ful diſpleſant to God, for he ſaid himſelf, Do no lecherie; and therfore he putteth gret peine ayenſt this ſinne: for in the old lawe if a woman thrall were taken in this ſinne ſhe ſhuld be beten with ſtaves to the deth, and if ſhe were a gentilwoman ſhe ſhuld be ſlain with ſtones, and if ſhe were a biſhoppes doughter ſhe ſhuld be brent by Goddes commandement. Moreover, for the ſinne of lecherie God dreint all the world, and after that he brent five citees with thonder and lightning, and ſanke hem doun into hell.

Now let us ſpeke than of the ſaid ſtinking ſinne of lecherie, that men clepen Avoutrie, that is of wedded

folk, that is to ſay, if that on of hem be wedded or elles both. Seint John ſayth, that avouterers ſhul ben in helle in a ſtacke brenning of fire and of brimſtone; in fire for hir lecherie, in brimſtone for the ſtenche of hir ordure. Certes the breking of this ſacrament is an horrible thing; it was made of God himſelf in Paradis, and confermed by Jeſu Criſt, as witneſſeth Seint Mathew in the Goſpel; A man ſhal let fader and moder, and take him to his wif, and they ſhal be two in on fleſh. This ſacrament betokeneth the knitting together of Criſt and holy chirche. And not only that God forbade avoutrie in dede, but alſo he commanded that thou ſhuldeſt not coveit thy neighboures wif. In this heſte (ſayth Seint Auguſtine) is forboden all maner coveitiſe to do lecherie. Lo, what ſayth Seint Mathew in the Goſpel, that who ſo ſeeth a woman to coveitiſe of his luſt, he hath don lecherie with hire in his herte. Here may ye ſee that not only the dede of this ſinne is forboden, but eke the deſire to don that ſinne. This curſed ſinne annoyeth grevouſly hem that it haunt: and firſt to the ſoule, for he obligeth it to ſinne and to peine of deth, which is perdurable; and to the body annoyeth it grevouſly alſo, for it drieth him and waſteth and ſhent him, and of his blood he maketh ſacrifice to the fend of helle: it waſteth eke his catel and his ſubſtance; and certes if it be a foule thing a man to waſte his catel on women, yet is it a fouler thing whan that for ſwiche ordure women diſpenden upon

men hir catel and hir fubftance. This finne, as fayth the prophet, bereveth man and woman hir good fame and all hir honour; and it is ful plefant to the devil, for therby winneth he the mofte partie of this wretched world: and right as a marchant deliteth him moft in that chaffare which he hath moft avantage and profite of, right fo deliteth the fend in this ordure.

This is that other hond of the devil, with five fingers, to cacche the peple to his vilanie. The firft fingre is the foole loking of the foole woman and of the foole man, that fleth right as the bafilicok fleth folk by venime of his fight, for the coveitife of the eyen foloweth the coveitife of the herte. The fecond fingre is the vilains touching in wicked maner; and therfore fayth Salomon, that who fo toucheth and handleth a woman he fareth as the man that handleth the fcorpion, which ftingeth and fodenly fleth thurgh his envenimíng, or as who fo that toucheth warme pitch it fhendeth his fingers. The thridde is foule wordes, whiche fareth like fire, which right anon brenneth the herte. The fourth finger is kiffing, and trewely he were a gret foole that wold kiffe the mouthe of a brenning oven or of a fourneis; and more fooles ben they that kiffen in vilainie, for that mouth is the mouth of helle; and namely thife olde dotardes holours, which wol kiffe and flicker, and befie hemfelf though they may nought do: certes they ben like to houndes, for an hound whan he cometh by the rofer or by other busfhes, though fo be that he may not piffe yet wol he heve up

his leg and make a contenance to pisse. And for that many man weneth that he may not sinne for no likerousnesse that he doth with his wif, trewely that opinion is false; God wote a man may slee himself with his owen knif, and make himself dronken of his owen tonne. Certes be it wif, be it childe, or any worldly thing, that he loveth before God it is his maumet, and he is an idolastre. A man shuld love his wif by discretion, patiently and attemprely, and than is she as though it were his suster. The fifth fingre of the divels hond is the stinking dede of lecherie. Trewely the five fingers of glotonie the fend putteth in the wombe of a man, and with his five fingers of lecherie he gripeth him by the reines for to throwe him into the fourneis of helle, ther as they shul have the fire and the wormes that ever shul lasten, and weping and wayling, and sharpe hunger and thurst, and grislinesse of divels whiche shul all to-trede hem withouten respite and withouten ende. Of lecherie, as I sayd, sourden and springen divers spices; as fornication that is betwene man and woman which ben not maried, and is dedly sinne, and ayenst nature. All that is enemy and destruction to nature is ayenst nature. Parfay the reson of a man eke telleth him wel that it is dedly sinne, for as moche as God forbad lecherie; and Seint Poule yeveth hem the regne that n'is dewe to no wight but to hem that don dedely sinne. Another sinne of lecherie is, to bereven a maid of hire maidenhed, for he that so doth, certes he cast-

eth a mayden out of the higheſt degree that is in this preſent lif, and bereveth hire thilke precious fruit that the book clepeth the Hundreth Fruit; I ne can ſay it non otherwiſe in Engliſh, but in Latine it hight *Centeſimus fructus*. Certes he that ſo doth is the cauſe of many damages and vilanies mo than any man can reken; right as he ſomtime is cauſe of all damages that beſtes do in the feld that breketh the hedge of the cloſure, thurgh which he deſtroyeth that may not be reſtored; for certes no more may maidenhed be reſtored than an arme that is ſmitten fro the body may returne ayen and wexe: ſhe may have mercy, this wote I wel, if that ſhe have will to do penitence, but never ſhal it be but that ſhe is corrupte. And all be it ſo that I have ſpoke ſomwhat of avoutrie, it is good to ſhewe the periles that longen to avoutrie, for to eſchewe that foule ſinne. Avoutrie, in Latine, is for to ſaye, approching of another mannes bedde, thurgh whiche tho that ſomtime were on fleſhe abandone hir bodies to other perſons. Of this ſinne, as ſayth the wiſe man, folow many harmes: firſte breking of feith; and certes feith is the key of Criſtendom, and whan that key is broken and lorne ſothly Criſtendom is lorne, and ſtont vaine and without fruit. This ſinne alſo is theft, for theft generally is to reve a wight his thinges ayenſt his will. Certes this is the fouleſt theft that may be whan that a woman ſteleth hire body from hire huſbond, and yeveth it to hire holour to defoule it, and ſteleth hire ſoule fro Criſt and yeveth it to the devil: this is a

foulerthefte than for to breke a chirche and ftele away the chalice; for thife avouterers breken the temple of God fpirituelly, and ftelen the veffell of grace, that is, the body and the foule, for which Crifte fhal deftroy hem, as fayth Seint Poule. Sothly of this theft douted gretly Jofeph, whan that his lordes wif prayed him of vilainie, whan he fayde, Lo, my Lady, how my Lord hath take to me under my warde all that he hath in this world, ne nothing is out of my power but only ye, that ben his wif: and how fhuld I than do this wickedneffe, and finne fo horribly ayenft God and ayenft my Lord? God it forbede! Alas! all to litel is fwiche trouth now yfounde. The thridde harme is the filth thurgh which they breke the commandement of God and defoule the auter of matrimonies, that is Crift; for certes in fo moche as the facrament of mariage is fo noble and fo digne, fo moche is it the greter finne for to breke it, for God made mariage in Paradis, in the eftate of innocencie, to multiplie mankinde to the fervice of God, and therfore is the breking therof the more grevous, of which breking come falfe heires oft time, that wrongfully occupien folkes heritages, and therfore wol Crift put hem out of the regne of heven, that is heritage to good folk. Of this breking cometh eke oft time that folk unware wedde or finne with hir owen kinrede; and namely thife harlottes that haunten bordelles of thife foule women that may be likened to a commune gong wheras men purge hir ordure. What fay we alfo of putours, that live by the horrible

ſinne of puterie, and conſtreine women to yelde hem a certain rent of hir bodily puterie, ye, ſomtime his owen wif or his childe, as don thiſe baudes? Certes thiſe ben curſed ſinnes. Underſtond alſo that avoutrie is ſet in the ten commandements betwene theft and manſlaughter, for it is the greteſt theft that may be, for it is theft of body and of ſoule: and it is like to homicide, for it kerveth atwo and breketh atwo hem that firſt were made on fleſh; and therfore by the old lawe of God they ſhuld be ſlaine, but natheleſſe by the lawe of Jeſu Criſt, that is the lawe of pitee, whan he ſayd to the woman that was found in avoutrie, and ſhuld have be ſlain with ſtones, after the will of the Jewes, as was hir lawe, Go, ſaid Jeſu Criſt, and have no more will to do ſinne. Sothly the vengeance of avoutrie is awarded to the peine of helle, but if ſo be that it be diſcombered by penitence. Yet ben ther mo ſpices of this curſed ſinne, as whan that on of hem is religious, or elles both; or of folk that ben entred into ordre, as ſub-deken, deken, or preeſt, or hoſpitalers; and ever the higher that he is in ordre the greter is the ſinne. The thinges that gretly agrege hir ſinne is the breking of hir avow of chaſtitee whan they received the ordre. And moreover, ſoth is that holy ordre is chefe of all the treſorie of God, and is a ſpecial ſigne and marke of chaſtitee, to ſhew that they ben joined to chaſtitee, which is the moſte precious lif that is. And thiſe ordered folk ben ſpecially titled to God, and of the ſpecial meinie of God, for which whan they don

dedly finne they ben the special traitours of God and of his peple, for they live by the peple to praye for the peple, and whiles they ben swiche traitours hir prayeres availe not to the peple. Preestes ben as angels as by the mysterie of hir dignitee; but forsoth Seint Poule saith that Sathanas transfourmeth him in an angel of light. Sothly the preest that haunteth dedly finne he may be likened to an angel of derkenesse transfourmed into an angel of light; he semeth an angel of light, but for soth he is an angel of derkenesse. Swiche preestes be the sones of Hely, as is shewed in the Book of Kinges that they were the sones of Belial, that is, the divel. Belial is to say withouten juge, and so faren they; hem thinketh that they be free, and have no juge, no more than hath a free boll, that taketh which cow that him liketh in the toun. So faren they by women, for right as on free boll is ynough for all a toun, right so is a wicked preest corruption ynough for all a parish or for all a countree. Thise preestes, as sayth the book, ne cannot minister the mysterie of preesthood to the peple, ne they knowe not God, ne they hold hem not apaied, as saith the book, of sodden flesh that was to hem offred, but they take by force the flesh that is raw. Certes right so thise shrewes ne hold hem not apaied of rosted flesh and sodden with which the peple feden hem in gret reverence, but they wol have raw flesh, as folkes wives and hir doughters. And certes thise women that consenten to hir harlotrie don gret wrong to Crist and to holy chirche, and to

all halowes and to all ſoules, for they bereven all thiſe hem that ſhuld worſhip Criſt and holy chirche and pray for Criſten ſoules; and therfore han ſwiche preeſtes, and hir lemmans alſo that conſenten to hir lecherie, the maliſon of the court Criſten til they come to amendement. The thridde ſpice of avoutrie is somtime betwix a man and his wif, and that is whan they take no regard in hir aſſembling but only to hir fleſhly delit, as ſaith Seint Jerome, and ne recken of nothing but that they ben aſſembled becauſe they ben maried: all is good ynough, as thinketh to hem. But in ſwiche folk hath the divel power, as ſaid the angel Raphael to Tobie, for in hir aſſembling they putten Jeſu Criſt out of hir herte, and yeven hemſelf to all ordure. The fourth ſpice is of hem that aſſemble with hir kinrede, or with hem that ben of on affinitee, or elles with hem with which hir fathers or hir kinred have deled in the ſinne of lecherie: this ſinne maketh hem like to houndes, that taken no kepe of kinrede. And certes parentele is in two maners, eyther goſtly or fleſhly: goſtly is for to delen with hir godſibbes; for right ſo as he that engendreth a child is his fleſhly father, right ſo is his godfather his father ſpirituel, for which a woman may in no leſſe ſinne aſſemble with hire godſib than with hire owen fleſhly broder. The fifthe ſpice is that abhominable ſinne, of which abhominable ſinne no man unneth ought to ſpeke ne write, natheles it is openly reherſed in holy writ. This curſedneſſe don men and women in diverſe en-

tent and in diverse maner: but though that holy writ speke of horrible sinne, certes holy writ may not be defouled, no more than the sonne that shineth on the myxene. Another sinne apperteineth to lecherie that cometh in sleping, and this sinne cometh often to hem that ben maidens, and eke to hem that ben corrupt, and this sinne men call Pollution, that cometh of foure maners: somtime it cometh of languishing of the body, for the humours ben to ranke and haboundant in the body of man; somtime of infirmitee, for feblenesse of the vertue retentif, as phisike maketh mention; somtime of surfet of mete and drinke; and somtime of vilains thoughtes that ben enclosed in mannes minde whan he goth to slepe, which may not be withouten sinne, for whiche men must kepe hem wisely, or elles may they sinne ful grevously.

Remedium Luxuriæ.

Now cometh the remedy ayenst lecherie, and that is generally chastitee and continence, that restreineth all disordinate mevings that comen of fleshly talents, and ever the greter merite shal he have that most restreineth the wicked enchaufing or ardure of this sinne; and this is in two maners, that is to say, chastitee in mariage and chastitee in widewhood. Now shalt thou understonde that matrimony is leful assembling of man and woman that receiven by vertue of this sacrement the bonde thurgh whiche they may not be departed in all hir lif, that is to say, while that they live bothe. This, as saith the book, is a ful gret sacrement;

God made it (as I have ſaid) in Paradis, and wold himſelf be borne in mariage; and for to halowe mariage he was at a wedding wheras he tourned water into wine, whiche was the firſt miracle that he wrought in erthe before his diſciples. The trewe effect of mariage clenſeth fornication, and repleniſheth holy chirche of good lignage, for that is the ende of mariage, and chaungeth dedly ſinne into venial ſinne betwene hem that ben wedded, and maketh the hertes all on of hem that ben ywedded as wel as the bodies. This is veray mariage that was eſtabliſhed by God er that ſinne began, whan naturel lawe was in his right point in Paradis; and it was ordeined that o man ſhuld have but o woman, and o woman but o man, as ſayth Seint Auguſtine, by many reſons.

Firſt, for mariage is figured betwix Criſt and holy chirche; and another is, for a man is hed of the woman, (algate by ordinance it ſhuld be ſo) for if a woman had mo men than on than ſhuld ſhe have mo hedes than on, and that were an horrible thing before God; and alſo a woman mighte not pleſe many folk at ones; and alſo ther ſhuld never be pees ne reſt among hem, for everich of hem wold axe his owen right. And furthermore, no man ſhuld knowe his owen engendrure, ne who ſhuld have his heritage, and the woman ſhuld be the leſſe beloved for the time that ſhe were conjunct to many men.

Now cometh how that a man ſhuld bere him with his wif, and namely in two thinges, that is to ſay, in

suffrance and in reverence, and this shewed Crist whan he first made woman; for he ne made hire of the hed of Adam, for she shuld not claime to gret lordshippe, for ther as the woman hath the maistrie she maketh to moche disarray; ther nede non ensamples of this, the experience that we have day by day ought ynough suffice: also certes God ne made not woman of the foot of Adam, for she shuld not be holden to lowe, for she cannot patiently suffer; but God made woman of the rib of Adam, for woman shuld be felaw unto man. Man shuld bere him to his wif in feith, in trouth, and in love, as sayth Seint Poule, that a man shuld love his wif as Crist loved holy chirche, that loved it so wel that he died for it: so shuld a man for his wif, if it were nede.

Now how that a woman shuld be subget to hire husbond that telleth Seint Peter: first in obedience; and eke, as sayth the decree, A woman that is a wif, as long as she is a wif, she hath non auctoritee to swere ne bere witnesse without leve of hire husbonde, that is hire lord, algate he shuld be so by reson: she shuld al-so serve him in all honestee, and ben attempre of hire array. I wete wel that they shuld set hir entent to plese hir husbonds, but not by queintise of hir array. Seint Jerom sayth, Wives that ben appareilled in silke and precious purple ne mow not cloth hem in Jesu Crist: Seint Gregorie sayth also, that no wight seketh precious array but only for vain glorie, to be honour-ed the more of the peple. It is a gret folie a woman

to have a faire array outward and hireſelf to be foule inward. A wif ſhuld alſo be meſurable in loking, in bering, and in laughing, and diſcrete in all hire wordes and hire dedes, and above all worldly thinges ſhe ſhulde love hire huſbonde with all hire herte, and to him be trewe of hire body; ſo ſhuld every huſbond eke be trewe to his wif; for ſith that all the body is the huſbondes ſo ſhuld hire herte be alſo, or elles ther is betwix hem two, as in that, no parfit mariage. Than ſhul men underſtond that for three thinges a man and his wif fleſhly may aſſemble. The firſt is for the entent of engendrure of children, to the ſervice of God, for certes that is the cauſe final of matrimonie: another cauſe is to yelde eche of hem to other the dettes of hir bodies, for neyther of hem hath power of hir owen bodie: the thridde is for to eſchew lecherie and vilanie: the fourth is for ſoth dedly ſinne. As to the firſt, it is meritorie; the ſecond alſo; for, as ſayth the decree, She hath merite of chaſtitee that yeldeth to hire huſbond the dette of hire body, ye, though it be ayenſt hire liking and the luſt of hire herte. The thridde maner is venial ſinne. Trewely ſcarſely may any of thiſe be without venial ſinne for the corruption and for the delit therof. The fourth maner is for to underſtond, if they aſſemble only for amourous love and for non of the foreſaid cauſes, but for to accompliſh hir brenning delit, they recke not how oft, ſothly it is dedly ſinne; and yet with ſorwe ſom folk wol peine hem more to do than to hir appetit ſuffiſeth.

The ſecond maner of chaſtitee is for to be a clene widew, and eſchue the embracing of a man, and deſire the embracing of Jeſu Criſt. Thiſe ben tho that have ben wives, and have forgon hir huſbondes, and eke women that have don lecherie, and ben releved by penance: and certes if that a wif coud kepe hire all chaſt, by licence of hire huſbond, ſo that ſhe yave no cauſe ne non occaſion that he agilted, it were to hire a grete merite. This maner of women, that obſerven chaſtitee, muſt be clene in herte as wel as in body, and in thought, and meſurable in clothing and in contenance, abſtinent in eting and drinking, in ſpeking, and in dede, and than is ſhe the veſſel or the boiſte of the bleſſed Magdeleine, that fulfilleth holy chirche of good odour. The thridde maner of chaſtitee is virginitee; and it behoveth that ſhe be holy in herte and clene of body; than is ſhe the ſpouſe of Jeſu Criſt, and ſhe is the lif of angels; ſhe is the preiſing of this world, and ſhe is as thiſe martirs in egalitee; ſhe hath in hire that tongue may not telle ne herte thinke. Virginitee bare our Lord Jeſu Criſt, and virgin was himſelf.

Another remedie againſt lecherie is ſpecially to withdraw ſwiche thinges as yeven occaſion to that vilanie, as eſe, eting, and drinking; for certes whan the pot boileth ſtrongly the beſt remedie is to withdraw the fire. Sleping long in gret quiet is alſo a gret nourice to lecherie.

Another remedie ayenſt lecherie is, that a man or a woman eſchewe the compagnie of hem by which he douteth to be tempted; for all be it ſo that the dede be withſtonden yet is ther gret temptation. Sothly a white wall, although it ne brenne not fully with ſticking of a candle, yet is the wall black of the leyte. Ful oft time I rede that no man truſt in his owen perfection but he be ſtronger than Sampſon, or holier than David, or wiſer than Salomon.

Now after that I have declared you as I can of the Seven Dedly Sinnes, and ſom of hir braunches, and the remedies, ſothly if I coude I wold tell you the ten commandements; but ſo high doctrine I lete to divines *: natheles I hope to God they ben touched in this tretiſe everich of hem alle.

Now for as moche as the ſecond part of penitence ſtont in confeſſion of mouth, as I began in the firſt

* *ſo high doctrine I lete to divines*] See before ver. 17366—71, and p. 218, l. 14.; "The expoſition of this—I betake to the "maiſters of theologie." The ſecular clergy in the time of Chaucer being generally very ignorant, it would not have been in character, I ſuppoſe, to repreſent the Perſone as a deep divine, though a very pious worthy prieſt. The Frere (whoſe brethren had the largeſt ſhare of the learning which was then in faſhion) is made to ſpeak with great contempt of the parochial paſtors, ver. 7590.;

This every *lewed* vicar and perſon
Can ſay, &c.

And yet in the Perſon's character, ver. 402, we are told that—

He was alſo a *lerned* man, a *clerk*.

It may be doubted therefore whether in theſe paſſages Chaucer may not ſpeak for himſelf, forgetting or neglecting the character of the real ſpeaker.

chapitre, I ſay Seint Auguſtine ſaith, Sinne is every word and every dede, and all that men coveiten, ayenſt the law of Jeſu Criſt; and this is for to ſinne in herte, in mouth, and in dede, by the five wittes, which ben ſight, hering, ſmelling, taſting or ſavouring, and feling. Now is it good to underſtond the circumſtances that agregen moche every ſinne. Thou ſhalt conſider what thou art that doſt the ſinne, whether thou be male or female, yonge or olde, gentil or thrall, free or ſervant, hole or ſike, wedded or ſingle, ordered or unordered, wiſe or foole, clerk or ſeculer, if ſhe be of thy kinred bodily or goſtly or non, if any of thy kinred have ſinned with hire or no, and many mo thinges.

Another circumſtaunce is this, whether it be don in fornication or in advoutrie or no, in maner of homicide or non, a horrible gret ſinne or ſmal, and how long thou haſt continued in ſinne. The thridde circumſtance is the place ther thou haſt don ſinne, whether in other mennes houſes or in thin owen, in feld, in chirche, or in chirchhawe, in chirche dedicate or non; for if the chirche be halowed, and man or woman ſpille his kinde within that place, by way of ſinne or by wicked temptation, the chirche were enterdited til it were reconciled by the biſhop; and if it were a preeſt that did ſwiche vilanie, the terme of all his lif he ſhuld no more ſing maſſe; and if he did he ſhuld do dedly ſinne at every time that he ſo ſong maſſe. The fourth circumſtance is by whiche mediatours, as by

messagers, or for enticement, or for consentment, to bere compagnie with felawship, for many a wretche for to bere felawship wol go to the divel of helle; wherfore they that eggen or consenten to the sinne ben partners of the sinne, and of the dampnation of the sinner. The fifth circumstance is, how many times that he hath sinned, if it be in his minde, and how oft he hath fallen; for he that oft falleth in sinne he despiseth the mercy of God, and encreseth his sinne, and is unkind to Crist, and he waxeth the more feble to withstand sinne, and sinneth the more lightly, and the later ariseth, and is more slow to shrive him, and namely to him that hath ben his confessour; for which that folk, whan they fall ayen to hir old folies, either they forleten hir old confessour al utterly, or elles they departen hir shrift in divers places: but sothly swiche departed shrift deserveth no mercie of God for hir sinnes. The sixte circumstance is, why that a man sinneth, as by what temptation, and if himself procure thilke temptation, or by exciting of other folk, or if he sinne with a woman by force or by hire owen assent, or if the woman maugre hire hed have ben enforced or non; this shal she tell, and wheder it were for covetise or poverte, and if it were by hire procuring or non, and swiche other thinges. The seventh circumstance is, in what maner he hath don his sinne, or how that she hath suffered that folk have don to hire: and the same shal the man tell plainly, with all the circumstances, and wheder he hath sinned with

commun bordel women or non, or don his ſinne in holy times or non, in faſting times or non, or before his ſhrift, or after his later ſhrift, and hath peraventure broken therby his penance enjoined, by whos helpe or whos conſeil, by forcerie or crafte; all muſt be told. All thiſe thinges, after that they ben gret or ſmale, engreggen the conſcience of man or woman. And eke the preeſt that is thy juge may the better be aviſed of his jugement in yeving of penance, and that ſhal be after thy contrition: for underſtond wel that after the time that a man hath defouled his baptiſme by ſinne if he wol come to ſalvation ther is non other way but by penance, and ſhrifte, and ſatisfaction; and namely by tho two, if ther be a confeſſour to whom he may ſhrive him, and that he firſt be veray contrite and repentant, and the thridde if he have lif to performe it.

Than ſhal a man loke and conſider that if he wol make a trewe and a profitable confeſſion ther muſt be foure conditions. Firſt, it muſt be in ſorowful bitterneſſe of herte, as ſayth the King Ezechiel to God, I wol remember all the yeres of my lif in the bitterneſſe of my herte. This condition of bitterneſſe hath five ſignes; the firſt is that confeſſion muſt be ſhamefaſt, not for to coveren ne hide his ſinne, but for he hath agilted his God and defouled his ſoule: and hereof ſayth Seint Auguſtin, The herte travaileth for ſhame of his ſinne, and for he hath gret ſhamfaſtneſſe he is digne to have gret mercie of God. Swiche was the confeſſion of the Publican that wold not heve up his

eyen to heven for he had offended God of heven, for which ſhamefaſtneſſe he had anon the mercy of God; and therfore faith Seint Auguſtine, that ſwiche ſhamefaſt folk ben next foryeveneſſe and mercy. Another ſigne is humilitee in confeſſion, of whiche ſayth Seint Peter, Humbleth you under the might of God; the hond of God is mighty in confeſſion, for therby God foryeveth thee thy ſinnes, for he alone hath the power. And this humilitee ſhal be in herte and in ſigne outwarde; for right as he hath humilitee to God in his herte, right ſo ſhuld he humble his body outward to the preeſt that ſitteth in Goddes place; for which in no maner, ſith that Criſt is ſoveraine, and the preeſt mene and mediatour betwix Criſt and the ſinner, and the ſinner is laſt by way of reſon, than ſhuld not the ſinner ſitte as high as his confeſſour, but knele before him or at his feet, but if maladie diſtrouble it; for he ſhal not take kepe who ſitteth ther, but in whos place he ſitteth. A man that hath treſpaſſed to a lord, and cometh for to axe mercie and maken his accorde, and ſetteth him doun anon by the lord, men wolde holde him outrageous, and not worthy ſo ſone for to have remiſſion ne mercy. The thridde ſigne is, that the ſhrift ſhuld be ful of teres, if men mowen wepe, and if they mowe not wepe with hir bodily eyen than let hem wepe in hir herte: ſwiche was the confeſſion of Seint Peter, for after that he had forſake Jeſu Criſt he went out and wept ful bitterly. The fourth ſigne is that he ne lete not for ſhame to ſhrive him and ſhewe his

confeffion; fwiche was the confeffion of Magdeleine, that ne fpared for no fhame of hem that weren at the fefte to go to our Lord Jefu Crift and beknowe to him hire finnes. The fifthe figne is, that a man or a woman be obeifant to receive the penance that hem is enjoined, for certes Jefu Crift for the gilt of man was obedient to the deth.

The fecond condition of veray confeffion is, that it be haftily don; for certes if a man hadde a dedly wound, ever the lenger that he taried to warifhe himfelf the more wold it corrupt and hafte him to his deth, and alfo the wound wold be the werfe for to hele. And right fo fareth finne that long time is in a man unfhewed: certes a man ought haftily to fhewe his finnes for many caufes; as for drede of deth, that cometh oft fodenly, and is in no certain what time it fhal be ne in what place; and eke the drenching of o finne draweth in another; and alfo the lenger that he tarieth the ferther is he fro Crift; and if he abide to his laft day fcarcely may he fhrive him, or remembre him of his finnes, or repent him for the grevous maladie of his deth. And for as moche as he ne hath in his lif herkened Jefu Crift whan he hath fpoken unto him, he fhal crie unto our Lord at his laft day, and fcarcely wol he herken him. And underftonde that this condition mufte have foure thinges; firft that the fhrift be purveyed afore, and avifed, for wicked haft doth not profite; and that a man con fhrive him of his finnes, be it of pride, or envie, and fo forth, with the fpices

and circumſtances, and that he have comprehended in his minde the nombre and the gretneſſe of his ſinnes, and how longe he hath lien in ſinne, and eke that he be contrite for his ſinnes, and be in ſtedfaſt purpoſe (by the grace of God) never efte to fall into ſinne; and alſo that he drede and countrewaite himſelf that he flee the occaſions of ſinne to whiche he is inclined: alſo thou ſhalt ſhrive thee of all thy ſinnes to o man, and not parcelmele to o man and parcelmele to another; that is to underſtonde, in entent to depart thy confeſſion for ſhame or drede, for it is but ſtrangling of thy ſoule; for certes Jeſu Criſt is entierly all good, in him is non imperfection, and therfore either he foryeveth all parfitly or elles never a dele. I ſay not that if thou be aſſigned to thy penitencer for certain ſinne that thou art bounde to ſhewe him all the remenant of thy ſinnes of whiche thou haſt ben ſhriven of thy curat but if it like thee of thyn humilitee; this is no departing of ſhrift: ne I ſay not, ther as I ſpeke of diviſion of confeſſion, that if thou have licence to ſhrive thee to a diſcrete and an honeſt preeſt, and wher thee liketh, and by the licence of thy curat, that thou ne mayeſt wel ſhrive thee to him of all thy ſinnes: but lete no blot be behind; lete no ſinne be untolde as fer as thou haſt remembrance. And whan thou ſhalt be ſhriven of thy curat tell him eke all the ſinnes that thou haſt don ſith thou were laſte ſhriven: this is no wicked entente of diviſion of ſhrift.

Alſo the veray ſhrift axeth certain conditions. Firſt,

that thou ſhrive thee by thy free will, not conſtreined, ne for ſhame of folk, ne for maladie, or ſwiche other thinges, for it is reſon that he that treſpaſſeth by his free will that by his free will he confeſſe his treſpas, and that non other man telle his ſinne but himſelf; ne he ſhal not nay ne deny his ſinne, ne wrath him ayenſt the preeſt for amoneſting him to lete his ſinne. The ſecond condition is, that thy ſhrift be lawful, that is to ſay, that thou that ſhriveſt thee, and eke the preeſt that hereth thy confeſſion, be veraily in the feith of holy chirche, and that a man ne be not diſpeired of the mercie of Jeſu Criſt, as Cain and Judas were. And eke a man muſte accuſe himſelf of his owen treſpas, and not another; but he ſhal blame and wite himſelfe of his owen malice and of his ſinne, and non other: but natheles if that another man be encheſon or enticer of his ſinne, or the eſtate of the perſon be ſwiche by which his ſinne is agregged, or elles that he may not plainly ſhrive him but he tell the perſon with whiche he hath ſinned, than may he tell, ſo that his entent ne be not to backbite the perſon, but only to declare his confeſſion.

Thou ne ſhalt not alſo make no leſinges in thy confeſſion for humilitee, peraventure to ſay that thou haſt committed and don ſwiche ſinnes of which that thou ne were never gilty; for Seint Auguſtine ſayth, If that thou, becauſe of thin humilitee, makeſt a leſing on thyſelf, though thou were not in ſinne before yet arte thou than in ſinne thurgh thy leſing. Thou muſt alſo ſhew

thy ſinne by thy propre mouth, but thou be dombe, and not by no letter; for thou that haſt don the ſinne thou ſhalt have the ſhame of the confeſſion. Thou ſhalt not eke peint thy confeſſion with faire and ſubtil wordes, to cover the more thy ſinne, for than begileſt thou thyſelf and not the preeſt: thou muſt tell it plainly, be it never ſo foule ne ſo horrible. Thou ſhalt eke ſhrive thee to a preeſt that is diſcrete to conſeille thee; and eke thou ſhalt not ſhrive thee for vaine glorie, ne for ypocriſie, ne for no cauſe, but only for the doute of Jeſu Criſt and the hele of thy ſoule. Thou ſhalt not eke renne to the preeſt al ſodenly to tell him lightly thy ſinne, as who telleth a jape or a tale, but aviſedly and with good devotion; and generally ſhrive thee ofte: if thou ofte fall ofte ariſe by confeſſion. And though thou ſhrive thee ofter than ones of ſinne which thou haſt be ſhriven of it is more merite; and, as ſayth Seint Auguſtine, Thou ſhalt have the more lightly releſe and grace of God both of ſinne and of peine. And certes ones a yere at the leſt way it is lawful to be houſeled, for ſothely ones a yere all thinges in the erthe renovelen.

Explicit ſecunda pars penitentiæ, et ſequitur tertia pars.

Now have I told you of veray confeſſion, that is the ſeconde part of penitence; the thridde part is ſatiſfaction, and that ſtont moſt generally in almeſſe dede and in bodily peine. Now ben ther three maner of almeſſe; contrition of herte, wher a man offreth himſelf to God; another is to have pitee of the defaute of

his neighbour; and the thridde is in yeving of good conseil gostly and bodily wher as men have nede, and namely in sustenance of mannes food. And take kepe that a man hath nede of thise thinges generally; he hath nede of food, of clothing, and of herberow, he hath nede of charitable conseilling and visiting in prison and in maladie, and sepulture of his ded body. And if thou maiest not visite the nedeful in prison in thy person, visite hem with thy message and thy yeftes: thise ben generally the almesses and werkes of charitee of hem that have temporel richesses or discretion in conseilling. Of thise werkes shalt thou heren at the day of dome.

This almesse shuldest thou do of thy propre thinges, and hastily and prively, if thou mayest; but natheles if thou mayest not do it prively thou shalt not forbere to do almesse though men see it, so that it be not don for thanke of the world, but only to have thanke of Jesu Crist; for, as witnesseth Seint Mathewe, *chap.* v. A citee may not be hid that is sette on a mountaine, ne men light not a lanterne to put it under a bushell, but setten it upon a candlesticke, to lighten the men in the hous: right so shal your light lighten before men, that they mowe see your good werkes, and glorifie your fader that is in heven.

Now as for to speke of bodily peine, it stont in praiers, in waking, in fasting, and in vertuous teching. Of orisons ye shul understond, that orisons or prayers

is to ſay a pitous will of herte, that ſetteth it in God, and expreſſeth it by word outward, to remeve harmes, and to have thinges ſpirituel and perdurable, and ſomtime temporel thinges; of which oriſons certes in the oriſon of the *Pater noſter* hath Jeſu Criſt encloſed moſt thinges: certes it is privileged of three thinges in his dignitee, for whiche it is more digne than any other prayer, for that Jeſu Criſt himſelf made it; and it is ſhort, for it ſhuld be coude the more lightly, and to hold it the more eſie in herte, and helpe himſelf the ofter with this oriſon, and for a man ſhuld be the leſſe wery to ſay it, and for a man may not excuſe him to lerne it, it is ſo ſhorte and ſo eſie, and for it comprehendeth in himſelf all good prayers. The expoſition of this holy prayer, that is ſo excellent and ſo digne, I betake to the maiſters of theologie; ſave thus moche wol I ſay, that whan thou prayeſt that God ſhuld foryeve thee thy giltes as thou foryeveſt hem that have agilted thee, be wel ware that thou be not out of charitee. This holy oriſon amenuſeth eke venial ſinne; and therfore it apperteineth ſpecially to penitence.

This prayer muſt be trewely ſayd, and in perfect feith, and that men prayen to God ordinately, diſcretely, and devoutly: and alway a man ſhal put his will to be ſubgette to the will of God. This oriſon muſt eke be ſayd with gret humbleſſe, and ful pure and honeſtly, and not to the annoyance of any man or woman: it muſt eke be continued with werkes of charitee: it availeth eke ayenſt the vices of the ſoule;

for, as fayth Seint Jerome, By fafting ben faved the vices of the flefh, and by prayer the vices of the foule.

After this thou fhalt underftonde that bodily peine ftont in waking; for Jefu Crift fayth, Wake ye and pray ye that ye ne enter into wicked temptation. Ye fhul underftond alfo that faftingftont in threethinges, in forbering of bodily mete and drinke, in forbering of worldly jolitee, and in forbering of dedly finne; this is to fay, that a man fhall kepe him fro dedly finne with all his might.

And thou fhalt underftonde alfo that God ordeined fafting, and to fafting apperteineth foure thinges; largeneffe to poure folk, gladneffe of herte fpirituel, not to be angry ne annoied, ne grutch for he fafteth, and alfo refonable houre for to ete by mefure, that is to fay, a man fhal not ete in untime, ne fit the longer at the table for he fafteth.

Than fhalt thou underftonde that bodily peine ftont in difcipline, or teching by word or by writing, or by enfample, alfo in wering of here or of ftamin, or of habergeons, on hir naked flefh for Criftes fake. But ware thee wel that fwiche maner penances ne make not thin herte bitter or angry, ne annoied of thyfelf, for better is to caft away thin here than to caft away the fweteneffe of our Lord Jefu Crift; and therfore fayth Seint Poule, Clothe you as they that ben chofen of God in herte, of mifericorde, debonairtee, fuffrance, and fwiche maner of clothing, of whiche Jefu Crift is more plefed than with the heres or habergeons.

Than is difcipline eke in knocking of thy breft, in fcourging with yerdes, in kneling, in tribulation, in fuffring patiently wronges that ben don to thee, and eke in patient fuffring of maladies, or lefing of worldly catel, or wif, or child, or other frendes.

Than fhalt thou underftond which thinges difturben penance, and this is in foure maners; that is, drede, fhame, hope, and wanhope, that is, defperation. And for to fpeke firft of drede, for which he weneth that he may fuffre no penance, ther ayenft is remedie for to thinke that bodily penance is but fhort, and litel at regard of the peine of helle, that is fo cruel and fo longe that it lafteth withouten ende.

Now ayenft the fhame that a man hath to fhrive him, and namely thife ipocrites, that wold be holden fo parfit that they have no nede to fhrive hem, ayenft that fhame fhuld a man thinke, that by way of refon he that hath not ben afhamed to do foule thinges, certes him ought not be afhamed to do faire thinges, and that is confeffions. A man fhuld alfo thinke that God feeth and knoweth al his thoughtes, and al his werkes, and to him may nothing be hid ne covered. Men fhuld eke remembre hem of the fhame that is to come at the day of dome to hem that ben not penitent in this prefent lif; for all the creatures in heven, and in erthe, and in helle, fhul fee apertly all that they hiden in this world.

Now for to fpeke of the hope of hem that ben fo

negligent and flowe to fhrive hem, that ftondeth in two maners; that on is that he hopeth for to live long, and for to purchafe moche richeffe for his delit, and than he wol fhrive him, and, as he fayeth, he may, as him femeth, than timely ynough come to fhrift; another is the furquedrie that he hath in Criftes mercie. Ayenft the firft vice he fhal thinke that our lif is in no fikerneffe, and eke that all the richeffe in this world ben in aventure, and paffen as a fhadowe on a wall; and, as fayth Seint Gregorie, that it apperteineth to the gret rightwifneffe of God that never fhal the peine ftinte of hem that never wold withdrawe hem from finne, hir thankes, but ever continue in finne. For thilke perpetuel will to don finne fhall they have perpetuel peine.

Wanhope is in two maners: the firft wanhope is in the mercie of God; that other is that they think that they ne might not long perfever in goodneffe. The firft wanhope cometh of that, he demeth that he hath finned fo gretly and fo oft, and fo long lyen in finne, that he fhal not be faved. Certes ayenft that curfed wanhope fhulde he thinke that the paffion of Jefu Crift is more ftronge for to unbinde than finne is ftrong for to binde. Ayenft the fecond wanhope he fhal thinke hat as often as he falleth he may arifen again by penitence; and though he never fo longe hath lyen in finne the mercie of Crift is alway redy to receive him to mercie. Ayenft that wanhope that he demeth he

shuld not long persever in goodnesse he shal think, that the feblenesse of the devil may nothing do but if men wol suffre him; and eke he shal have strength of the helpe of Jesu Crist, and of all his chirche, and of the protection of angels, if him list.

Than shul men understonde what is the fruit of penance; and after the wordes of Jesu Crist it is an endeles blisse of heven, ther joye hath no contrariositee of wo ne grevance; ther all harmes ben passed of this present lif; ther as is sikernesse from the peines of helle; ther as is the blisful compagnie that rejoycen hem ever mo everich of others joye; ther as the body of man, that whilom was foule and derke, is more clere than the sonne; ther as the body that whilom was sike and freele, feble and mortal, is immortal, and so strong and so hole that ther ne may nothing appeire it; ther as is neither hunger, ne thurste, ne colde, but every soule replenished with the sight of the parfit knowing of God. This blisful regne mowe men purchase by poverte spirituel, and the glory by lowlinesse, the plentee of joye by hunger and thurst, and the reste by travaile, and the lif by deth and mortification of sinne: to which life he us bring that bought us with his precious blood! *Amen.*

Now preye I to hem alle* that herken this litel tre-

* *Now preye I to hem alle, &c.*] What follows being found, with some small variations, in all complete mss. (I believe) of The Canterbury Tales, and in both Caxton's editions, which were undoubtedly printed from mss. there was no pretence to leave it out in this edition, however difficult it may be to give

tiſe or reden it, that if ther be any thing in it that liketh hem that therof they thanken our Lord Jeſu Criſt,

any ſatisfactory account of it.---I muſt firſt take notice that this paſſage in mſ. *Aſk.* 1, is introduced by theſe words——

Here taketh the maker his leve——

and is concluded by theſe——

Here endeth The Perſonnys Tale.

In mſ. *Aſk.* 2, there is a ſimilar introduction and concluſion in Latin: at the beginning—"Hic capit auctor licentiam"—and at the end---"Explicit narratio Rectoris, et ultima inter narrationes hujus libri de quibus compoſuit Chaucer, cujus animæ propicietur Deus. *Amen.*"---Theſe two mſſ. therefore, may be conſidered as agreeing in ſubſtance with thoſe mſſ. mentioned in the *Diſcourſe, &c.* § 42, in which this paſſage makes part of The Perſones Tale. One of them is deſcribed by Hearne in his letter to Bagford, *App. to R. G.* p. 661, 2.----In ed. *Ca.* 2, as quoted by *Ames*, p. 56, it is clearly ſeparated from The Perſones Tale, and entitled---*The Prayer*.---In the mſſ. in which it is alſo ſeparated from The Perſones Tale I do not remember to have ſeen it diſtinguiſhed by any title either of Prayer, or Revocation, or Retractation, as it is called in the Preface to ed. *Urr.* If we believe what is ſaid in p. 225, l. 4, Chaucer had written a diſtinct piece entitled his *Retractions*, in which he had revoked his blameable compoſitions.—The juſt inference from theſe variations in the mſſ. is perhaps, that none of them are to be at all relied on, that different copiſts have given this paſſage the title that pleaſed them beſt, and have attributed it to the Perſone or to Chaucer, as the matter ſeemed to them to be moſt ſuitable to the one or the other.——Mr. Hearne, whoſe greateſt weakneſs was not his incredulity, has declared his ſuſpicion "that the Revocation (meaning this "whole paſſage) is not genuine, but that it was made by the "monks." [*App. to R. G.* p. 603.] I cannot go quite ſo far: I think if the monks had ſet about making a Revocation for Chaucer, to be annexed to The Canterbury Tales, they would have made one more in form. The ſame objection lies to the ſuppoſal that it was made by himſelf.——The moſt probable hypotheſis which has occurred to me for the ſolution of theſe difficulties is to ſuppoſe that the beginning of this paſſage (except the words *or reden it*, above, l. 1,) and the end make together the

of whom procedeth all witte and all godenesse; and if ther be any thing that displeseth hem, I preye hem also that they arrette it to the defaute of myn unkonning, and not to my wille, that wold fayn have seyde better if I hadde had konning; for oure boke seyth, All that is writen is writen for oure doctrine, and that is myn entente: wherfore I beseke you mekely, for

genuine conclusion of The Persones Tale, and that the middle part, which I have enclosed between hooks, is an interpolation. ——It must be allowed, I think, (as I have observed before in the *Discourse*, &c. § 42,] that the appellation of *litel tretise* suits better with The Persones Tale taken singly than with the whole work. The doubt expressed above, l. 2, "if there be any "thing that displeseth." &c. is very agreeable to the manner in which the Persone speaks in his Prologue, ver. 17366. [See the note on p. 208.] The mention of "verray penance, con- "fession, and satisfaction," in p. 227, l. 11, seems to refer pointedly to the subject of the speaker's preceding discourse; and the title given to Christ, in p. 228, l. 1, *Preste of alle prestes*, seems peculiarly proper in the mouth of a priest.---So much for those parts which may be supposed to have originally belonged to the Persone. With respect to the middle part, I think it not improbable that Chaucer might be persuaded, by the religious who attended him in his last illness to revoke or retract certain of his Works, or at least that they might give out that he had made such retractions as they thought proper. In either case it is possible that the same zeal might think it expedient to join the substance of these retractions to The Canterbury Tales, the antidote to the poison, and might accordingly procure the present interpolation to be made in the Epilogue to The Persones Tale, taking care at the same time, by the insertion of the words *or reden it*, in p. 223, l. 1, to convert that Epilogue from an address of the Persone to his *hearers* into an address of Chaucer to his *readers*.——But leaving these very uncertain speculations I will say a few words upon those *enditinges of worldly vanitees* which are here supposed to have fitten heavy on our Author's conscience.

the mercie of God, that ye preye for me that Crist have mercie of me and foryeve me my giltes, [and namely of myn Translations and enditinges of worldly vanitees, the which I revoke in my Retractions; as The Boke of Troilus *, The Boke also of Fame †, The Boke of The Five-and-twenty Ladies ‡, The Boke of The

* *The Boke of Troilus*] It has been said in the *Essay*, &c. n. 62, that the Troilus is borrowed from the Filostrato of Boccace. This is evident not only from the fable and characters, which are the same in both poems, but also from a number of passages in the English which are literally translated from the Italian: at the same time there are several long passages and even episodes in the Troilus of which there are no traces in the Filostrato; of these therefore it may be doubted whether Chaucer has added them out of his own invention, or taken them either from some completer copy of Boccace's poem than what we have in print, or from some copy interpolated by another hand. He speaks of himself as a translator *out of Latin*, b. ii. 14, and in two passages he quotes his author by the name of *Lollius*, b. i. 394---421, and b. v. 1652. The latter passage is in the Filostrato, but the former (in which the 102d sonnet of Petrarch is introduced) is not. What he says of having translated out of Latin need not make any difficulty, as the Italian language was commonly called *Latino volgare*; [see the quotation from the Theseida, *Discourse*, &c. n. 9,] and Lydgate [*Prol. to Boccace*] expresly tells us that Chaucer translated—

A boke which called is *Trophe*,
In Lombard tonge, as men may rede and see.

How Boccace should have acquired the name of Lollius, and the Filostrato the title of *Trophe*, are points which I confess myself unable to explain.

† *The Boke of Fame*] Chaucer mentions this among his Works in *The Leg. of G. W.* ver. 417. He wrote it while he was Comptroller of the Custom of Wools, &c. [see b. ii. ver. 144---8,] and consequently after the year 1374. See *App. to Pref. C.* vol. I.

‡ *The Boke of The Five-and-twenty Ladies*] This is the reading of all the mss.; if it be genuine it affords a strong proof that this enumeration of Chaucer's Works was not drawn up by himself,

Duchesse *, The Boke of Seint Valentines Day † of the Parlement of Briddes, The Tales of Canterbury ‡, thilke that sounen unto sinne, The Boke of The Leon ||,

as there is no ground for believing that The Legende of Good Women ever contained, or was intended to contain, the histories of five-and-twenty ladies. See the note on ver. 4481. It is possible however that xxv may have been put by mistake for xix.

* *The Boke of The Duchesse*] See the note on ver. 4467. One might have imagined that this poem, written upon a particular occasion, was in all probability an original composition; but upon comparing the portrait of a beautiful woman, which M. de la Ravaliere [*Poes. du R. de N. Gloss.* v. *Beice*] has cited from ms. *Du Roi*, N° 7612, with Chaucer's description of his heroine, [ver. 817, *et seq.*] I find that several lines in the latter are literally translated from the former; I should not therefore be surprised if upon a further examination of that ms. it should appear that our Author, according to his usual practice, had borrowed a considerable part of his work from some French poet.

† *The Boke of Seint Valentines Day, &c.*] In the editt. *The Assemblee of Foules*. Chaucer himself, in *The Leg. of G. W.* ver. 419, calls it *The Parlement of Foules*. See the note on ver. 1920, and *App. to Pref. C.* note (*e.*) vol. I.

‡ *The Tales of Canterbury, &c.*] If we suppose that this passage was written by Chaucer himself, to make part of the conclusion of his Canterbury Tales, it must appear rather extraordinary that he should mention those Tales in this general manner, and in the midst of his other Works; it would have been more natural to have placed them either at the beginning or at the end of his catalogue.

|| *The Boke of The Leon*] This book is also ascribed to Chaucer by Lydgate, [*Prol. to Boccace,*] but no ms. of it has hitherto been discovered. It may possibly have been a translation of *Le dit du Lion*, a poem of Guillaume de Machaut, composed in the year 1342. *Acad. des Insc.* t. xx. p. 379, 408. Some lines from this poem, as I apprehend, are quoted in the Glossary to *Poes. du Roi de N.* v. *Arrousers Bacheler.*—Whether we suppose this list of Chaucer's exceptionable Works to have been

and many an other Bokes, if they were in my remembraunce, and many a Song and many a lecherous Lay, Crist of his grete mercie foryeve me the sinne! but of The translation of Boes of Consolation, and other Bokes of Legendes of Seints, and of Omelies, and Moralite, and Devotion, that thanke I oure Lord Jesu Crist and his blisful mother, and alle the seintes in heven, beseking hem that they fro hensforth unto my lyves ende sende me grace to bewaile my giltes, and to stodien to the savation of my soule,] and graunte me grace, of verray penance, confession and satisfaction to don in this present lif, thorgh the benigne grace of him

drawn up by himself or by any other person, it is unaccountable that his translation of the *Rom. de la Rose* should be omitted. If he translated the whole of that very extraordinary composition (as is most probable) he could scarce avoid being guilty of a much greater licentiousness in sentiment as well as diction than we find in any of his other writings. His translation, as we have it, breaks off at ver. 5370 of the original, [ver. 5810, ed. *Urr.*] and beginning again at ver. 11253, ends imperfect at ver. 13105. In the latter part we have a strong proof of the negligence of the first editor, who did not perceive that two leaves in his mf. were misplaced. The passage from ver. 7013 to ver. 7062 incl. and the passage from ver. 7257 to ver. 7304 incl. should be inserted after ver. 7160. The later editors have all copied this, as well as many other blunders of less consequence, which they must have discovered if they had consulted the French original.——A bacheler who dances with Franchise is said to resemble

The Lordes sonne of Wyndesore.—— R. R. ver. 1250.

This seems to be a compliment to the young princes in general, rather than to any particular son of Edward III. who is certainly meant by the Lord of Windsor. In the French it is simply—*Il sembloit estre filz de Roy.*

that is King of kinges and Preſte of alle preſtes, tha[t] bought us with the precious blode of his herte, ſo tha[t] I mote ben on of hem atte the laſte day of dome tha[t] ſhullen be ſaved; *Qui cum Deo patre et Spiritu ſancto vivis et regnas Deus per omnia ſecula. Amen.*

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